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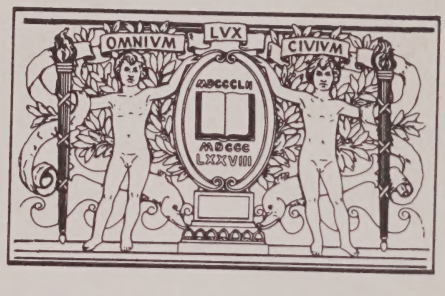

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VOL. LXX.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

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JANUARY, 1850.

ART. I. — *History of Spanish Literature.* By GEORGE TICKNOR. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849. 3 vols. 8vo.

LITERARY history is the least familiar kind of historical writing. It is, in some respects, the most difficult, requiring, and certainly, far the most laborious study. The facts for civil history we gather from personal experience, or from the examination of a comparatively few authors, whose statements the historian transfers, with such modification and commentary as he pleases, to his own pages. But in literary history, the books are the facts, and pretty substantial ones in many cases, which are not to be mastered at a glance, or on the report of another. It is a tedious process to read through a library in order to decide that the greater part is probably not worth reading at all.

Literary history must come late in the intellectual development of a nation. It is the history of books, and there can be no history of books till books are written. It presupposes, moreover, a critical knowledge, — an acquaintance with the principles of taste, which can come only from a wide study and comparison of models. It is, therefore, necessarily the product of an advanced state of civilization and mental culture.

Although criticism, in one form or another, was studied and exemplified by the ancients, yet they made no progress

in direct literary history. Neither has it been cultivated by all the nations of modern Europe. At least, in some of them it has met with very limited success. In England, one might have thought, from the free scope given to the expression of opinion, it would have flourished beyond all other countries. But Italy, and even Spain, with all the restraint imposed on intellectual movement, have done more in this way than the whole Anglo-Saxon race. The very freedom with which the English could enter on the career of political action has not only withdrawn them from the more quiet pursuits of letters, but has given them a decided taste for descriptions of those stirring scenes in which they or their fathers have taken part. Hence the great preponderance with them, as with us, of civil history over literary.

It may be further remarked, that the monastic institutions of Roman catholic countries have been peculiarly favorable to this, as to some other kinds of composition. The learned inmates of the cloister have been content to solace their leisure with those literary speculations and inquiries which had no immediate connection with party excitement and the turmoils of the world. The best literary histories, from whatever cause, in Spain and in Italy, have been the work of members of some one or other of the religious fraternities.

Still another reason of the attention given to this study in most of those countries may be found in the embarrassments existing there to the general pursuit of science, which have limited the powers to the more exclusive cultivation of works of imagination, and those other productions of elegant literature that come most properly within the province of taste and of literary criticism.

Yet in England, during the last generation, in which the mind has been unusually active, if there have been few elaborate works especially devoted to criticism, the electric fluid has been imperceptibly carried off from a thousand minor points, in the form of essays and periodical reviews, which cover nearly the whole ground of literary inquiry, both foreign and domestic. The student who has the patience to consult these scattered notices, if he cannot find a system ready made to his hands, may digest one for himself by a comparison of contradictory judgments on every topic under review. Yet it may be doubted if the multitude of cross

lights thrown at random over his path will not serve rather to perplex than to enlighten him.

Wherever we are to look for the reasons, the fact will hardly be disputed, that, since Warton's learned fragment, no general literary history has been produced in England which is likely to endure, with the exception of Hallam's late work, that, under the modest title of an "Introduction," gives a general survey of the scientific and literary culture of Europe during three centuries. If the English have done so little in this way for their own literature, it can hardly be expected that they should do much for that of their neighbors. If they had extended their researches to the Continent, it might probably have been in the direction of Spain; for no country has been made with them the subject of so large historical investigation. One or two good histories devoted to Italy and Germany, as many to the revolutionary period of France, — the country with which they are most nearly brought into contact, — make up the sum of what is of positive value in this way. But for Spain, a series of writers, — Robertson, Watson, Dunlop, Lord Mahon, Coxe, some of the highest order, all respectable, — have exhibited the political annals of the monarchy under the Austrian and Bourbon dynasties. Even at the present moment, a still livelier interest seems to be awakened to the condition of this romantic land. Two excellent works, by Head and by Stirling — the latter of especial value — have made the world acquainted for the first time with the rich treasures of art in the Peninsula. And last, not least, Ford, in his Hand-Book and other works, has joined to a curious erudition that knowledge of the Spanish character and domestic institutions that can be obtained only from singular acuteness of observation combined with a long residence in the country he describes.

Spain, too, has been the favorite theme of more than one of our own writers, in history and romance; and now the long list is concluded by the attempt of the work before us to trace the progress of intellectual culture in the Peninsula.

No work on a similar extended plan is to be found in Spain itself. Their own literary histories have been chiefly limited to the provinces, or to particular departments of letters. We may except, indeed, the great work of Father Andres, which, comprehending the whole circle of European science

and literature, left but a comparatively small portion to his own country. To his name may also be added that of Lampillas, whose work, however, from its rambling and its controversial character, throws but a very partial and unsatisfactory glance on the topics which he touches.

The only books on a similar plan, which cover the same ground with the one before us, are the histories of Bouterwek and Sismondi. The former was written as part of a great plan for the illustration of European art and science since the revival of learning, — projected by a literary association in Göttingen. The plan, as is too often the case in such copartnerships, was very imperfectly executed. The best fruits of it were the twelve volumes of Bouterwek, on the elegant literature of modern Europe. That of Spain occupies one of these volumes.

It is written with acuteness, perspicuity, and candor. Notwithstanding the writer is perhaps too much under the influence of certain German theories then fashionable, his judgments, in the main, are temperate and sound, and he is entitled to great credit as the earliest pioneer in this untrodden field of letters. The great defect in the book is the want of proper materials on which to rest these judgments. Of this the writer more than once complains. It is a capital defect, not to be compensated by any talent or diligence in the author. For in this kind of writing, as we have said, books are facts, the very stuff, out of which the history is to be made.

Bouterwek had command of the great library of Göttingen. But it would not be safe to rely on any one library, however large, for supplying all the materials for an extended literary history. Above all this is true of Spanish literature. The difficulty of making a literary collection in Spain is far greater than in most other parts of Europe. The booksellers' trade there is a very different affair from what it is in more favored regions. The taste for reading is not, or, rather, has not been, sufficiently active to create a demand for the republication always of even the best authors, the ancient editions of whose works have become scarce and most difficult to be procured. The impediment to a free expression of opinion has condemned many more works to the silence of manuscript. And these manuscripts are preserved, or, to say truth, buried, in the collections of old families, or of public institutions,

where it requires no ordinary interest with the proprietors, private or public, to be allowed to disinter them. Some of the living Spanish scholars are now busily at work in these useful explorations, the result of which they are giving from time to time to the world, in the form of *livraisons*, or numbers, which seem likely to form an important contribution to historical science. For the impulse thus given to these patriotic labors the world is mainly indebted to the late venerable Navarrete, who, in his own person, led the way by the publication of a series of important historical documents. It is only from these obscure and uncertain repositories, and from booksellers' stalls, that the more rare and recondite works in which Spain is so rich can be procured; and it is only under great advantages that the knowledge of their places of deposit can be obtained, and that, having obtained it, the works can be had, at a price proportioned to their rarity. The embarrassments caused by this circumstance have been greatly diminished under the more liberal spirit of the present day, which, on a few occasions, has even unlocked the jealous archives of Simancas, that Robertson, backed by the personal authority of the British ambassador, strove in vain to penetrate.

Spanish literature occupies also one volume of Sismondi's popular work on the culture of Southern Europe. But Sismondi was far less instructed in literary criticism than his German predecessor, of whose services he has freely availed himself in the course of his work. Indeed, he borrows from him, not merely thoughts, but language, translating from the German page after page, and incorporating it with his own eloquent commentary. He does not hesitate to avow his obligations; but they prove at once his own deficiencies in the performance of his critical labors, as well as in the possession of the requisite materials. Sismondi's ground was civil history, whose great lessons no one had meditated more deeply; and it is in the application of these lessons to the character of the Spaniards, and in tracing the influence of that character on their literature, that a great merit of his work consists. He was, moreover, a Frenchman, — or, at least, a Frenchman in language and education; and he was prepared, therefore, to correct some of the extravagant theories of the German critics, and to rectify some of their judg-

ments by a moral standard, which they had entirely overlooked in their passion for the beautiful.

With all his merits, however, and the additional grace of a warm and picturesque style, his work, like that of Bouterwek, must be admitted to afford only the outlines of the great picture, which they have left to other hands to fill up in detail, and on a far more extended plan. To accomplish this great task is the purpose of the volumes before us; we are now to inquire, with what result. But, before entering on the inquiry, we will give some account of the preparatory training of the writer, and the materials which he has brought together.

Mr. Ticknor, who now first comes before the world in the avowed character of an author, has long enjoyed a literary reputation which few authors who have closed their career might not envy. While quite a young man, he was appointed to fill the chair of Modern Literature in Harvard College, on the foundation of the late Samuel Eliot, a name to be honored by the scholar, not only for its generous patronage, but for the important services it has rendered, and still renders to the cause of letters. To prepare himself for this post, Mr. Ticknor visited Europe, and passed several years there, to study the languages and literatures of the different countries on their own soil. A long time was passed in diligent study at Göttingen. In Paris, he explored, under able teachers, the difficult *romance* dialects, the medium of the beautiful Provençal.

During his residence in Spain, he perfected himself in the Castilian, and established an intimacy with her most eminent scholars, who aided him in the collection of rare books and manuscripts, to which he assiduously devoted himself. It is a proof of the literary consideration which, even at that early age, he had obtained in the society of Madrid, that he was elected a corresponding member of the Royal Academy of History. His acquisitions in the early literature of modern Europe attracted the notice of Sir Walter Scott, who, in a letter to Southey, printed in Lockhart's Life, speaks of his young guest (Mr. Ticknor was then at Abbotsford) as "a wonderful fellow for romantic lore."

On his return home, Mr. Ticknor entered at once on his academic labors, and delivered a series of lectures on the

Castilian and French literatures, as well as on some portions of the English, before successive classes, which he continued to repeat, with the occasional variation of oral instruction, during the fifteen years he remained at the University.

We well remember the sensation produced on the first delivery of these lectures, which served to break down the barrier which had so long confined the student to a converse with antiquity; they opened to him a free range among those great masters of modern literature who had hitherto been veiled in the obscurity of a foreign idiom. The influence of this instruction was soon visible in the higher education, as well as the literary ardor shown by the graduates. So decided was the impulse thus given to the popular sentiment, that considerable apprehension was felt lest modern literature was to receive a disproportionate share of attention in the scheme of collegiate education.

After the lapse of fifteen years so usefully employed, Mr. Ticknor resigned his office, and, thus released from his academic labors, paid a second visit to Europe, where, in a second residence of three years, he much enlarged the amount and the value of his literary collection. In the more perfect completion of this he was greatly assisted by the professor of Arabic in the University of Madrid, Don Pascual de Gayangos, a scholar to whose literary sympathy and assistance more than one American writer has been indebted, and who to a profound knowledge of Oriental literature unites one equally extensive in the European.

With these aids, and his own untiring efforts, Mr. Ticknor succeeded in bringing together a body of materials in print and manuscript, for the illustration of the Castilian, such as, probably, has no rival either in public or private collections. This will be the more readily believed, when we find that nearly every author employed in the composition of this great work — with the exception of a few for which he has made ample acknowledgments — is to be found on his own shelves. We are now to consider in what manner he has availed himself of this inestimable collection of materials.

The title of the book — the "History of Spanish Literature" — is intended to comprehend all that relates to the poetry of the country, its romances, and works of imagination of every sort, its criticism and eloquence, — in short, what-

ever can be brought under the head of elegant literature. Even its chronicles and regular histories are included; for, though scientific in their import, they are still, in respect to their style and their execution as works of art, brought into the department of ornamental writing. In Spain, freedom of thought, or, at least, the free expression of it, has been so closely fettered that science, in its strictest sense, has made little progress in that unhappy country, and a history of its elegant literature is, more than in any other land, a general history of its intellectual progress.

The work is divided into three great periods, having reference to time rather than to any philosophical arrangement. Indeed, Spanish literature affords less facilities for such an arrangement than the literature of many other countries, as that of England and of Italy, for example, where, from different causes, there have been periods exhibiting literary characteristics that stamp them with a peculiar physiognomy. For example, in England we have the age of Elizabeth, the age of Queen Anne, our own age. In Italy, the philosophical arrangement seems to correspond well enough with the chronological. Thus, the Trecentisti, the Seicentisti, convey ideas as distinct and as independent of each other as the different schools of Italian art. But in Spain, literature is too deeply tinctured at its fountain-head not to retain somewhat of the primitive coloring through the whole course of its descent. Patriotism, chivalrous loyalty, religious zeal, under whatever modification, and under whatever change of circumstances, have constituted, as Mr. Ticknor has well insisted, the enduring elements of the national literature. And it is this obvious preponderance of these elements throughout, which makes the distribution into separate masses on any philosophical principle extremely difficult. A proof of this is afforded by the arrangement now adopted by Mr. Ticknor himself, in the limit assigned to his first period, which is considerably shorter than that assigned to it in his original Lectures. The alteration, as we shall take occasion to notice hereafter, is, in our judgment, a decided improvement.

The first great division embraces the whole time from the earliest appearance of a written document in the Castilian to the commencement of the sixteenth century, the reign of Charles the Fifth, — a period of nearly four centuries.

At the very outset, we are met by the remarkable Poem of the Cid, that primitive epic, which, like the Nieblungenlied or the Iliad, stands as the traditional legend of an heroic age, exhibiting all the freshness and glow which belong to the morning of a nation's existence. The name of the author, as is often the case with those memorials of the olden time, when the writer thought less of himself than of his work, has not come down to us. Even the date of its composition is uncertain, — probably before the year 1200; a century earlier than the poem of Dante; a century and a half before Petrarch and Chaucer. The subject of it, as its name imports, is, the achievements of the renowned Ruy Diaz de Bivar — *the Cid, the Campeador,* "the lord, the champion," as he was fondly styled by his countrymen, as well as by his Moorish foes, in commemoration of his prowess, chiefly displayed against the infidel. The versification is the fourteen-syllable measure, artless, and exhibiting all the characteristics of an unformed idiom, but, with its rough melody, well suited to the expression of the warlike and stirring incidents in which it abounds. It is impossible to peruse it without finding ourselves carried back to the heroic age of Castile; and we feel that, in its simple and cordial portraiture of existing manners, we get a more vivid impression of the feudal period than is to be gathered from the more formal pages of the chronicler. Heeren has pronounced that the poems of Homer were one of the principal bonds which held the Grecian states together. The assertion may seem extravagant; but we can well understand that a poem like that of the Cid, with all its defects as a work of art, by its proud historic recollections of an heroic age, should do much to nourish the principle of patriotism in the bosoms of the people.

From the "Cid" Mr. Ticknor passes to the review of several other poems of the thirteenth, and some of the fourteenth century. They are usually of considerable length. The Castilian muse, at the outset, seems to have delighted in works of *longue haleine.* Some of them are of a satirical character, directing their shafts against the clergy, with an independence which seems to have marked also the contemporaneous productions of other nations, but which, in Spain at least, was rarely found at a later period. Others of these venerable productions are tinged with the religious bigotry

which enters so largely into the best portions of the Castilian literature.

One of the most remarkable poems of the period is the *Danza General,* — the "Dance of Death." The subject is not original with the Spaniards, and has been treated by the bards of other nations in the elder time. It represents the ghastly revels of the dread monarch, to which all are summoned, of every degree, from the potentate to the peasant.

"It is founded on the well-known fiction, so often illustrated both in painting and in verse during the Middle Ages, that all men, of all conditions, are summoned to the Dance of Death; a kind of spiritual masquerade, in which the different ranks of society, from the Pope to the young child, appear dancing with the skeleton form of Death. In this Spanish version it is striking and picturesque, — more so, perhaps, than in any other, — the ghastly nature of the subject being brought into a very lively contrast with the festive tone of the verses, which frequently recalls some of the better parts of those flowing stories that now and then occur in the "Mirror for Magistrates."

"The first seven stanzas of the Spanish poem constitute a prologue, in which Death issues his summons partly in his own person, and partly in that of a preaching friar, ending thus: —

Come to the Dance of Death, all ye whose fate
  By birth is mortal, be ye great or small;
And willing come, nor loitering, nor late,
  Else force shall bring you struggling to my thrall:
  For since yon friar hath uttered loud his call
To penitence and godliness sincere,
He that delays must hope no waiting here;
  For still the cry is, Haste! and, Haste to all!

"Death now proceeds, as in the old pictures and poems, to summon, first, the Pope, then cardinals, kings, bishops, and so on, down to day-laborers; all of whom are forced to join his mortal dance, though each first makes some remonstrance, that indicates surprise, horror, or reluctance. The call to youth and beauty is spirited: —

Bring to my dance, and bring without delay,
  Those damsels twain, you see so bright and fair;
They came, but came not in a willing way,
  To list my chants of mortal grief and care:
  Nor shall the flowers and roses fresh they wear,
Nor rich attire, avail their forms to save.
They strive in vain who strive against the grave;
  It may not be; my wedded brides they are."

Another poem, of still higher pretensions, but, like the last, still in manuscript, is the *Poema de José,* — The "Poem of

Joseph." It is, probably, the work of one of those Spanish Arabs who remained under the Castilian domination after the great body of their countrymen had retreated. It is written in the Castilian dialect, but in Arabic characters, as was not very uncommon with the writings of the Moriscoes. The story of Joseph is told, moreover, conformably to the version of the Koran, instead of that of the Hebrew Scriptures.

The manner in which the Spanish and the Arabic races were mingled together after the great invasion produced a strange confusion in their languages. The Christians who were content to dwell in their old places under the Moslem rule, while they retained their own language, not unfrequently adopted the alphabetical characters of their conquerors. Even the coins struck by some of the ancient Castilian princes, as they recovered their territory from the invaders, were stamped with Arabic letters. Not unfrequently, the archives and municipal records of the Spanish cities, for a considerable time after their restoration to their own princes, were also written in Arabic characters. On the other hand, as the great inundation gradually receded, the Moors who lingered behind under the Spanish sway often adopted the language of their conquerors, but retained their own written alphabet. In other words, the Christians kept their language and abandoned their alphabetical characters; while the Moslems kept their alphabetical characters and abandoned their language. The contrast is curious, and may, perhaps, be accounted for by the fact, that the superiority conceded by the Spaniards to the Arabic literature in this early period led the few scholars among them to adopt, for their own compositions, the characters in which that literature was written. The Moriscoes, on the other hand, did what was natural, when they retained their peculiar writing, to which they had been accustomed in the works of their countrymen, while they conformed to the Castilian language, to which they had become accustomed in daily intercourse with the Spaniard. However explained, the fact is curious. But it is time we should return to the Spanish Arab poem.

We give the following translation of some of its verses by Mr. Ticknor, with his few prefatory remarks: —

"On the first night after the outrage, Jusuf, as he is called in

the poem, when travelling along in charge of a negro, passes a cemetery on a hill-side where his mother lies buried.

And when the negro heeded not, that guarded him behind,
From off the camel Jusuf sprang, on which he rode confined,
And hastened, with all speed, his mother's grave to find,
Where he knelt and pardon sought, to relieve his troubled mind.

He cried, "God's grace be with thee still, O Lady mother dear!
O mother, you would sorrow, if you looked upon me here;
For my neck is bound with chains, and I live in grief and fear,
Like a traitor by my brethren sold, like a captive to the spear.

"They have sold me! they have sold me! though I never did them harm;
They have torn me from my father, from his strong and living arm,
By art and cunning they enticed me, and by falsehood's guilty charm,
And I go a base-bought captive, full of sorrow and alarm."

But now the negro looked about, and knew that he was gone,
For no man could be seen, and the camel came alone;
So he turned his sharpened ear, and caught the wailing tone,
Where Jusuf, by his mother's grave, lay making heavy moan.

And the negro hurried up, and gave him there a blow;
So quick and cruel was it, that it instant laid him low;
"A base-born wretch," he cried aloud, "a base-born thief art thou:
Thy masters, when we purchased thee, they told us it was so."

But Jusuf answered straight, "Nor thief nor wretch am I;
My mother's grave is this, and for pardon here I cry;
I cry to Allah's power, and send my prayer on high,
That, since I never wronged thee, his curse may on thee lie."

And then all night they travelled on, till dawned the coming day,
When the land was sore tormented with a whirlwind's furious sway;
The sun grew dark at noon, their hearts sunk in dismay,
And they knew not, with their merchandise, to seek or make their way."

The manuscript of the piece, containing about 1200 verses, though not entirely perfect, is in Mr. Ticknor's hands, with its original Arabic characters converted into the Castilian. He has saved it from the chances of time by printing it at length in his appendix, accompanied by the following commendations, which, to one practised in the old Castilian literature, will probably not be thought beyond its deserts.

"There is little, as it seems to me, in the early narrative poetry of any modern nation better worth reading than this old Morisco version of the story of Joseph. Parts of it overflow with the tenderest natural affection; other parts are deeply pathetic; and everywhere it bears the impress of the extraordinary state of manners and society that gave it birth. From several passages, it may be inferred that it was publicly recited; and even now, as we read it, we fall unconsciously into a long-drawn chant, and seem to hear the voices of Arabian camel-drivers, or of Spanish muleteers, as the Oriental or the romantic tone hap-

pens to prevail. I am acquainted with nothing in the form of the old metrical romance that is more attractive, — nothing that is so peculiar, original, and separate from every thing else of the same class."

With these anonymous productions, Mr. Ticknor enters into the consideration of others from an acknowledged source, among which are those of the Prince Don Juan Manuel and Alfonso the Tenth, or Alfonso the Wise, as he is usually termed. He was one of those rare men who seem to be possessed of an almost universal genius. His tastes would have been better suited to a more refined period. He was, unfortunately, so far in advance of his age that his age could not fully profit by his knowledge. He was raised so far above the general level of his time, that the light of his genius, though it reached to distant generations, left his own in a comparative obscurity. His great work was the code of the *Siete Partidas*, — little heeded in his own day, though destined to become the basis of Spanish jurisprudence both in the Old World and in the New.

Alfonso caused the Bible, for the first time, to be translated into the Castilian. He was an historian, and led the way in the long line of Castilian writers in that department, by his *Cronica General.* He aspired also to the laurel of the Muses. His poetry is still extant in the Gallician dialect, which, the monarch thought, might in the end be the cultivated dialect of his kingdom. The want of a settled capital, or, to speak more correctly, the want of civilization, had left the different elements of the language contending as it were for the mastery. The result was still uncertain at the close of the thirteenth century. Alfonso himself did, probably, more than any other to settle it, by his prose compositions, — by the *Siete Partidas* and his Chronicle, as well as by the vernacular version of the Scriptures. The Gallician became the basis of the language of the sister kingdom of Portugal, and the generous dialect of Castile became, in Spain, the language of the court and of literature.

Alfonso directed his attention also to mathematical science. His astronomical observations are held in respect at the present day. But, as Mariana sarcastically intimates, while he was gazing at the stars he forgot the earth, and lost his kingdom. His studious temper was ill accommodated to the stir-

ring character of the times. He was driven from his throne by his factious nobles; and in a letter written not long before his death, of which Mr. Ticknor gives a translation, the unhappy monarch pathetically deplores his fate and the ingratitude of his subjects. Alfonso the Tenth seemed to have at command every science but that which would have been of more worth to him than all the rest, — the science of government. He died in exile, leaving behind him the reputation of being the wisest fool in Christendom.

In glancing over the list of works which, from their anomalous character as well as their antiquity, are arranged by Mr. Ticknor in one class, as introductory to his history, we are struck with the great wealth of the period, — not great, certainly, compared with that of an age of civilization, but as compared with the productions of most other countries in this portion of the Middle Ages. Much of this ancient lore, which may be said to constitute the foundations of the national literature, has been but imperfectly known to the Spaniards themselves; and we have to acknowledge our obligations to Mr. Ticknor, not only for the diligence with which he has brought it to light, but for the valuable commentaries, in text and notes, which supply all that could reasonably be demanded, both in a critical and bibliographical point of view. To estimate the extent of this information, we must compare it with what we have derived on the same subject from his predecessors; where the poverty of original materials, as well as of means for illustrating those actually possessed, is apparent at a glance. Sismondi, with some art, conceals this poverty, by making the most of the little finery at his command. Thus his analysis of the Poem of the Cid, which he had carefully read, together with his prose translation of no inconsiderable amount, covers a fifth of what he has to say on the whole period, embracing more than four centuries. He has one fine bit of gold in his possession, and he makes the most of it, by hammering it out into a superficial extent altogether disproportionate to its real value.

Our author distributes the productions which occupy the greater part of the remainder of his first period into four great classes: Ballads, Chronicles, Romances of Chivalry, and the Drama. The mere enumeration suggests the idea of that rude, romantic age, when the imagination, impatient to find

utterance, breaks through the impediments of an unformed dialect, or, rather, converts it into an instrument for its purposes. Before looking at the results, we must briefly notice the circumstances under which they were effected.

The first occupants of the Peninsula who left abiding traces of their peculiar civilization were the Romans. Six tenths of the language now spoken are computed to be derived from them. Then came the Visigoths, bringing with them the peculiar institutions of the Teutonic races. And lastly, after the lapse of three centuries, came the great Saracen inundation, which covered the whole land up to the northern mountains, and, as it slowly receded, left a fertilizing principle, that gave life to much that was good as well as evil in the character and literature of the Spaniards. It was near the commencement of the eighth century that the great battle was fought, on the banks of the Guadalete, which decided the fate of Roderic, the last of the Goths, and of his monarchy. It was to the Goths — the Spaniards, as their descendants were called — what the battle of Hastings was to the English. The Arab conquerors rode over the country, as completely its masters as were the Normans of Britain. But they dealt more mercifully with the vanquished. The Koran, tribute, or the sword, were the terms offered by the victors. Many were content to remain under Moslem rule, in the tolerated enjoyment of their religion, and, to some extent, of their laws. Those of nobler metal withdrew to the rocks of the Asturias ; and every muleteer or water-carrier, who emigrates from this barren spot, glories in his birthplace as of itself a patent of nobility.

Then came the struggle against the Saracen invaders, — that long crusade to be carried on for centuries, — in which the ultimate triumph of a handful of Christians over the large and flourishing empire of the Moslems is the most glorious of the triumphs of the cross upon record. But it was the work of eight centuries. During the first of these, the Spaniards scarcely ventured beyond their fastnesses. The conquerors occupied the land, and settled in greatest strength over the pleasant places of the south, so congenial with their own voluptuous climate in the East. Then rose the empire of Cordova, which, under the sway of the Omeyades, rivalled in splendor and civilization the caliphate of Bagdad. Poetry,

philosophy, letters, everywhere flourished. Academies and gymnasiums were founded, and Aristotle was expounded by commentators who acquired a glory not inferior to that of the Stagirite himself. This state of things continued after the Cordovan empire had been broken into fragments, when Seville, Murcia, Malaga, and the other cities which still flourished among the ruins, continued to be centres of a civilization that shone bright amidst the darkness of the Middle Ages.

Meanwhile, the Spaniards, strong in their religion, their Gothic institutions, and their poverty, had emerged from their fastnesses in the north, and brought their victorious banner as far as the Douro. In three centuries more, they had advanced their line of conquest only to the Tagus. But their progress, though slow, was irresistible, till at length the Moslems, of all their proud possessions, retained only the petty territory of Granada. On this little spot, however, they made a stand for more than two centuries, and bade defiance to the whole Christian power; while, at the same time, though sunk in intellectual culture, they surpassed their best days in the pomp of their architecture and in the magnificence of living characteristic of the East. At the close of the fifteenth century, this Arabian tale — the most splendid episode in the Mahometan annals — was brought to an end by the fall of Granada before the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Such were the strange influences which acted on the Spanish character, and on the earliest development of its literature, — influences so peculiar, that it is no wonder they should have produced results to which no other part of Europe has furnished a parallel. The Oriental and the European for eight centuries brought into contact with one another! — yet, though brought into contact, too different in blood, laws, and religion, ever to coalesce. Unlike the Saxons and Normans, who, sprung from a common stock, with a common faith, were gradually blended into one people; in Spain, the conflicting elements could never mingle. No length of time could give the Arab a right to the soil. He was still an intruder. His only right was the right of the sword. He held his domain on the condition of perpetual war, — the war of race against race, of religion against religion. This was

the inheritance of the Spaniard, as well as of the Moslem, for eight hundred years. What remarkable qualities was this situation not calculated to call out! Loyalty, heroism, the patriotic feeling, and the loftier feeling of religious enthusiasm. What wonder that the soldier of the cross should fancy that the arm of Heaven was stretched out to protect him? That St. Jago should do battle for him, with his celestial chivalry? That miracles should cease to be miracles? That superstition, in short, should be the element, the abiding element, of the national character? Yet this religious enthusiasm, in the early ages, was tempered by charity towards a foe whom even the Christian was compelled to respect for his superior civilization. But, as the latter gained the ascendant, enthusiasm was fanned by the crafty clergy into fanaticism. As the Moslem scale became more and more depressed, fanaticism rose to intolerance, and intolerance ended in persecution when the victor was converted into the victim. It is a humiliating story, — more humiliating even to the oppressors than to the oppressed.

The literature, all the while, with chameleon-like sensibility, took the color of the times; and it is for this reason that we have always dwelt with greater satisfaction on the earlier period of the national literature, rude though it be, with its cordial, free, and high, romantic bearing, than on the later period of its glory — brilliant in an intellectual point of view, but in its moral aspect, dark and unrelenting.

Mr. Ticknor has been at much pains to unfold these peculiarities of the Castilian character, in order to explain by them the peculiarities of the literature, and indeed, to show their reciprocal action on each other. He has devoted occasional chapters to this subject, not the least interesting in his volumes, making the history of the literature a running commentary on that of the nation; and thus furnishing curious information to the political student, no less than to the student of letters. His acute, and at the same time accurate, observations, imbued with a spirit of sound philosophy, give the work a separate value, and raise it above the ordinary province of literary criticism.

But it is time that we should turn to the ballads, — or *romances*, as they are called in Spain, the first of the great divisions already noticed. Nowhere does this popular min-

strelsy flourish to the same extent as in Spain. The condition of the country, which converted every peasant into a soldier, and filled his life with scenes of stirring and romantic incident, may in part account for it. We have ballads of chivalry, of the national history, of the Moorish wars, mere domestic ballads, — in short, all the varieties of which such simple poetical narratives are susceptible. The most attractive of these to the Spaniards, doubtless, were those devoted to the national heroes. The Cid here occupies a large space. His love, his loyalty, his invincible prowess against the enemies of God, are all celebrated in the frank and cordial spirit of a primitive age. They have been chronologically arranged into a regular series, — as far as the date could be conjectured, — like the Robin Hood ballads in England, so as to form a tolerably complete narrative of his life. It is interesting to observe, with what fondness the Spaniards are ever ready to turn to their ancient hero, the very type of Castilian chivalry, and linked by so many glorious recollections with the heroic age of their country.

The following version of one of these ballads, by Mr. Ticknor, will give a fair idea of the original. The time chosen is the occasion of a summons made by the Cid to Queen Urraca to surrender her castle, which held out against the arms of the warrior's sovereign, Sancho the Brave.

"Away! away! proud Roderic!
Castilian proud, away!
Bethink thee of that olden time,
That happy, honored day,
When, at Saint James's holy shrine,
Thy knighthood first was won;
When Ferdinand, my royal sire,
Confessed thee for a son.
He gave thee then thy knightly arms,
My mother gave thy steed;
Thy spurs were buckled by these hands,
That thou no grace might'st need.
And had not chance forbid the vow,
I thought with thee to wed;
But Count Lozano's daughter fair
Thy happy bride was led.
With her came wealth, an ample store,
But power was mine, and state:

Broad lands are good, and have their grace,
But he that reigns is great.
Thy wife is well; thy match was wise;
Yet, Roderic! at thy side
A vassal's daughter sits by thee,
And not a royal bride!"

Our author has also given a pleasing version of the beautiful *romance* of "*Fonte frida, fonte frida,*" — "Cooling fountain, cooling fountain," — which we are glad to see rendered faithfully, instead of following the example of Dr. Percy, in his version of the fine old ballad in a similar simple style, "*Rio verde, rio verde,*" which, we remember, he translates by "Gentle river, gentle river," &c. Indeed, to do justice to Mr. Ticknor's translations, we should have the text before us. Nowhere do we recall so close fidelity to the original, unless in Cary's Dante. Such fidelity does not always attain the object of conveying the best idea of the original. But in this humble poetry it is eminently successful. To give these rude gems a polish would be at once to change their character, and defeat the great object of our author, — to introduce his readers to the peculiar culture of a primitive age.

A considerable difficulty presents itself in finding a suitable measure for the English version of the *romances.* In the original they are written in the eight-syllable line, with trochaic feet, instead of the iambics usually employed by us. But the real difficulty is in the peculiarity of the measure — the *asonante,* as it is called, in which the rhyme depends solely on the conformity of vowel sounds, without reference to the consonants, as in English verse. Thus the words *dedo, tiempo, viejos,* are all good *asonantes,* taken at random from one of these old ballads. An attempt has been made by more than one clever writer to transplant them into English verse. But it has had as little success as the attempt to naturalize the ancient hexameter, which neither the skill of Southey nor of Longfellow will, probably, be able to effect. The Spanish vowels have, for the most part, a clear and open sound, which renders the melody of the versification sufficiently sensible to the ear; while the middle station which it occupies between the perfect rhyme and blank verse seems to fit it, in an especial manner, for these simple narrative compositions. The same qualities have recommended it to the

dramatic writers of Spain as the best medium of poetical dialogue, and, as such, it is habitually used by the great masters of the national theatre.

No class of these popular compositions have greater interest than the Moorish *romances*, affording glimpses of a state of society in which the Oriental was strangely mingled with the European. Some of them may have been written by the Moriscoes, after the fall of Granada. They are redolent of the beautiful land which gave them birth, — springing up like wild-flowers amidst the ruins of the fallen capital. Mr. Ticknor has touched lightly on these in comparison with some of the other varieties, perhaps because they have been more freely criticized by preceding writers. Every lover of good poetry is familiar with Mr. Lockhart's picturesque version of these ballads, which has every merit but that of fidelity to the original.

The production of the Spanish ballads is evidence of great sensibility in the nation; but it must also be referred to the exciting scenes in which it was engaged. A similar cause gave rise to the beautiful border minstrelsy of Scotland. But the adventures of robber chieftains and roving outlaws excite an interest of a very inferior order to that created by the great contest for religion and independence which gave rise to the Spanish ballads. This gives an ennobling principle to these compositions, which raises them far above the popular minstrelsy of every other country. It recommended them to the more polished writers of a later period, under whose hands, if they have lost something of their primitive simplicity, they have been made to form a delightful portion of the national literature. We cannot do better than to quote on this the eloquent remarks of our author.

"Ballads, in the seventeenth century, had become the delight of the whole Spanish people. The soldier solaced himself with them in his tent, and the muleteer amidst the *sierras;* the maiden danced to them on the green, and the lover sang them for his serenade; they entered into the low orgies of thieves and vagabonds, into the sumptuous entertainments of the luxurious nobility, and into the holiday services of the Church; the blind beggar chanted them to gather alms, and the puppet-showman gave them in recitative to explain his exhibition; they were a part of the very foundation of the theatre, both secular and religious, and

the theatre carried them everywhere, and added everywhere to their effect and authority. No poetry of modern times has been so widely spread through all classes of society, and none has so entered into the national character. The ballads, in fact, seem to have been found on every spot of Spanish soil. They seem to have filled the very air that men breathed."

The next of the great divisions of this long period, is the Chronicles, — a fruitful theme, like the former, and still less explored. For much of this literature is in rare books, or rarer manuscripts. There is no lack of materials, however, in the present work, and the whole ground is mapped out before us, by a guide evidently familiar with all its intricacies.

The Spanish Chronicles are distributed into several classes, as those of a public and of a private nature, romantic chronicles, and those of travels. The work which may be said to lead the van of the long array is the "*Cronica General*" of Alfonso the Wise, written by this monarch probably somewhere about the middle of the thirteenth century. It covers a wide ground, from the Creation to the time of the royal writer. The third book is devoted to the Cid, ever the representative of the heroic age of Castile. The fourth records the events of the monarch's own time. Alfonso's work is followed by the "Chronicle of the Cid," in which the events of the champion's life are now first detailed in sober prose.

There is much resemblance between large portions of these two chronicles. This circumstance has led to the conclusion that they both must have been indebted to a common source, or, as seems more probable, that the "Chronicle of the Cid" was taken from that of Alfonso. This latter opinion Mr. Ticknor sustains by internal evidence not easily answered. There seems no reason to doubt, however, that both one and the other were indebted to the popular ballads, and that these, in their turn, were often little more than a versification of the pages of Alfonso's Chronicle; Mr. Ticknor has traced out this curious process by bringing together the parallel passages, which are too numerous and nearly allied to leave any doubt on the matter.

Sepulveda, a scholar of the sixteenth century, has converted considerable fragments of the "General Chronicle" into verse, without great violence to the original, — a remark-

able proof of the near affinity that exists between prose and poetry in Spain; a fact which goes far to explain the facility and astonishing fecundity of some of its popular poets. For the Spaniards, it was nearly as easy to extemporize in verse as in prose.

The example of Alfonso the Tenth was followed by his son, who appointed a chronicler to take charge of the events of his reign. This practice continued with later sovereigns, until the chronicle gradually rose to the pretensions of regular history; when historiographers, with fixed salaries, were appointed by the crowns of Castile and Aragon; giving rise to a more complete body of contemporary annals, from authentic public sources, than is to be found in any other country in Christendom.

Such a collection, beginning with the thirteenth century, is of high value, and would be of far higher, were its writers gifted with any thing like a sound spirit of criticism. But superstition lay too closely at the bottom of the Castilian character to allow of this; a superstition nourished by the strange circumstances of the nation, by the legends of the saints, by the miracles coined by the clergy in support of the good cause, by the very ballads of which we have been treating, which, mingling fact with fable, threw a halo around both that made it difficult to distinguish the one from the other. So palpable to a modern age are many of these fictions in regard to the Cid, that one ingenious critic doubts even the real existence of this personage. But this is a degree of scepticism, which, as Mr. Ticknor finely remarks, "makes too great a demand on our credulity."

This superstition, too deeply seated to be eradicated, and so repugnant to a philosophical spirit of criticism, is the greatest blemish on the writings of the Castilian historians, even of the ripest age of scholarship, who show an appetite for the marvellous and an easy faith scarcely to be credited at the present day. But this is hardly a blemish with the older chronicles, and was suited to the twilight condition of the times. They are, indeed, a most interesting body of ancient literature, with all the freshness and chivalrous bearing of the age; with their long, rambling episodes, that lead to nothing; their childish fondness for pageants and knightly spectacles; their rough dialect, which, with the progress of time, working

off the impurities of an unformed vocabulary, rose, in the reign of John the Second and of Ferdinand and Isabella, into passages of positive eloquence. But we cannot do better than give the concluding remarks of our author on this rich mine of literature, which he has now, for the first time, fully explored and turned up to the public gaze.

"As we close it up," he says, — speaking of an old chronicle he has been criticizing, — "we should not forget, that the whole series, extending over full two hundred and fifty years, from the time of Alfonso the Wise to the accession of Charles the Fifth, and covering the New World as well as the Old, is unrivalled in richness, in variety, and in picturesque and poetical elements. In truth, the chronicles of no other nation can, on such points, be compared to them; not even the Portuguese, which approach the nearest in original and early materials; nor the French, which, in Joinville and Froissart, make the highest claims in another direction. For these old Spanish chronicles, whether they have their foundations in truth or in fable, always strike farther down than those of any other nation into the deep soil of the popular feeling and character. The old Spanish loyalty, the old Spanish religious faith, as both were formed and nourished in the long periods of national trial and suffering, are constantly coming out; hardly less in Columbus and his followers, or even amidst the atrocities of the conquests in the New World, than in the half-miraculous accounts of the battles of Hazinas and Tolosa, or in the grand and glorious drama of the fall of Granada. Indeed, wherever we go under their leading, whether to the court of Tamerlane, or to that of Saint Ferdinand, we find the heroic elements of the national genius gathered around us; and thus, in this vast, rich mass of chronicles, containing such a body of antiquities, traditions, and fables as has been offered to no other people, we are constantly discovering, not only the materials from which were drawn a multitude of the old Spanish ballads, plays, and romances, but a mine which has been unceasingly wrought by the rest of Europe for similar purposes, and still remains unexhausted."

We now come to the Romances of Chivalry, to which the transition is not difficult from the romantic chronicles we have been considering. It was, perhaps, the romantic character of these compositions, as well as of the popular minstrelsy of the country, which supplied the wants of the Spaniards in this way, and so long delayed the appearance of the true Romance of Chivalry.

Long before it was seen in Spain, this kind of writing had

made its appearance, in prose and verse, in other lands; and the tales of Arthur and the Round Table, and of Charlemagne and his Peers, had beguiled the long evenings of our Norman ancestors, and of their brethren on the other side of the Channel. The first book of chivalry that was published in Spain even then was not indigenous, but translated from a Portuguese work, the Amadis de Gaula. But the Portuguese, according to the account of Mr. Ticknor, probably perished with the library of a nobleman, in the great earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755; so that Montalvan's Castilian translation, published in Queen Isabella's reign, now takes the place of the original. Of its merits as a translation who can speak? Its merits as a work of imagination, and, considering the age, its literary execution, are of a high order.

An English version of the book appeared early in the present century, from the pen of Southey, to whom English literature is indebted for more than one valuable contribution of a similar kind. We well remember the delight with which, in our early days, we pored over its fascinating pages, — the bright scenes in which we revelled of Oriental mythology, the beautiful portraiture which is held up of knightly courtesy in the person of Amadis, and the feminine loveliness of Oriana. It was an ideal world of beauty and magnificence, to which the Southern imagination had given a far warmer coloring than was to be found in the ruder conceptions of the Northern minstrel. At a later period, we have read — tried to read — the same story in the pages of Montalvan himself. But the age of chivalry was gone.

The "Amadis" touched the right spring in the Castilian bosom, and its popularity was great and immediate. Edition succeeded edition; and, what was worse, a swarm of other knight-errants soon came into the world, claiming kindred with the Amadis. But few of them bore any resemblance to their prototype, other than in their extravagance. Their merits were summarily settled by the worthy curate in "Don Quixote," who ordered most of them to the flames, declaring that the good qualities of Amadis should not cloak the sins of his posterity.

The tendency of these books was very mischievous. They fostered the spirit of exaggeration, both in language and sentiment, too natural to the Castilian. They debauched

the taste of the reader, while the voluptuous images, in which most of them indulged, did no good to his morals. They encouraged, in fine, a wild spirit of knight-errantry, which seemed to emulate the extravagance of the tales themselves. Sober men wrote, preachers declaimed against them, but in vain. The Cortes of 1553 presented a petition to the crown, that the publication of such works might be prohibited, as pernicious to society. Another petition of the same body, in 1555, insists on this still more strongly, and in terms that, coming, as they do, from so grave an assembly, can hardly be read at the present day without a smile. Mr. Ticknor notices both these legislative acts, in an extract which we shall give. But he omits the words of the petition of 1555, which dwells so piteously on the grievances of the nation; and which we will quote, as they may amuse the reader. "Moreover," says the instrument, "we say that it is very notorious what mischief has been done to young men and maidens, and other persons, by the perusal of books full of lies and vanities, like Amadis, and works of that description, since young people especially, from their natural idleness, resort to this kind of reading, and becoming enamoured of passages of love or arms, or other nonsense which they find set forth therein, when situations at all analogous offer, are led to act much more extravagantly than they otherwise would have done. And many times the daughter, when her mother has locked her up safely at home, amuses herself with reading these books, which do her more hurt than she would have received from going abroad. All which redounds, not only to the dishonor of individuals, but to the great detriment of conscience, by diverting the affections from holy, true, and Christian doctrine, to those wicked vanities, with which the wits, as we have intimated, are completely bewildered. To remedy this, we entreat your Majesty, that no book treating of such matters be henceforth permitted to be read, that those now printed be collected and burned, and that none be published hereafter without special license; by which measures your Majesty will render great service to God, as well as to these kingdoms," &c. &c.

But what neither the menaces of the pulpit nor the authority of the law could effect, was brought about by the breath of ridicule, —

"That soft and summer breath, whose subtile power
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour."

The fever was at its height when Cervantes sent his knight-errant into the world, to combat the phantoms of chivalry; and at one touch of his lance, they disappeared forever. From the day of the publication of the "Don Quixote" not a book of chivalry was ever written in Spain. There is no other such triumph recorded in the annals of genius.

We close these remarks with the following extract, which shows the condition of society in Castile under the influence of these romances.

"Spain, when the romances of chivalry first appeared, had long been peculiarly the land of knighthood. The Moorish wars, which had made every gentleman a soldier, necessarily tended to this result; and so did the free spirit of the communities, led on as they were, during the next period, by barons, who long continued almost as independent in their castles as the king was on his throne. Such a state of things, in fact, is to be recognized as far back as the thirteenth century, when the Partidas, by the most minute and pains-taking legislation, provided for a condition of society not easily to be distinguished from that set forth in the Amadis or the Palmerin. The poem and history of the Cid bear witness yet earlier, indirectly indeed, but very strongly, to a similar state of the country; and so do many of the old ballads and other records of the national feelings and traditions that had come from the fourteenth century.

"But in the fifteenth, the chronicles are full of it, and exhibit it in forms the most grave and imposing. Dangerous tournaments, in some of which the chief men of the time, and even the kings themselves, took part, occur constantly, and are recorded among the important events of the age. At the passage of arms near Orbigo, in the reign of John the Second, eighty knights, as we have seen, were found ready to risk their lives for as fantastic a fiction of gallantry as is recorded in any of the romances of chivalry; a folly of which this was by no means the only instance. Nor did they confine their extravagances to their own country. In the same reign, two Spanish knights went as far as Burgundy, professedly in search of adventures, which they strangely mingled with a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; seeming to regard both as religious exercises. And as late as the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, Fernando del Pulgar, their wise secretary, gives us the names of several distinguished noblemen, personally known to himself, who had gone into foreign countries, 'in order,' as he says, 'to try the fortune of arms with any cavalier that might

be pleased to adventure with them, and so gain honor for themselves, and the fame of valiant and bold knights for the gentlemen of Castile.'

"A state of society like this was the natural result of the extraordinary development which the institutions of chivalry had then received in Spain. Some of it was suited to the age, and salutary; the rest was knight-errantry, and knight-errantry in its wildest extravagance. When, however, the imaginations of men were so excited as to tolerate and maintain, in their daily life, such manners and institutions as these, they would not fail to enjoy the boldest and most free representations of a corresponding state of society in works of romantic fiction. But they went farther. Extravagant and even impossible as are many of the adventures recorded in the books of chivalry, they still seemed so little to exceed the absurdities frequently witnessed or told of known and living men, that many persons took the romances themselves to be true histories, and believed them. Thus, Mexia, the trustworthy historiographer of Charles the Fifth, says, in 1545, when speaking of 'the Amadises, Lisuartes, and Clarions,' that 'their authors do waste their time and weary their faculties in writing such books, which are read by all and believed by many. For,' he goes on, 'there be men who think all these things really happened, just as they read or hear them, though the greater part of the things themselves are sinful, profane, and unbecoming.' And Castillo, another chronicler, tells us gravely, in 1587, that Philip the Second, when he married Mary of England, only forty years earlier, promised, that, if King Arthur should return to claim the throne, he would peaceably yield to that prince all his rights; thus implying, at least in Castillo himself, and probably in many of his readers, a full faith in the stories of Arthur and his Round Table.

"Such credulity, it is true, now seems impossible, even if we suppose it was confined to a moderate number of intelligent persons; and hardly less so, when, as in the admirable sketch of an easy faith in the stories of chivalry by the innkeeper and Maritornes in Don Quixote, we are shown that it extended to the mass of the people. But before we refuse our assent to the statements of such faithful chroniclers as Mexia, on the ground that what they relate is impossible, we should recollect, that, in the age when they lived, men were in the habit of believing and asserting every day things no less incredible than those recited in the old romances. The Spanish Church then countenanced a trust in miracles, as of constant recurrence, which required of those who believed them more credulity than the fictions of chivalry; and yet how few were found wanting in faith! And how

few doubted the tales that had come down to them of the impossible achievements of their fathers during the seven centuries of their warfare against the Moors, or the glorious traditions of all sorts, that still constitute the charm of their brave old chronicles, though we now see at a glance that many of them are as fabulous as any thing told of Palmerin or Launcelot!

"But whatever we may think of this belief in the romances of chivalry, there is no question that in Spain, during the sixteenth century, there prevailed a passion for them such as was never known elsewhere. The proof of it comes to us from all sides. The poetry of the country is full of it, from the romantic ballads that still live in the memory of the people, up to the old plays that have ceased to be acted and the old epics that have ceased to be read. The national manners and the national dress, more peculiar and picturesque than in other countries, long bore its sure impress. The old laws, too, speak no less plainly. Indeed, the passion for such fictions was so strong, and seemed so dangerous, that in 1553 they were prohibited from being printed, sold, or read in the American colonies; and in 1555 the Cortes earnestly asked that the same prohibition might be extended to Spain itself, and that all the extant copies of romances of chivalry might be publicly burned. And finally, half a century later, the happiest work of the greatest genius Spain has produced bears witness on every page to the prevalence of an absolute fanaticism for books of chivalry, and becomes at once the seal of their vast popularity and the monument of their fate."

We can barely touch on the Drama, the last of the three great divisions into which our author has thrown this period. It is of little moment, for down to the close of the fifteenth century, the Castilian drama afforded small promise of the brilliant fortunes that awaited it. It was born under an Italian sky. Almost its first lispings were at the vice-regal court of Naples, and, under a foreign influence, it displayed few of the national characteristics which afterwards marked its career. Yet the germs of future excellence may be discerned in the compositions of Encina and Naharro; and the "Celestina," though not designed for the stage, had a literary merit that was acknowledged throughout Europe.

Mr. Ticknor, as usual, accompanies his analysis with occasional translations of the best passages from the ancient masters. From one of these — a sort of dramatic eclogue, by Gil Vicente — we extract the following spirited verses. The scene represents Cassandra, the heroine of the piece, as

refusing all the solicitations of her family to change her state of maiden freedom for married life.

"They say, 'T is time, go, marry! go!'
But I 'll no husband! not I! no!
For I would live all carelessly,
Amidst these hills, a maiden free,
And never ask, nor anxious be,
Of wedded weal or woe.
Yet still they say, 'Go, marry! go!'
But I 'll no husband! not I! no!

"So, mother, think not I shall wed,
And through a tiresome life be led,
Or use, in folly's ways instead,
What grace the heavens bestow.
Yet still they say, 'Go marry! go!'
But I 'll no husband! not I! no!

"The man has not been born, I ween,
Who as my husband shall be seen;
And since what frequent tricks have been
Undoubtingly I know,
In vain they say, 'Go marry! go!'
For I 'll no husband! not I! no!"

She escapes to the woods, and her kinsmen, after in vain striving to bring her back, come in dancing and singing as madly as herself.

"She is wild! She is wild!
Who shall speak to the child?
On the hills pass her hours,
As a shepherdess free;
She is fair as the flowers,
She is wild as the sea!
She is wild! She is wild!
Who shall speak to the child?"

During the course of the period we have been considering there runs another rich vein of literature, the beautiful Provençal, — those lays of love and chivalry poured forth by the Troubadours in the little court of Provence, and afterwards of Catalonia. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when the voice of the minstrel was hardly heard in other parts of Europe, the northern shores of the Mediterranean, on either side of the Pyrennees, were alive with song. But it

was the melody of a too early spring, to be soon silenced under the wintry breath of persecution.

Mr. Ticknor, who paid, while in Europe, much attention to the Romance dialects, has given a pleasing analysis of this early literature, after it had fled from the storms of persecution to the south of Spain. But few will care to learn a language which locks up a literature that was rather one of a beautiful promise than performance, — that prematurely perished and left no sign. And yet it did leave some sign of its existence, in the influence it exerted both on Italian and Castilian poetry.

This was peculiarly displayed at the court of John the Second of Castile, who flourished towards the middle of the fifteenth century. That prince gathered around him a circle of wits and poets, several of them men of the highest rank; and the intellectual spirit thus exhibited shows like a bright streak in the dawn of that higher civilization which rose upon Castile in the beginning of the following century. In this literary circle King John himself was a prominent figure, correcting the verses of his loving subjects, and occasionally inditing some of his own. In the somewhat severe language of Mr. Ticknor, "he turned to letters to avoid the importunity of business, and to gratify a constitutional indolence." There was, it is true, something ridiculous in King John's most respectable tastes, reminding us of the character of his contemporary, René of Anjou. But still it was something, in those rough times, to manifest a relish for intellectual pleasures; and it had its effect, in weaning his turbulent nobility from the indulgence of their coarser appetites.

The same liberal tastes, with still better result, were shown by his daughter, the illustrious Isabella, the Catholic. Not that any work of great pretensions for its poetical merits was then produced. The poetry of the age, indeed, was pretty generally infected with the meretricious conceits of the Provençal and the old Castilian verse. We must except from this reproach the "Coplas" of Jorge Manrique, which have found so worthy an interpreter in Mr. Longfellow, and which would do honor to any age. But the age of Isabella was in Castile what that of Poggio was in Italy. Learned men were invited from abroad, and took up their residence at the court. Native scholars went abroad, and brought back the

rich fruits of an education in the most renowned of the Italian universities. The result of this scholarship was the preparation of dictionaries, grammars, and various philological works, which gave laws to the language, and subjected it to a classic standard. Printing was introduced, and, under the royal patronage, presses were put in active operation in various cities of the kingdom. Thus, although no great work was actually produced, a beneficent impulse was given to letters, which trained up the scholar, and opened the way for the brilliant civilization of the reign of Charles the Fifth. Our author has not paid the tribute to the reign of Isabella to which, in our judgment, it is entitled even in a literary view. He has noticed with commendation the various efforts made in it to introduce a more liberal scholarship, but has by no means dwelt with the emphasis they deserve on the importance of the results.

With the glorious rule of Ferdinand and Isabella closes the long period from the middle of the twelfth to the beginning of the sixteenth century, — a period which, if we except Italy, has no rival in modern history for the richness, variety, and picturesque character of its literature. It is that portion of the literature which seems to come spontaneously like the vegetation of a virgin soil, that must lose something of its natural freshness and perfume when brought under a more elaborate cultivation. It is that portion which is most thoroughly embued with the national spirit, unaffected by foreign influences; and the student who would fully comprehend the genius of the Spaniards must turn to these pure and primitive sources of their literary culture.

We cannot do better than close with the remarks in which Mr. Ticknor briefly, but with his usual perspicuity, sums up the actual achievements of the period.

"Poetry, or at least the love of poetry, made progress with the great advancement of the nation under Ferdinand and Isabella; though the taste of the court in whatever regarded Spanish literature continued low and false. Other circumstances, too, favored the great and beneficial change that was everywhere becoming apparent. The language of Castile had already asserted its supremacy, and, with the old Castilian spirit and cultivation, it was spreading into Andalusia and Aragon, and planting itself amidst the ruins of the Moorish power on the shores of the Mediterra-

nean. Chronicle-writing was become frequent, and had begun to take the forms of regular history. The drama was advanced as far as the 'Celestina' in prose, and the more strictly scenic efforts of Torres Naharro in verse. Romance-writing was at the height of its success. And the old ballad spirit — the true foundation of Spanish poetry — had received a new impulse and richer materials from the contests in which all Christian Spain had borne a part amidst the mountains of Granada, and from the wild tales of the feuds and adventures of rival factions within the walls of that devoted city. Every thing, indeed, announced a decided movement in the literature of the nation, and almost every thing seemed to favor and facilitate it."

The second great division embraces the long interval between 1500 and 1700, occupied by the Austrian dynasty of Spain. It covers the golden age, as generally considered, of Castilian literature; that in which it submitted in some degree to the influences of the advancing European civilization, and which witnessed those great productions of genius that have had the widest reputation with foreigners; the age of Cervantes, of Lope de Vega, and of Calderon. The condition of Spain itself was materially changed. Instead of being hemmed in by her mountain-barrier, she had extended her relations to every court in Europe, and established her empire in every quarter of the globe. Emerging from her retired and solitary condition, she now took the first rank among the states of Christendom. Her literature naturally took the impress of this change, but not to the extent — or, at least, not in the precise manner — it would have done, if left to its natural and independent action. But, unhappily for the land, the great power of its monarchs was turned against their own people, and the people were assailed, moreover, through the very qualities which should have entitled them to forbearance from their masters. Practising on their loyalty, their princes trampled on their ancient institutions, and loyalty was degraded into an abject servility. The religious zeal of early days, which had carried them triumphant through the Moorish struggle, turned, under the influence of the priests, into a sour fanaticism, which opened the way to the Inquisition, — the most terrible engine of oppression ever devised by man, — not so terrible for its operation on the body as on the mind. Under its baneful influence, literature

lost its free and healthy action; and, however high its pretensions as a work of art, it becomes so degenerate in a moral aspect, that it has far less to awaken our sympathies than the productions of an earlier time. From this circumstance, as well as from that of its being much better known to the generality of scholars, we shall pass only in rapid review some of its most remarkable persons and productions. Before entering on this field, we will quote some important observations of our author on the general prospects of the period he is to discuss. Thus to allow coming events to cast their shadows before is better suited to the purposes of the literary historian, than of the novelist. His remarks on the Inquisition are striking.

"The results of such extraordinary traits in the national character could not fail to be impressed upon the literature of any country, and particularly upon a literature which, like that of Spain, had always been strongly marked by the popular temperament and peculiarities. But the period was not one in which such traits could be produced with poetical effect. The ancient loyalty, which had once been so generous an element in the Spanish character and cultivation, was now infected with the ambition of universal empire, and was lavished upon princes and nobles who, like the later Philips and their ministers, were unworthy of its homage; so that, in the Spanish historians and epic poets of this period, and even in more popular writers, like Quevedo and Calderon, we find a vainglorious admiration of their country, and a poor flattery of royalty and rank, that reminds us of the old Castilian pride and deference only by showing how both had lost their dignity. And so it is with the ancient religious feeling that was so nearly akin to this loyalty. The Christian spirit, which gave an air of duty to the wildest forms of adventure throughout the country, during its long contest with the power of misbelief, was now fallen away into a low and anxious bigotry, fierce and intolerant towards every thing that differed from its own sharply defined faith, and yet so pervading and so popular, that the romances and tales of the time are full of it, and the national theatre, in more than one form, becomes its strange and grotesque monument.

"Of course, the body of Spanish poetry and eloquent prose produced during this interval — the earlier part of which was the period of the greatest glory Spain ever enjoyed — was injuriously affected by so diseased a condition of the national character. That generous and manly spirit which is the breath of

intellectual life to any people was restrained and stifled. Some departments of literature, such as forensic eloquence and eloquence of the pulpit, satirical poetry, and elegant didactic prose, hardly appeared at all; others, like epic poetry, were strangely perverted and misdirected; while yet others, like the drama, the ballads, and the lighter forms of lyrical verse, seemed to grow exuberant and lawless, from the very restraints imposed on the rest; restraints which, in fact, forced poetical genius into channels where it would otherwise have flowed much more scantily and with much less luxuriant results.

"The books that were published during the whole period on which we are now entering, and indeed for a century later, bore everywhere marks of the subjection to which the press and those who wrote for it were alike reduced. From the abject title-pages and dedications of the authors themselves, through the crowd of certificates collected from their friends to establish the orthodoxy of works that were often as little connected with religion as fairy tales, down to the colophon, supplicating pardon for any unconscious neglect of the authority of the Church or any too free use of classical mythology, we are continually oppressed with painful proofs, not only how completely the human mind was enslaved in Spain, but how grievously it had become cramped and crippled by the chains it had so long worn.

"But we shall be greatly in error, if, as we notice these deep marks and strange peculiarities in Spanish literature, we suppose they were produced by the direct action either of the Inquisition or of the civil government of the country, compressing, as if with a physical power, the whole circle of society. This would have been impossible. No nation would have submitted to it; much less so high-spirited and chivalrous a nation as the Spanish in the reign of Charles the Fifth and in the greater part of that of Philip the Second. This dark work was done earlier. Its foundations were laid deep and sure in the old Castilian character. It was the result of the excess and misdirection of that very Christian zeal which fought so fervently and gloriously against the intrusion of Mohammedanism into Europe, and of that military loyalty which sustained the Spanish princes so faithfully through the whole of that terrible contest; — both of them high and ennobling principles, which in Spain were more wrought into the popular character than they ever were in any other country.

"Spanish submission to an unworthy despotism, and Spanish bigotry, were, therefore, not the results of the Inquisition and the modern appliances of a corrupting monarchy; but the Inquisition and the despotism were rather the results of a misdirection of the old religious faith and loyalty. The civilization that recognized

such elements presented, no doubt, much that was brilliant, picturesque, and ennobling; but it was not without its darker side; for it failed to excite and cherish many of the most elevating qualities of our common nature, — those qualities which are produced in domestic life, and result in the cultivation of the arts of peace.

"As we proceed, therefore, we shall find, in the full development of the Spanish character and literature, seeming contradictions, which can be reconciled only by looking back to the foundations on which they both rest. We shall find the Inquisition at the height of its power, and a free and immoral drama at the height of its popularity, — Philip the Second and his two immediate successors governing the country with the severest and most jealous despotism, while Quevedo was writing his witty and dangerous satires, and Cervantes his genial and wise Don Quixote. But the more carefully we consider such a state of things, the more we shall see that these are moral contradictions which draw after them grave moral mischiefs. The Spanish nation and the men of genius who illustrated its best days, might be light-hearted because they did not perceive the limits within which they were confined, or did not, for a time, feel the restraints that were imposed upon them. What they gave up might be given up with cheerful hearts, and not with a sense of discouragement and degradation; it might be done in the spirit of loyalty and with the fervor of religious zeal; but it is not at all the less true that the hard limits were there, and that great sacrifices of the best elements of the national character must follow.

"Of this time gave abundant proof. Only a little more than a century elapsed before the government that had threatened the world with a universal empire was hardly able to repel invasion from abroad, or maintain the allegiance of its own subjects at home. Life — the vigorous, poetical life which had been kindled through the country in its ages of trial and adversity — was evidently passing out of the whole Spanish character. As a people they sunk away from being a first-rate power in Europe, till they became one of altogether inferior importance and consideration; and then, drawing back haughtily behind their mountains, rejected all equal intercourse with the rest of the world, in a spirit almost as exclusive and intolerant as that in which they had formerly refused intercourse with their Arab conquerors. The crude and gross wealth poured in from their American possessions sustained, indeed, for yet another century the forms of a miserable political existence in their government; but the earnest faith, the loyalty, the dignity of the Spanish people were gone; and little remained in their place, but a weak subserviency to the unworthy masters

of the state, and a low, timid bigotry in whatever related to religion. The old enthusiasm, rarely directed by wisdom from the first, and often misdirected afterwards, faded away; and the poetry of the country, which had always depended more on the state of the popular feeling than any other poetry of modern times, faded and failed with it."

The first thing that strikes us, at the very commencement of this new period, is the attempt to subject the Castilian to Italian forms of versification. This attempt, through the perfect tact of Boscan, and the delicate genius of Garcilasso, who rivalled in their own walks the greatest masters of Italian verse, was eminently successful. It would, indeed, be wonderful if the intimate relations now established between Spain and Italy did not lead to a reciprocal influence of their literatures on each other. The two languages, descended from the same parent stock, the Latin, were nearest of kin to each other, — in the relation, if we may so speak, of brother and sister. The Castilian, with its deep Arabic gutturals, and its clear, sonorous sounds, had the masculine character, which assorted well with the more feminine graces of the Italian, with its musical cadences and soft vowel terminations. The transition from one language to the other was almost as natural as from the dialect of one province of a country to that of its neighbor.

The revolution thus effected went far below the surface of Spanish poetry. It is for this reason, that we are satisfied that Mr. Ticknor has judged wisely, as we have before intimated, in arranging the division lines of his two periods in such a manner as to throw into the former that primitive portion of the national literature which was untouched, at least to any considerable extent, by a foreign influence.

Yet, in the compositions of this second period, it must be admitted that by far the greater portion of what is really good rests on the original basis of the national character, though under the controlling influences of a riper age of civilization. And foremost of the great writers of this national school we find the author of "Don Quixote," whose fame seems now to belong to Europe, as much as to the land that gave him birth. Mr. Ticknor has given a very interesting notice of the great writer and of his various compositions. The mate-

rials for this are, for the most part, not very difficult to be procured; for Cervantes is the author whom his countrymen, since his death, with a spirit very different from that of his contemporaries, have most delighted to honor. Fortunately, the Castilian romancer has supplied us with materials for his own biography, which remind us of the lamentable poverty under which we labor in all that relates to his contemporary, Shakspeare. In Mr. Ticknor's biographical notice, the reader will find some details probably not familiar to him, and a careful discussion of those points over which still rests any cloud of uncertainty.

He inquires into the grounds of the imputation of an unworthy jealousy having existed between Lope and his illustrious rival, and we heartily concur with him in the general results of his investigation.

"Concerning his relations with Lope de Vega there has been much discussion to little purpose. Certain it is that Cervantes often praises this great literary idol of his age, and that four or five times Lope stoops from his pride of place and compliments Cervantes, though never beyond the measure of praise he bestows on many whose claims were greatly inferior. But in his stately flight, it is plain that he soared much above the author of Don Quixote, to whose highest merits he seemed carefully to avoid all homage; and though I find no sufficient reason to suppose their relation to each other was marked by any personal jealousy or ill-will, as has been sometimes supposed, yet I can find no proof that it was either intimate or kindly. On the contrary, when we consider the good nature of Cervantes, which made him praise to excess nearly all his other literary contemporaries, as well as the greatest of them all, and when we allow for the frequency of hyperbole in such praises at that time, which prevented them from being what they would now be, we may perceive an occasional coolness in his manner, when he speaks of Lope, which shows, that, without overrating his own merits and claims, he was not insensible to the difference in their respective positions, or to the injustice towards himself implied by it. Indeed, his whole tone, whenever he notices Lope, seems to be marked with much personal dignity, and to be singularly honorable to him."

Mr. Ticknor, in a note to the above, states that he has been able to find only five passages in all Lope de Vega's works where there is any mention of Cervantes, and not one

of these written after the appearance of the "Don Quixote," during its author's lifetime, — a significant fact. One of the passages to which our author refers, and which is from the "Laurel de Apolo," contains, he says, "a somewhat stiff eulogy on Cervantes." We quote the original couplet, which alludes to the injury inflicted on Cervantes' hand in the great Battle of Lepanto.

> "Porque se diga que una mano herida
> Pudo dar á su dueño eterna vida."

Which may be rendered,

> The hand, though crippled in the glorious strife,
> Sufficed to gain its lord eternal life.

We imagine that most who read the distich, — the Castilian, not the English, — will be disposed to regard it as no inelegant, and certainly not a parsimonious, tribute from one bard to another, — at least, if made in the lifetime of the subject of it. Unfortunately, it was not written till some fourteen years after the death of Cervantes, when he was beyond the power of being pleased or profited by praise from any quarter.

Mr. Ticknor closes the sketch of Cervantes with some pertinent and touching reflections on the circumstances under which his great work was composed.

"The romance which he threw so carelessly from him, and which, I am persuaded, he regarded rather as a bold effort to break up the absurd taste of his time for the fancies of chivalry than as any thing of more serious import, has been established by an uninterrupted, and, it may be said, an unquestioned, success ever since, both as the oldest classical specimen of romantic fiction, and as one of the most remarkable monuments of modern genius. But though this may be enough to fill the measure of human fame and glory, it is not all to which Cervantes is entitled; for, if we would do him the justice that would have been dearest to his own spirit, and even if we would ourselves fully comprehend and enjoy the whole of his Don Quixote, we should, as we read it, bear in mind, that this delightful romance was not the result of a youthful exuberance of feeling and a happy external condition, nor composed in his best years, when the spirits of its author were light and his hopes high; but that — with all its unquenchable and irresistible humor, with its bright views of the world, and its cheerful trust in goodness and virtue — it was written in his old age, at the conclusion of a life nearly every step

of which had been marked with disappointed expectations, disheartening struggles and sore calamities; that he began it in a prison, and that it was finished when he felt the hand of death pressing heavy and cold upon his heart. If this be remembered as we read, we may feel, as we ought to feel, what admiration and reverence are due, not only to the living power of Don Quixote, but to the character and genius of Cervantes."

The next name that meets us in the volume is that of Lope de Vega Carpio, the idol of his generation, who lived, in all the enjoyment of wealth and worldly honors, in the same city, and, as some accounts state, in the same street, where his illustrious rival was pining in poverty and neglect. If posterity has reversed the judgment of their contemporaries, still we cannot withhold our admiration at the inexhaustible invention of Lope, and the miraculous facility of his composition. His achievements in this way, perfectly well authenticated, are yet such as to stagger credibility. He wrote, in all, about eighteen hundred regular dramas, and four hundred autos — pieces of one act each. Besides this, he composed, at leisure intervals, no less than twenty-one printed volumes of miscellaneous poetry, including eleven narrative and didactic poems of much length, in *ottava rima*, and seven hundred sonnets, also in the Italian measure. His comedies, amounting to between two and three thousand lines each, were mostly rhymed, and interspersed with ballads, sonnets, and different kinds of versification. Critics have sometimes amused themselves with computing the amount of matter thus actually thrown off by him in the course of his dramatic career. The sum swells to twenty-one million, three hundred thousand verses! He lived to the age of seventy-two, and if we allow him to have employed fifty years — which will not be far from the truth — in his theatrical compositions, it will give an average of something like a play a week, through the whole period, to say nothing of the epics, and other miscellanies! He tells us further, that, on one occasion, he produced five entire plays in a fortnight. And his biographers assure us that, more than once, he turned off a whole drama in twenty-four hours. These plays, it will be recollected, with their stores of invention and fluent versification, were the delight of all classes of his countrymen, and the copious fountain of supply to half the theatres of Europe.

Well might Cervantes call him the "*monstruo de naturaleza*," — the "miracle of nature."

The vast popularity of Lope, and the unprecedented amount of his labors, brought with them, as might be expected, a substantial recompense. This remuneration was of the most honorable kind, for it was chiefly derived from the public. It is said to have amounted to no less than a hundred thousand ducats, — which, estimating the ducat at its probable value of six or seven dollars of our day, has no parallel — or, perhaps, not more than one — upon record.

Yet Lope did not refuse the patronage of the great. From the Duke of Sessa he is said to have received, in the course of his life, more than twenty thousand ducats. Another of his noble patrons was the Duke of Alva; not the terrible duke of the Netherlands, but his grandson — a man of some literary pretensions, hardly claimed for his great ancestor. Yet with the latter he has been constantly confounded, by Lord Holland, in his life of the poet, by Southey, after an examination of the matter, and lastly, though with some distrust, by Nicholas Antonio, the learned Castilian biographer. Mr. Ticknor shows, beyond a doubt, from a critical examination of the subject, that they are all in error. The inquiry and the result are clearly stated in the notes, and are one among the many evidences which these notes afford of the minute and very accurate researches of our author into matters of historical interest, that have baffled even the Castilian scholars.

We remember meeting with something of a similar blunder in Schlegel's Dramatic Lectures, where he speaks of the poet Garcilasso de la Vega as descended from the Peruvian Incas, and as having lost his life before Tunis. The fact is, that the poet died at Nice, and that, too, some years before the birth of the Inca Garcilasso, with whom Schlegel so strangely confounds him. One should be charitable to such errors, — though a dogmatic critic, like Schlegel, has as little right as any to demand such charity, — for we well know how difficult it is always to escape them, when, as in Castile, the same name seems to descend, as an heirloom, from one generation to another; if it be not, indeed, shared by more than one of the same generation. In the case of the Duke of Alva, there was not even this apology.

Mr. Ticknor has traced the personal history of Lope de Vega, so as to form a running commentary on his literary. It will be read with satisfaction, even by those who are familiar with Lord Holland's agreeable life of the poet, since the publication of which more ample researches have been made into the condition of the Castilian drama. Those who are disposed to set too high a value on the advantages of literary success may learn a lesson by seeing how ineffectual it was to secure the happiness of that spoiled child of fortune. We give our author's account of his latter days, when his mind had become infected with the religious gloom which has too often settled round the evening of life with the fanatical Spaniard.

"But as his life drew to a close, his religious feelings, mingled with a melancholy fanaticism, predominated more and more. Much of his poetry composed at this time expressed them; and at last they rose to such a height, that he was almost constantly in a state of excited melancholy, or, as it was then beginning to be called, of hypochondria. Early in the month of August, he felt himself extremely weak, and suffered more than ever from that sense of discouragement which was breaking down his resources and strength. His thoughts, however, were so exclusively occupied with his spiritual condition, that, even when thus reduced, he continued to fast, and on one occasion went through with a private discipline so cruel, that the walls of the apartment where it occurred were afterwards found sprinkled with his blood. From this he never recovered. He was taken ill the same night; and, after fulfilling the offices prescribed by his Church with the most submissive devotion, — mourning that he had ever been engaged in any occupations but such as were exclusively religious, — he died on the 25th of August, 1635, nearly seventy-three years old.

"The sensation produced by his death was such as is rarely witnessed even in the case of those upon whom depends the welfare of nations. The Duke of Sessa, who was his especial patron, and to whom he left his manuscripts, provided for the funeral in a manner becoming his own wealth and rank. It lasted nine days. The crowds that thronged to it were immense. Three bishops officiated, and the first nobles of the land attended as mourners. Eulogies and poems followed on all sides, and in numbers all but incredible. Those written in Spain make one considerable volume, and end with a drama in which his apotheosis was brought upon the public stage. Those written in Italy

are hardly less numerous, and fill another. But more touching than any of them was the prayer of that much-loved daughter who had been shut up from the world fourteen years, that the long funeral procession might pass by her convent and permit her once more to look on the face she so tenderly venerated; and more solemn than any was the mourning of the multitude, from whose dense mass audible sobs burst forth, as his remains slowly descended from their sight into the house appointed for all living."

Mr. Ticknor follows up his biographical sketch of Lope with an analysis of his plays, concluding the whole with a masterly review of his qualities as a dramatic writer. The discussion has a wider import than at first appears. For Lope de Vega, although he built on the foundations of the ancient drama, yet did this in such a manner as to settle the forms of this department of literature forever for his countrymen.

It would be interesting to compare the great Spanish dramatist with Shakspeare, who flourished at the same period, and who, in like manner, stamped his own character on the national theatre. Both drew their fictions from every source indiscriminately, and neither paid regard to probabilities of chronology, geography, or scarcely history. Time, place, and circumstance were of little moment in their eyes. Both built their dramas on the romantic model, with its magic scenes of joy and sorrow, in the display of which each was master in his own way; though the English poet could raise the tone of sentiment to a moral grandeur, which the Castilian, with all the tragic coloring of his pencil, could never reach. Both fascinated their audiences by that sweet and natural flow of language, that seemed to set itself to music as it was uttered. But, however much alike in other points, there was one distinguishing feature in each, which removed them and their dramas far as the poles asunder.

Shakspeare's great object was the exhibition of character. To this every thing was directed. Situation, dialogue, story, — all were employed only to this great end. This was in perfect accordance with the taste of his nation, as shown through the whole of its literature, from Chaucer to Scott. Lope de Vega, on the other hand, made so little account of character that he reproduces the same leading personages, in his differ-

ent plays, over and over again, as if they had been all cast in the same mould. The *galan*, the *dama*, the *gracioso*, or buffoon, recur as regularly as the clown in the old English comedy, and their *rôle* is even more precisely defined.

The paramount object with Lope was the intrigue — the story. His plays were, what Mr. Ticknor well styles them, dramatic novels. And this, as our author remarks, was perfectly conformable to the prevalent spirit of Spanish literature — clearly narrative — as shown in its long epics of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, its host of ballads, its gossiping chronicles, its chivalrous romances. The great purpose of Lope was to excite and maintain an interest in the story. "Keep the *dénouement* in suspense," he says; "if it be once surmised, your audience will turn their backs on you." He frequently complicates his intrigues in such a manner that only the closest attention can follow them. He cautions his hearers to give this attention, especially at the outset.

Lope, with great tact, accommodated his theatre to the prevailing taste of his countrymen. "Plautus and Terence," he says, "I throw into the fire when I begin to write;" — thus showing that it was not by accident, but on a settled principle that he arranged the forms of his dramas. It is the favorite principle of modern economists, that of consulting the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Lope did so, and was rewarded for it, not merely by the applause of the million, but by that of every Spaniard, high and low, in the country. In all this, Lope de Vega acted on strictly philosophical principles. He conformed to the romantic, although the distinction was not then properly understood; and he thought it necessary to defend his departure from the rules of the ancients. But, in truth, such rules were not suited to the genius and usages of the Spaniards, any more than of the English; and more than one experiment proved that they would be as little tolerated by the one people as the other.

It is remarkable that the Spaniards, whose language rests so broadly on the Latin, in the same manner as with the French and the Italians, should have refused to rest their literature, like them, on the classic models of antiquity, and have chosen to conform to the romantic spirit of the more northern nations of the Teutonic family. It was the paramount influence of the Gothic element in their character,

coöperating with the peculiar, and most stimulating influences of their early history.

We close our remarks on Lope de Vega with some excellent reflections of our author on the rapidity of his composition, and showing to what extent his genius was reverenced by his contemporaries.

"Lope de Vega's immediate success, as we have seen, was in proportion to his rare powers and favorable opportunities. For a long time, nobody else was willingly heard on the stage; and during the whole of the forty or fifty years that he wrote for it, he stood quite unapproached in general popularity. His unnumbered plays and farces, in all the forms that were demanded by the fashions of the age, or permitted by religious authority, filled the theatres both of the capital and the provinces; and so extraordinary was the impulse he gave to dramatic representations, that, though there were only two companies of strolling players at Madrid when he began, there were, about the period of his death, no less than forty, comprehending nearly a thousand persons.

"Abroad, too, his fame was hardly less remarkable. In Rome, Naples, and Milan, his dramas were performed in their original language; in France and Italy, his name was announced in order to fill the theatres when no play of his was to be performed; and once even, and probably oftener, one of his dramas was represented in the seraglio at Constantinople. But perhaps neither all this popularity, nor yet the crowds that followed him in the streets and gathered in the balconies to watch him as he passed along, nor the name of Lope, that was given to whatever was esteemed singularly good in its kind, is so striking a proof of his dramatic success, as the fact, so often complained of by himself and his friends, that multitudes of his plays were fraudulently noted down as they were acted, and then printed for profit throughout Spain; and that multitudes of other plays appeared under his name, and were represented all over the provinces, that he had never even heard of till they were published and performed.

"A large income naturally followed such popularity, for his plays were liberally paid for by the actors; and he had patrons of a munificence unknown in our days, and always undesirable. But he was thriftless and wasteful; exceedingly charitable; and, in hospitality to his friends, prodigal. He was, therefore, almost always embarrassed. At the end of his 'Jerusalem,' printed as early as 1609, he complains of the pressure of his domestic affairs; and in his old age he addressed some verses, in the nature of a petition, to the still more thriftless Philip the Fourth,

asking the means of living for himself and daughter. After his death, his poverty was fully admitted by his executor; and yet, considering the relative value of money, no poet, perhaps, ever received so large a compensation for his works.

"It should, however, be remembered, that no other poet ever wrote so much with popular effect. For, if we begin with his dramatic compositions, which are the best of his efforts, and go down to his epics, which, on the whole, are the worst, we shall find the amount of what was received with favor, as it came from the press, quite unparalleled. And when to this we are compelled to add his own assurance, just before his death, that the greater part of his works still remained in manuscript, we pause in astonishment, and, before we are able to believe the account, demand some explanation that will make it credible; — an explanation which is the more important, because it is the key to much of his personal character, as well as of his poetical success. And it is this. No poet of any considerable reputation ever had a genius so nearly related to that of an improvisator, or ever indulged his genius so freely in the spirit of improvisation. This talent has always existed in the southern countries of Europe; and in Spain has, from the first, produced, in different ways, the most extraordinary results. We owe to it the invention and perfection of the old ballads, which were originally improvisated and then preserved by tradition; and we owe to it the *seguidillas*, the *boleros*, and all the other forms of popular poetry that still exist in Spain, and are daily poured forth by the fervent imaginations of the uncultivated classes of the people, and sung to the national music, that sometimes seems to fill the air by night as the light of the sun does by day.

"In the time of Lope de Vega, the passion for such improvisation had risen higher than it ever rose before, if it had not spread out more widely. Actors were expected sometimes to improvisate on themes given to them by the audience. Extemporaneous dramas, with all the varieties of verse demanded by a taste formed in the theatres, were not of rare occurrence. Philip the Fourth, Lope's patron, had such performed in his presence, and bore a part in them himself. And the famous Count de Lemos, the viceroy of Naples, to whom Cervantes was indebted for so much kindness, kept, as an *apanage* to his viceroyalty, a poetical court, of which the two Argensolas were the chief ornaments, and in which extemporaneous plays were acted with brilliant success.

"Lope de Vega's talent was undoubtedly of near kindred to this genius of improvisation, and produced its extraordinary results by a similar process, and in the same spirit. He dictated

verse, we are told, with ease, more rapidly than an amanuensis could take it down; and wrote out an entire play in two days, which could with difficulty be transcribed by a copyist in the same time. He was not absolutely an improvisator, for his education and position naturally led him to devote himself to written composition, but he was continually on the borders of whatever belongs to an improvisator's peculiar province; was continually showing, in his merits and defects, in his ease, grace, and sudden resource, in his wildness and extravagance, in the happiness of his versification and the prodigal abundance of his imagery, that a very little more freedom, a very little more indulgence given to his feelings and his fancy, would have made him at once and entirely, not only an improvisator, but the most remarkable one that ever lived."

We pass over the long array of dramatic writers who trod closely in the footsteps of their great master, as well as a lively notice of the satirist Quevedo, and come at once to Calderon de la Barca, the great poet who divided with Lope the empire of the Spanish stage.

Our author has given a full biography of this famous dramatist, to which we must refer the reader; and we know of no other history in English where he can meet with it, at all. Calderon lived in the reign of Philip the Fourth, which, extending from 1621 to 1665, comprehends the most flourishing period of the Castilian theatre. The elegant tastes of the monarch, with his gay and gracious manners, formed a contrast to the austere temper of the other princes of the house of Austria. He was not only the patron of the drama, but a professor of the dramatic art, and indeed a performer. He wrote plays himself, and acted them in his own palace. His nobles, following his example, turned their saloons into theatres; and the great towns, and many of the smaller ones, partaking of the enthusiasm of the court, had their own theatres and companies of actors, which, altogether, amounted, at one time, to no less than three hundred. One may understand that it required no small amount of material to keep such a vast machinery in motion.

At the head of this mighty apparatus was the poet Calderon, the favorite of the court even more than Lope de Vega, but not more than he the favorite of the nation. He was fully entitled to this high distinction, if we are to receive half that is said of him by the German critics, among whom

Schlegel particularly celebrates him as displaying the purest model of the romantic ideal, the most perfect development of the sentiments of love, heroism, and religious devotion. This exaggerated tone of eulogy calls forth the rebuke of Sismondi, who was educated in a different school of criticism, and whose historical pursuits led him to look below the surface of things to their moral tendencies. By this standard, Calderon has failed. And yet it seems to be a just standard, even when criticizing a work by the rules of art; for a disregard of the obvious laws of morality is a violation of the principles of taste, on which the beautiful must rest. Not that Calderon's plays are chargeable with licentiousness or indecency to a greater extent than was common in the writers of the period. But they show a lamentable confusion of ideas in regard to the first principles of morality, by entirely confounding the creed of the individual with his religion. A conformity to the established creed is virtue, the departure from it vice. It is impossible to conceive, without reading his performances, to what revolting consequences this confusion of the moral perceptions perpetually leads.

Yet Calderon should not incur the reproach of hypocrisy, but that of fanaticism. He was the very dupe of superstition; and the spirit of fanaticism he shares with the greater part of his countrymen — even the most enlightened — of that period. Hypocrisy may have been the sin of the Puritan, but fanaticism was the sin of the Catholic Spaniard of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The one quality may be thought to reflect more discredit on the heart, the other on the head. The philosopher may speculate on their comparative moral turpitude; but the pages of history show that fanaticism armed with power has been the most fruitful parent of misery to mankind.

Calderon's drama turns on the most exaggerated principles of honor, jealousy, and revenge, mingled with the highest religious exaltation. Some of these sentiments, usually referred to the influence of the Arabs, Mr. Ticknor traces to the ancient Gothic laws, which formed the basis of the early Spanish jurisprudence. The passages he cites are pertinent, and his theory is plausible; yet, in the relations with woman, we suspect much must still be allowed for the long contact with the jealous Arabian.

Calderon's characters and sentiments are formed, for the most part, on a purely ideal standard. The incidents of his plots are even more startling than those of Lope de Vega, more monstrous than the fictions of Dumas or Eugene Sue. But his thoughts are breathed forth in the intoxicating language of passion, with all the glowing imagery of the East, and in tones of the richest melody of which the Castilian tongue is capable.

Mr. Ticknor has enlivened his analysis of Calderon's drama with several translations, as usual, from which we should be glad to extract, but must content ourselves with the concluding portion of his criticism, where he sums up the prominent qualities of the bard.

"Calderon neither effected nor attempted any great changes in the forms of the drama. Two or three times, indeed, he prepared dramas that were either wholly sung, or partly sung and partly spoken; but even these, in their structure, were no more operas than his other plays, and were only a courtly luxury, which it was attempted to introduce, in imitation of the genuine opera just brought into France by Louis the Fourteenth, with whose court that of Spain was now intimately connected. But this was all. Calderon has added to the stage no new form of dramatic composition. Nor has he much modified those forms which had been already arranged and settled by Lope de Vega. But he has shown more technical exactness in combining his incidents, and arranged every thing more skilfully for stage-effect. He has given to the whole a new coloring, and in some respects, a new physiognomy. His drama is more poetical in its tone and tendencies, and has less the air of truth and reality, than that of his great predecessor. In its more successful portions, — which are rarely objectionable from their moral tone, — it seems almost as if we were transported to another and more gorgeous world, where the scenery is lighted up with unknown and preternatural splendor, and where the motives and passions of the personages that pass before us are so highly wrought, that we must have our own feelings not a little stirred and excited before we can take an earnest interest in what we witness or sympathize in its results. But even in this he is successful. The buoyancy of life and spirit that he has infused into the gayer divisions of his drama, and the moving tenderness that pervades its graver and more tragical portions, lift us unconsciously to the height where alone his brilliant exhibitions can prevail with our imaginations, — where alone we can be interested and deluded, when we find

ourselves in the midst, not only of such a confusion of the different forms of the drama, but of such a confusion of the proper limits of dramatic and lyrical poetry.

"To this elevated tone, and to the constant effort necessary in order to sustain it, we owe much of what distinguishes Calderon from his predecessors, and nearly all that is most individual and characteristic in his separate merits and defects. It makes him less easy, graceful, and natural than Lope. It imparts to his style a mannerism, which, notwithstanding the marvellous richness and fluency of his versification, sometimes wearies and sometimes offends us. It leads him to repeat from himself till many of his personages become standing characters, and his heroes and their servants, his ladies and their confidants, his old men and his buffoons, seem to be produced, like the masked figures of the ancient theatre, to represent, with the same attributes and in the same costume, the different intrigues of his various plots. It leads him, in short, to regard the whole of the Spanish drama as a form, within whose limits his imagination may be indulged without restraint; and in which Greeks and Romans, heathen divinities, and the supernatural fictions of Christian tradition, may be all brought out in Spanish fashions and with Spanish feelings, and led, through a succession of ingenious and interesting adventures, to the catastrophes their stories happen to require.

"In carrying out this theory of the Spanish drama, Calderon, as we have seen, often succeeds, and often fails. But when he succeeds, his success is sometimes of no common character. He then sets before us only models of ideal beauty, perfection, and splendor; — a world, he would have it, into which nothing should enter but the highest elements of the national genius. There, the fervid, yet grave, enthusiasm of the old Castilian heroism; the chivalrous adventures of modern, courtly honor; the generous self-devotion of individual loyalty; and that reserved, but passionate love, which, in a state of society where it was so rigorously withdrawn from notice, became a kind of unacknowledged religion of the heart; — all seem to find their appropriate home. And when he has once brought us into this land of enchantment, whose glowing impossibilities his own genius has created, and has called around him forms of such grace and loveliness as those of Clara and Doña Angela, or heroic forms like those of Tuzani, Mariamne, and Don Ferdinand, then he has reached the highest point he ever attained, or ever proposed to himself; — he has set before us the grand show of an idealized drama, resting on the purest and noblest elements of the Spanish national character, and one which, with all its un-

questionable defects, is to be placed among the extraordinary phenomena of modern poetry."

We shall not attempt to follow down the long file of dramatic writers who occupy the remainder of the period. Their name is legion; and we are filled with admiration, as we reflect on the intrepid diligence with which our author has waded through this amount of matter, and the fidelity with which he has rendered to the respective writers literary justice. We regret, however, that we have not space to select, as we had intended, some part of his lively account of the Spanish players, and of the condition of the stage. It is collected from various obscure sources, and contains many curious particulars. They show that the Spanish theatre was conducted in a manner so dissimilar from what exists in other European nations as perfectly to vindicate its claims to originality.

It must not be supposed that the drama, though the great natural diversion, was allowed to go on in Spain, any more than in other countries, in an uninterrupted flow of prosperity. It met with considerable opposition more than once in its career; and, on the representations of the clergy, at the close of Philip the Second's reign, performances were wholly interdicted, on the ground of their licentiousness. For two years the theatre was closed. But, on the death of that gloomy monarch, the drama, in obedience to the public voice, was renewed in greater splendor than before. It was urged by its friends that the theatre was required to pay a portion of its proceeds to certain charitable institutions, and this made all its performances in some sort an exercise of charity. Lope de Vega also showed his address by his *Comedias de Santos*, under which pious name the life of some saint or holy man was portrayed, which, however edifying in its close, afforded, too often, as great a display of profligacy in its earlier portions as is to be found in any of the secular plays of the *capa y espada*. His experiment seems to have satisfied the consciences of the opponents of the drama, or at least to have silenced their opposition. It reminds us of the manner in which some among us, who seem to have regarded the theatre with the antipathy entertained by our Puritan fathers, have found their scruples vanish at witnessing these

exhibitions under the more reputable names of "Athenæum," "Museum," or "Lyceum."

Our author has paid due attention to the other varieties of elegant literature which occupy this prolific period. We can barely enumerate the titles. Epic poetry has not secured to itself the same rank in Castile as in many other countries. At the head stands the "Araucana" of Ercilla, which Voltaire appears to have preferred to "Paradise Lost"! Yet it is little more than a chronicle done into rhyme; and, notwithstanding certain passages of energy and poetic eloquence, it is of more value as the historical record of an eye-witness than as a work of literary art.

In Pastoral poetry the Spaniards have better specimens. But they are specimens of an insipid kind of writing, notwithstanding it has found favor with the Italians, to whom it was introduced by a Spaniard — a Spaniard in descent — the celebrated author of the "Arcadia."

In the higher walks of Lyrical composition they have been more distinguished. The poetry of Herrera, in particular, seems to equal, in its dithyrambic flow, the best models of classic antiquity; while the Muse of Luis de Leon is filled with the genuine inspiration of Christianity. Mr. Ticknor has given a pleasing portrait of this gentle enthusiast, whose life was consecrated to Heaven, and who preserved a tranquillity of temper unruffled by all the trials of an unmerited persecution.

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting a translation of one of his odes, as the last extract from our author. The subject is, the feelings of the disciples on witnessing the ascension of their Master.

"And dost thou, holy Shepherd, leave
Thine unprotected flock alone,
Here, in this darksome vale, to grieve,
While thou ascend'st thy glorious throne?

"O, where can they their hopes now turn,
Who never lived but on thy love?
Where rest the hearts for thee that burn,
When thou art lost in light above?

"How shall those eyes now find repose
That turn, in vain, thy smile to see?

What can they hear save mortal woes,
Who lose thy voice's melody?

"And who shall lay his tranquil hand
Upon the troubled ocean's might?
Who hush the winds by his command?
Who guide us through this starless night?

"For THOU art gone! — that cloud so bright,
That bears thee from our love away,
Springs upward through the dazzling light,
And leaves us here to weep and pray!"

A peculiar branch of Castilian literature is its Proverbs; those extracts of the popular wisdom, — "short sentences from long experience," as Cervantes publicly styles them. They have been gathered, more than once, in Spain, into printed collections. One of these, in the last century, contains no less than twenty-four thousand of these sayings! And a large number was still left floating among the people. It is evidence of extraordinary sagacity in the nation, that its humblest classes should have made such a contribution to its literature. They have an additional value with purists for their idiomatic richness of expression, — like the *riboboli* of the Florentine mob, which the Tuscan critics hold in veneration as the racy runnings from the dregs of the people. These popular maxims may be rather compared to the copper coin of the country, which has the widest circulation of any, and bears the true stamp of antiquity — not adulterated, as is too often the case with the finer metals.

The last department we shall notice is that of the Spanish Tales — rich, various, and highly picturesque. One class — the *picaresco* tales — are those with which the world has become familiar in the specimen afforded by the "Gil Blas" of Le Sage, an imitation — a rare occurrence — surpassing the original. This amusing class of fictions has found peculiar favor with the Spaniards, from its lively sketches of character, and the contrast it delights to present of the pride and the poverty of the *hidalgo*. Yet this kind of satirical fiction was invented by a man of rank, and one of the proudest of his order.

Our remarks have swelled to a much greater compass than we had intended, owing to the importance of the work before

us, and the abundance of the topics, little familiar to the English reader. We have no room, therefore, for further discussion of this second period, so fruitful in great names, and pass over, though reluctantly, our author's criticism on the historical writings of the age, in which he has penetrated below the surface of their literary forms to the scientific principles on which they were constructed.

Neither can we pause on the last of the three great periods into which our author has distributed the work, and which extends from the accession of the Bourbon dynasty in 1700 to some way into the present century. The omission is of the less consequence, from the lamentable decline of the literature, owing to the influence of French models, as well as to the political decline of the nation under the last princes of the Austrian dynasty. The circumstances which opened the way both to this social and literary degeneracy are well portrayed by Mr. Ticknor, and his account will be read with profit by the student of history.

We regret still more that we can but barely allude to the Appendix, which, in the eye of the Spanish critic, will form not the least important portion of the work. Besides several long poems, highly curious for their illustration of the ancient literature, now for the first time printed from the original manuscripts, we have, at the outset, a discussion of the origin and formation of the Castilian tongue, a truly valuable philological contribution. The subject has too little general attraction to allow its appearance in the body of the text; but those students who would obtain a thorough knowledge of the Castilian and the elements of which it is compounded, will do well to begin the perusal of the work with this elaborate essay.

Neither have we room to say any thing of our author's inquiry into the genuineness of two works which have much engaged the attention of Castilian scholars, and both of which he pronounces apocryphal. The manner in which the inquiry is conducted affords a fine specimen of literary criticism. In one of these discussions occurs a fact worthy of note. An ecclesiastic named Barrientos, of John the Second's court, has been accused of delivering to the flames, on the charge of necromancy, the library of a scholar then lately deceased, the famous marquis of Villena. The good bishop,

from his own time to the present, has suffered under this grievous imputation, which ranks him with Omar. Mr. Ticknor now cites a manuscript letter of the bishop himself, distinctly explaining that it was by the royal command that this literary *auto da fé* was celebrated. This incident is one proof among many of the rare character of our author's materials, and of the careful study which he has given to them.

Spanish literature has been until now less thoroughly explored than the literature of almost any other European nation. Everybody has read "Gil Blas," and, through this foreign source, has got a good idea of the social condition of Spain, at the period to which it belongs; and the social condition of that country is slower to change than that of any other country. Everybody has read "Don Quixote," and thus formed, or been able to form, some estimate of the high value of the Castilian literature. Yet the world, for the most part, seems to be content to take Montesquieu's witticism for truth — that "the Spaniards have produced one good book, and the object of that was to laugh at all the rest." All, however, have not been so ignorant; and more than one cunning adventurer has found his way into the pleasant field of Castilian letters, and carried off materials of no little value for the composition of his own works. Such was Le Sage, as shown in more than one of his productions; such, too, were various of the dramatic writers of France and other countries, where the extent of the plunder can only be estimated by those who have themselves delved in the rich mines of Spanish lore.

Mr. Ticknor has now, for the first time, fully surveyed the ground, systematically arranged its various productions, and explored their character and properties. In the disposition of his immense mass of materials he has maintained the most perfect order, so distributing them as to afford every facility for the comprehension of the student.

We are everywhere made conscious of the abundance, not merely of these materials, — though one third of the subjects brought under review, at least, are new to the public, — but of the writer's intellectual resources. We feel that we are supplied from a reservoir that has been filled to overflowing from the very fountains of the Muses; which is, moreover, fed from other sources than those of the Castilian

literature. By his critical acquaintance with the literatures of other nations, Mr. Ticknor has all the means at command for illustration and comparison. The extent of this various knowledge may be gathered from his notes, even more than from the text. A single glance at these will show on how broad a foundation the narrative rests. They contain stores of personal anecdote, criticism, and literary speculation, that might almost furnish materials for another work like the present.

Mr. Ticknor's History is conducted in a truly philosophical spirit. Instead of presenting a barren record of books, — which, like the catalogue of a gallery of paintings, is of comparatively little use to those who have not previously studied them, — he illustrates the works by the personal history of their authors, and this, again, by the history of the times in which they lived; affording, by the reciprocal action of one on the other, a complete record of Spanish civilization, both social and intellectual. It would be difficult to find a work more thoroughly penetrated with the true Castilian spirit, or to which the general student, or the student of civil history, may refer with no less advantage than one who is simply interested in the progress of letters. A pertinent example of this is in the account of Columbus, which contains passages from the correspondence of that remarkable man, which, even after all that has been written on the subject, — and so well written, — throw important light on his character.

The tone of criticism in these volumes is temperate and candid. We cannot but think Mr. Ticknor has profited largely by the former discussion of this subject in his academic lectures. Not that the present book bears much resemblance to those lectures, — certainly not more than must necessarily occur in the discussion of the same subject by the same mind, after a long interval of time. But this interval has enabled him to review, and no doubt in some cases to reverse his earlier judgments, and his present decisions come before us as the ripe results of a long and patient meditation. This gives them still higher authority.

We cannot conclude without some notice of the style, so essential an element in a work of elegant literature. It is clear, classical, and correct, with a sustained moral dignity that not unfrequently rises to eloquence. But it is usually dis-

tinguished by a calm, philosophical tenor, that is well suited to the character of the subject. It is especially free from any tendency to mysticism, — from vagueness of expression, a pretty sure indication of vague conceptions in the mind of the author, which he is apt to dignify with the name of philosophy.

In our criticism on Mr. Ticknor's labors, we may be thought to have dwelt too exclusively on his merits. It may be that we owe something to the contagion of his own generous and genial tone of criticism on others. Or it may be that we feel more than common interest in a subject which is not altogether new to us; and it is only an acquaintance with the subject that can enable one to estimate the difficulties of its execution. Where we have had occasion to differ from our author, we have freely stated it. But such instances are few, and of no great moment. We consider the work as one that does honor to English literature. It cannot fail to attract much attention from European critics, who are at all instructed in the topics which it discusses. We predict with confidence that it will be speedily translated into Castilian, and into German; and that it must become the standard work on Spanish literature, not only for those who speak our own tongue, but for the Spaniards themselves.

We have still a word to add on the typographical execution of the book, not in reference to its mechanical beauty, which is equal to that of any other that has come from the Cambridge press, but in regard to its verbal accuracy. This is not an easy matter in a work like the present, involving such an amount of references in foreign languages, as well as the publication of poems of considerable length from manuscript, and that, too, in the Castilian. We doubt if any similar work of erudition has been executed by a foreign press with greater accuracy. We do not doubt that it would not have been so well executed, in this respect, by any other press in this country.

ART. II. — *A History of American Baptist Missions in Asia, Europe, and North America.* By WILLIAM GAMMELL, A. M., Professor in Brown University. With Maps and an Appendix. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 1849. 12mo. pp. 359.

THIS work was prepared by the request, and published under the sanction of, "the Executive Committee of the American Baptist Missionary Union;" and it amply justifies their choice of a historiographer. It is just what was to have been expected from the high literary reputation of the accomplished author. In point of style, it is chaste and elegant. It rejects all rhetorical embellishments, and, where the narrative is most exciting, its flow is still calm and dispassionate. The writer seems to have either distrusted the language of emotion as unfavorable to accuracy, or deemed it unworthy of a subject of such intrinsic dignity and sacredness.

Professor Gammell deserves our high regard, also, for the kindly spirit in which he has wrought out this monument to the philanthropy of his denomination. We look in vain for the language of bigotry, exclusiveness, or unkindness. The most generous notice is uniformly taken of the missionaries of other sects; and the ashes of buried controversy are in every instance left undisturbed. Nor is there any exaggeration of the stubbornness and waywardness of the Pagans among whom the missionaries labored; but they are always spoken of lovingly and hopefully. In fine, the book is eminently a Christian one; and higher praise than this we know not how to give.

Were we to suggest any faults, they would be perhaps chargeable upon the "Executive Committee," and not upon the author. He may have been limited to a certain size, or within a certain cost. If not, the work ought to have been larger, and the maps should have been at once more comprehensive and minute. The narrative is rather too closely crowded with names, dates, and decisive incidents. We should have been glad to see more of the interior and the by-play of missionary life, and to dwell more in detail upon the personal biography of some of those martyr-spirits whose public services are commemorated. This last deficiency is

in part supplied by several interesting memoirs of deceased missionaries, and especially by the graceful and charming Life of the second Mrs. Judson, by "Fanny Forester," *alias* Mrs. Judson the third, who has contrived to interweave in her narrative life-like sketches of the members of several of the families connected with the Burman mission.

The missionary enterprise is a type of Christian zeal, which can never be wanting in an era of religious intelligence and activity. It slumbered only during the dark ages, and sprang again into energy with the re-awakening of the civilized world. It was the missionary spirit, wretchedly befogged and misguided, yet sincere and fervent, which inspired the Crusades, fed their enormous waste of treasure, and sustained unflagging courage in so many successive hosts of the soldiers of the cross. Nor can we doubt that the Crusaders understood Christianity as well, and were as thoroughly imbued with the true principles of Christian propagandism, as the grave civilians and reverend divines of England and America, who have rejoiced in the issue of the opium war in China as auspicious to the progress of the Gospel, or have looked upon the victory of Palo Alto and the bombardment of Vera Cruz as signal triumphs of Protestantism.

As regards modern missions of a more pacific character, the Romish church takes the precedence by a wide interval of the combined forces of Protestantism, both in priority of time, in extensiveness of operations, in the outlay of money, and in the number of devoted men who have made themselves either living or dying sacrifices to the cause. For this several sufficient reasons may be assigned. For one or two centuries after the Protestant Reformation, Great Britain was but a second-rate maritime power compared with the Catholic countries of the South of Europe, which, through their colonies and their unintermitted enterprises of exploration and discovery, were brought into intimate connection with every portion of the world then known or becoming known. When, too, the Romish theory of conversion promised and realized the most magnificent nominal results; and, where proselytes were to be made by the thousand, and new episcopal sees to be erected by the score, it would have been surprising had not the zeal of all Catholic Christendom been roused to its utmost measure of liberality and self-sacrifice.

The Romish church also had great vantage-ground for missionary operations in the celibacy of its clergy, and in the entire subserviency of the monastic orders to the Pope. Any number of ecclesiastics could be detached at any moment from and for any given post of service, could move on their distant missions without domestic impediments either to retard their progress or to awaken home longings and regrets, and could be sustained each for a small fraction of the expense at which a Protestant mission family could be supported. Add to all this the fact, that for several centuries the Catholic countries of Europe exceeded the Protestant in wealth, and especially in convertible wealth, in a much greater ratio than in population. But the Romish missions have left only faint traces of themselves in the regions where they have been most liberally sustained. There is indeed much to admire and reverence in the Christian heroism of the Jesuit missionaries, who have, in thousands of instances, encountered death in its most fearful forms, offered themselves as marks for savage archery, and hugged the crucifix and joyously chanted the *Nunc dimittis* at the stake. The Protestant bigotry, which would ignore the records of their almost numberless martyrdoms, closes its eyes upon a history which has not had its parallel since the days of the apostles. Nor can we repress our ready and delightful credence to the train of historical and circumstantial evidence, by which it has been made more than probable that the territory of our own country was the scene of the saintly Fenelon's first labors in the cause of his divine Master. Yet when we find Catholic Christians reckoned by hundreds of thousands in the great empires of the East, and at one time by thousands in our own Western wilds, and then look in vain for any vestiges of the refining and elevating influences of Christianity on the soil hallowed by the blood of so many devoted laborers, we cannot but believe that the chief result has been an outward conformity to the rites of the Church, as to a new and more magnificent form of idolatrous worship. We find that baptism, by whatever means effected, has made a living convert, and that extreme unction, on whatever grounds permitted, has constituted a Christian death. Nor can we believe that one in a thousand of the nominal converts has had any intelligent appreciation of the facts or doctrines of Christian-

ity, has been guided to the spiritual worship of one God, or has had his savage code of morals essentially modified. The facility of Paganism in the admission of new rites, and in the adoption of new objects of worship, has been interrupted only during transient epochs of fanaticism. There was room in the Roman Pantheon for every Deity that had an altar or a worshipper; and the same ready hospitality has in modern times extended its embrace to the Virgin Mary and the saints, where a spiritual faith, connected with an amended life and a purified worship, would have won only here and there a solitary disciple.

We are prepared, then, to anticipate fewer ostensible triumphs in the path of the Protestant missionary. And yet there is no quarter of the world, to which Protestants have carried the light of a pure faith, in which they have not made some discernible impression, and left results worthy of profound gratitude and full of encouragement for future efforts. In this field the English, Danes, and Germans commenced their efforts at nearly the same period; and the first missionary society among each of these nations bears date within a few years of the commencement of the last century. Until within the present century the Moravian Brethren furnished, it is believed, the most numerous and the most successful missionaries. Their establishments were Christian colonies of enlightened and zealous agriculturists and artisans, who connected with their religious teaching instruction in the arts of life, and diffused around them the amenities and charities flowing from a peculiarly Christian state of society. Their simple theology, their tender and loving spirit, their cheerful endurance of penury, privation, and affliction, their scrupulous integrity and unwearied kindness, have not indeed distinguished them from other Protestant missionaries; but they have been associated in such numbers and engaged in such pursuits, as to manifest the entire circle of Christian virtues in common spheres of activity, and in the complicated relations of social and industrial life; while the mere preacher as such is a man by himself, occupying constantly the position of an ambassador from the opposite party. Within the last half century, however, the Moravian missions have fallen into the background in comparison with the larger array of piety and zeal, which the wealth

of the English and American churches has brought into the field. Our present plan will not permit us the agreeable task of reviewing the efforts made in other quarters, and we shall confine ourselves to a sketch of the missions sustained by the American Baptists.

Prior to 1810, there was in the United States no organization for the support of foreign missions. During that year, four young men, members of the Theological Institution at Andover, presented to the General Association of Congregational Ministers in Massachusetts a document, in which they offered their own services as missionaries to the heathen, and requested advice and direction as to the best means of carrying their benevolent designs into execution. The writer and first signer of this document was Adoniram Judson, who yet lives, and may he long live, in unimpaired vigor of bodily strength, mental energy, and devotedness to the cause to which he consecrated the freshness of his youth. The consequence of this communication was the formation of the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," under whose auspices three of these young men, with two others of kindred spirit, sailed for Calcutta, with the Burman Empire for their ultimate destination. During this voyage, Messrs. Judson and Rice, in the course of their scriptural investigations, found themselves constrained to alter their previous views as regards the ordinance of baptism, and were shortly afterwards baptized at Serampore by Mr. Ward, of the English Baptist Mission. They now found themselves, not, as we trust, estranged from the sympathy, but cut off from the support, of those on whom they had placed their reliance, and they appealed at once to the Baptists in America for the funds requisite to sustain them in their enterprise. Their appeal was warmly and gratefully received, as an indication of Providence opening an important avenue of Christian benevolence, and a Baptist Missionary organization was at once formed. Mr. Rice having returned to the United States, Mr. Judson was reinforced from time to time by the arrival of new missionaries, as rapidly as the Society at home was able to provide for their equipment and support.

Mr. Judson had, meanwhile, fixed his residence at Rangoon, in the southern part of Burmah, and had diligently employed himself in the acquisition of the language, and in

becoming conversant with the habits and character of the people. The language presented peculiar difficulties, from the absence of any suitable apparatus for its study, and from the few analogies which it bore to any of the Occidental languages with which he had been familiar. So soon as his knowledge sufficed for the task, he prepared and printed a tract containing a brief summary of Christian doctrine, and commenced the great work of the translation of the Scriptures, which was issued from the press in successive *brochures*. While thus employed, he sought every opportunity of conversation with the Burmans; and Mrs. Judson, and the other ladies who afterwards joined the mission, took the women and children under their special charge, and seem to have been, in labor, endurance, and sacrifice, not one whit behind their husbands. Every possible avenue of influence upon the natives was opened. Schools of various grades were established, social meetings instituted, public worship regularly maintained, and places of conference kept daily open for the reception of the inquiring and the distribution of portions of the Scriptures and other religious writings. At frequent intervals, the missionaries made excursions into the interior, navigating dangerous streams, transporting their own luggage across wearisome portages, penetrating pathless recesses of the mountains, and encountering every form of degraded and brutified humanity. With this incessant bodily fatigue and exposure, were joined difficulties which could be overcome only by the most resolute mental application and the most determined effort of self-concentration and recollection. When they had mastered the Burman language proper, they had indeed established a medium of oral and written communication with the more educated classes throughout the empire; but had hardly begun to bring themselves into intercourse with the dwellers among the mountains and the villagers in the remoter provinces. They found many different dialects in use, with few discernible analogies, and generally with no written literature for their guidance; and their only resource was to hang, eye and ear intent, on the lips of the savage, to catch the evanescent and often faintly articulated sounds of his jargon, and then to seek out their approximate representatives in alphabetic characters, which often needed to be multiplied in order to express some constantly recurring guttural or nasal, the means of uttering which is denied to civilized man.

By this painful process have the elements of numerous dialects been reduced to writing, employed in the translation of the Scriptures, and committed to the press for the instruction of savage tribes that never saw a book before. But so arduous is the effort of attention and imitation, by which an entirely unfamiliar tongue is to be thus learned through the senses alone, as often to impress ineffaceable marks upon the countenance and manner of the missionary. It was our happy fortune recently, at a literary festival, to sit at the side, (we would gladly have sat at his feet,) of a missionary from the East, who was revisiting the scenes of his youth after an absence of twenty years. His face bears a truly Johannine expression, nor do we ever expect to see more of meekness, love, and devotion portrayed on human features than we beheld in his. But at the same time, there was an earnest fixedness of gaze, a micrometer look of the eye, and a direction of the vision solely to the lips of the speaker in conversation, which showed how faithfully he had employed the sense of sight with regard to the barbarisms perpetrated upon the auditory nerve, while, whenever he broke silence, his lips seemed first to put themselves in posture for some preposterous feat of oral gymnastics, before they resolved themselves in the easy flow of his mother tongue.

The following extract will give a succinct sketch of the religion with which our missionaries found their ground preoccupied, — a system indurated by antiquity, commended to its adherents by the absence of cruel rites and oppressive burdens, and so entirely made up of postulates beyond the range of human experience, that to refute its claims with an undisciplined, can be hardly less difficult, than to establish them with a cultivated, mind.

"The religion of the Burmans is Buddhism, one of the most ancient and wide-spread superstitions now existing on the earth, and one which, in its various branches, holds beneath its gloomy sway the minds of nearly half the human race. In Burmah, it arrays itself in a form imposing to the imagination, and stimulating to the hopes and fears of men, while it exercises over the mind the power derived from immemorial existence, and from the traditions and associations of a hundred generations. Buddh is the general name for divinity; but the religion to which it lends its name is a system of absolute atheism. It teaches that there has been a succession of Buddhs, or incarnations of divinity,

though with long intervals between them, who, through various transmigrations, have attained the highest merit of every kind in previous states of existence. According to the legends contained in the sacred books, the last Buddh was Gaudama, who was born in the seventh century before Christ, became Buddh when thirty-five years of age, and continued so forty-five years, after which he passed into the state of *Nigban*, which by some is understood to mean quiescence, or eternal repose, and by others, absolute annihilation. The next Buddh is to appear in about ten thousand years from the departure of Gaudama, and, though the precise time of his appearance is not fixed, yet his stature and dimensions, and the outlines of his person, are all fully described in the sacred writings. In the long intervals between the departure and appearance of the Buddhs, there is in reality no living God, and this system thus presents to the faith of its followers no conception of an eternal being, or a great First Cause, existing before the worlds were made, and destined to exist when the worlds shall cease to be. It involves innumerable contradictions and childish absurdities; yet it is riveted, with all the tenacity of an oriental faith, upon the minds of hundreds of millions of immortal beings.

"The principal objects of worship among the Burmans are images of Gaudama, which are manufactured of different sizes in great numbers, and for which the demand is so great that marble, the principal material of which they are made, is not allowed to be used for other purposes. These images are kept in private houses, or set up in the zayats or public halls of every village, and attached to the pagodas or temples which are erected in countless numbers in all parts of the empire. These structures vary in size and architectural proportions and appearance, but are for the most part solid masses of masonry, closed on every side, with their small interior space filled with sacred treasures, relics, and offerings consecrated to the divinity. With their lofty spires or pointed minarets standing against the sky, they constitute the most prominent feature of every landscape; they tower far above the dwellings of every city, and rise from every bluff and hill in all the inhabited parts of the country. Many of them are beautifully decorated and covered with gilt 'from turret to foundation stone,' and, when seen at a distance, they often present an appearance of imposing magnificence. On some of the pagodas are suspended small bells at different points, with fans or sheets of iron attached to their tongues, so that when moved by a gentle breeze, they give forth a pleasant chime, and seem to fill the air with mysterious music. Both temples and images are regarded with great respect by the people, though neither are formally consecrated to the purposes of worship.

"The priesthood is a very large and regularly organized body, and its members are initiated into the order with peculiar ceremonies. The rules regulating the lives and conduct of the priests are numerous and exact, though they are but imperfectly obeyed. The priests conduct no religious service at the zayats or pagodas, and perform no rites of worship for the people. Bound to celibacy, they live together in kyoungs or monasteries, where they often occupy themselves in the gratuitous instruction of such male children as are sent to them for the purpose. They wear a peculiar dress of yellow cloth, and are supported by contributions of rice and other articles of food, which they receive, in their daily rounds, from the people. They attend funerals, and frequently preach when requested and paid for the service; but their office is almost entirely a sinecure; though, with all their indolence and indifference, they undoubtedly exert a powerful influence over the minds of the people, and render them far less accessible than they would otherwise be to the truths of the gospel as they are proclaimed by the missionaries.

"Though this religion imposes a multitude of ceremonies and superstitious observances, it is remarkable for its entire want of sympathy with any of the interests or the sufferings of humanity. It makes the attainment of merit the great end of life, but this merit consists in any thing rather than the charities and amenities which belong to man's higher nature; hence the instruction of the ignorant, the relief of the poor, the consolation of the afflicted and the suffering, are not among the duties it enjoins. Its moral code, however, sets forth the sins which are to be avoided in five leading commandments: — 1. Thou shalt not kill; 2. Thou shalt not steal; 3. Thou shalt not commit adultery; 4. Thou shalt not lie; 5. Thou shalt not drink any intoxicating liquor. These prohibitions, so far as they extend, are sufficient of themselves to exalt Buddhism above many other false religions of the East; but it contains no positive precepts that are fitted to raise and purify the nature of man. Its commands and its prohibitions are alike designed for selfish advantage; they refer the doubting conscience to no sanctions of a superior being, and point the soul oppressed with sin to no ideals of excellence and holiness; they present 'nothing as the ultimate object of action but self; and nothing for man's highest and holiest ambition, but annihilation.'"

Among the Burmans, the missionaries have, up to the present time, had little visible success, though undoubtedly they have overcome the most serious initial difficulties that obstructed their enterprise, and have established relations through which they can in future have largely augmented opportunity and nearness of access to the hearts and con-

sciences of their beneficiaries. But there are scattered through the mountains and forests of Burmah and Siam, a politically inferior and depressed race, called the Karens, or *wild men*, who have been found peculiarly accessible to Christian instruction and influence. Their features and language ally them to the Caucasian variety of our species. Without priesthood or ritual, they believe in the unity of God and in a retribution after death, and preserve, in the form of rude legends, many traditions not unlike portions of scripture history and prophecy. Among these legends were predictions of a brighter day yet to dawn upon them, when "white strangers from beyond the sea would come to teach them *the words of God*, and raise them from their degradation." They can give no plausible account of their origin or history. It is evident that they are not indigenous in their present residence, but are the descendants of either a fugitive or a captive race from some more western region. They are kept by the Burmans, in part under heavy tribute, in part under personal restraint and bondage; and escape their exactions only by leading a romantic life in tracts of country remote from the course of travel and difficult of access. Like all subject races, they betray at present great inferiority to their oppressors in point of mental and physical vigor, but at the same time manifest in a much higher degree than they the personal virtues of sobriety and industry, and the social qualities of veracity, honesty, and good faith. Theory, of course, has not been idle in constructing a supposititious history for these unfathered foundlings of the nineteenth century. In common with every race that has lost trace of its ancestry, they have been repeatedly identified with the ten tribes of Israel, but by no strictly Hebrew peculiarities whatever, while the entire absence of religious rites is diametrically opposed to the hypothesis of their Israelitish descent. To us it seems much more probable that they were once a Christian people, made proselytes to the new faith before a magnificent ritual stood in the place of its simple and sublime doctrine, and that for centuries of exile and servitude they have borne about in their breasts the burden of their old church-hymns, and the fragrance of the Easter garlands that were laid upon the graves of their fathers. Among these people, the missionaries have received the warmest and most cordial welcome,

with hardly a rebuff or a single instance of coldness or indifference. They seem to have been in a waiting posture for the revelation that had reached them; and the truths of Christianity came to them more like revived reminiscences of a pre-existent state, than like a system adapted to revolutionize their former ideas and conceptions.

"Among the illustrations of their singular susceptibility of moral impressions, Mr. Boardman relates an account of a book which had been left at one of their villages twelve years before, by a travelling Mussulman, who told them it was sacred, and commanded them to worship it. The person to whose charge it was delivered, though ignorant of its contents, wrapped it in folds of muslin and enclosed it in a case, or basket, made of reeds covered over with pitch. It was henceforth *a deified book*, and an object of religious veneration. The keeper of it became a kind of sorcerer, and all the people of his village firmly believed that a teacher would at length come and explain the contents of the mysterious volume. When the arrival of Mr. Boardman was reported in the village, the guardian of the deified book came with a chief of the tribe to the mission house, to obtain his opinion respecting its character. The missionary, after hearing their story and speaking to them of the nature of Christianity, proposed that they should return to the village and bring him the book, that he might judge of its contents. Accordingly, after several days, the sorcerer returned, attended by a numerous train, and bringing with him the venerated volume. All seemed to anticipate Mr. Boardman's opinion as decisive of its character, and were wrought to a high pitch of expectation of its announcement. The sorcerer, at his request, stood before him, with the basket containing the mysterious treasure at his feet. He carefully unrolled the muslin and took from its folds an 'old, tattered, worn-out volume,' which, creeping forward, he reverently presented to the missionary. It proved to be no other than the 'Book of Common Prayer and the Psalms,' of an edition printed in Oxford. 'It is a good book,' said Mr. Boardman; 'it teaches that there is a God in Heaven, whom alone we should worship. You have been ignorantly worshipping this book; that is not good. I will teach you to worship the God whom the book reveals. Every Karen countenance was alternately lighted up with smiles of joy, and cast down with inward convictions of having erred in worshipping a book instead of the God whom it reveals. I took the book of Psalms in Burman, and read such passages as seemed appropriate, and having given a brief and easy explanation, engaged in prayer. They stayed two days, and discovered considerable interest in the instructions given them.' The aged sorcerer, on hearing

Mr. Boardman's decision respecting the book, seemed readily to perceive that his office was at end, and at the suggestion of one of the native Christians, he disrobed himself of the fantastical dress which he had been accustomed to wear, and gave up the heavy cudgel or wand, which for twelve years he had borne as the badge of his spiritual authority."

Mr. Boardman, who is mentioned in the preceding extract, devoted himself with peculiar zeal and perseverance to the Karen department of the mission. Wherever he went, the tidings of his progress preceded him, and in every village he found deeply interested crowds awaiting his arrival. He was, indeed, a picked man among that company of chosen ones, endowed with a noble nature, enriched by a liberal course of study, with tastes and capacities that would have ensured him happiness and eminence in whatever sphere of life he might have chosen. He had hardly become interested in Christianity for its own sake and for his own sake, before he conceived the purpose of abandoning the congenial pursuits and flattering prospects that opened before him, and consecrating the residue of his days to a ministry of mercy in whatever unevangelized country needed him the most. His thoughts were directed to Burmah chiefly by the death of Colman, whose fine powers and burning zeal had given the richest promise of usefulness in that region, but whom the fever of the climate swept away on the very threshold of his mission. Boardman at once determined to take up the banner that Colman had dropped in dying, and seems from the first to have had a clear presentiment, that his own term of service could not much exceed that of his departed brother. He carried with him the seeds of consumption, which germinated beneath the tropical sun no less surely, though less rapidly, than they would in the colder climate of New England. As his disease became apparent, it only aroused him to more earnest and vigorous effort. He traversed the Karen wilds with fast wasting strength, and the rude natives felt the majesty and beauty of his entire self-surrender for their good. Multitudes were won to the seemingly sincere profession of his faith by his tender and touching exhibitions of the truth, doubly eloquent and efficient as uttered from a pulpit so near the grave. When he had lost the power of locomotion and of self-help, he was still borne about on his Master's work,

and gathered numerous audiences around his couch to catch the few broken words of counsel and encouragement which he could still offer, and to join in those last prayers so soon to be merged in the worship of heaven. His death was that of the Christian hero on the field that he had won; and we know not where to look for more of moral grandeur, both in the manifestation of character and in its environments, than in the narrative of his last day's work upon earth.

"His constitution was now rapidly yielding to the inroads of the disease which had so long been consuming his strength, and it was evident that his labors were nearly at an end. The eager Karens, fearing he might not be able to fulfil the promise he had long ago made them, had built a zayat for his reception, and offered to come to the city and carry him in a litter on the journey, in order that they might secure his presence among them. He had just decided to yield to their pressing importunities, and to spend the latest effort of his strength in making the visit, when Mr. and Mrs. Mason arrived at Tavoy, as auxiliaries to the mission. He knew, by a fatal intuition, that he had no time for delay, and on the 31st of January, a few days after the arrival of Mr. Mason, he set out upon the journey. He was borne in a cot, on the shoulders of the Karens, and was accompanied by Mrs. Boardman and the newly arrived missionaries. At the end of three days they reached the zayat, which stood on the margin of a beautiful stream, at the foot of a range of mountains, whose sloping sides were lined with the villages of the strange people whom they had come to visit. More than a hundred were already assembled at the zayat, nearly half of whom were candidates for baptism. Aided by Mr. Mason and the native Christians who were present, he examined them in the history of their Christian experience, and in the doctrines of the gospel. But his strength was exhausted, and he could do no more. At the close of the day, just as the sun was sinking behind the mountains, his cot was placed at the river side, in the midst of the solemn company that was gathered to witness the first baptism which that ancient mountain-stream had ever beheld. Thirty-four native converts, whose examination had been approved, were baptized by Mr. Mason. As he gazed in silent gratitude upon the scene, he felt that his work was finished, his last promise to these scattered disciples was now fulfilled; and he was ready to depart in peace. He met them again at their evening meal, and still reclining upon his couch, uttered to them a few words of parting counsel and took leave of them forever.

"On the following morning the missionaries set out on their

return to Tavoy, hoping that he might survive the journey, and die at last beneath his own roof. But the hope was disappointed. Ere the second day had passed, his eyes were closed upon the scenes of earth, and his spirit was in heaven with God.

"Thus ended the consecrated life of this noble-hearted and intrepid minister of Christ. He lived to witness a glorious triumph of the faith which he taught, and died as every missionary might well wish to die, in the service of his Master, and surrounded by those whom he had been instrumental in converting from heathenism, and in reclaiming from barbarism. His tomb is at Tavoy, in the midst of what was once a Buddhist grove, and beneath the shadow of a ruined pagoda. It is covered by a marble slab, placed there as a tribute of respect by three gentlemen who at that time occupied the highest posts in the provincial government, and inscribed with a simple epitaph, which points the traveller who visits it to the Christian villages that skirt the neighboring forests and mountains, as the true memorials of his useful and devoted life." *

But Boardman was only one among a band of equally heroic spirits. In not a few of its chapters Prof. Gammell's unostentatious narrative rolls on with a more than epic majesty and a more than tragic interest. It belongs to an era of Christian history, on which future generations will look back as the heroic age of the Church, and which future poets may commemorate with a far loftier inspiration than that with which classic bards celebrated the times when men welcomed demigods to their tables, and everywhere encountered "*divis permixtos heroas.*"

We have spoken admiringly of the dying missionary. We know not how to express our reverence for his young widow, a woman of tender sensibilities and cultivated tastes, left with her infant boy, in a region of which her whole experience had been one of incessant suffering, privation, and peril. Who would not have bidden her seek the shortest passage to the embrace of the friends at home, whose hearts and arms were open to receive her? But she had learned the language

* The following is the inscription referred to above.

"Sacred to the memory of George D. Boardman, American Missionary to Burmah. Born Feb. 8, 1801 — Died Feb. 11, 1831. His epitaph is written in the adjoining forests. Ask in the Christian villages of yonder mountains — Who taught you to abandon the worship of demons? Who raised you from vice to morality? Who brought you your Bibles, your Sabbaths, and your words of Prayer? Let the reply be his eulogy. *A cruce corona.*"

of the country, had become intimate with its customs and institutions, and had already won a large place in the affections of the Karens who had sought her husband's tuition; and she felt that this vantage-ground forbade her leaving the field, and placed her under a sacred obligation to the poor mountaineers whose tears had fallen with hers over the missionary's grave. She therefore assumed at once the full charge of the station, established and superintended schools, sat in the *zayat*, (or place of worship,) for the instruction of novices in the faith, and at times conducted the public Sabbath services of large Karen congregations. She made frequent tours in the wilderness, over rude mountain passes, across perilous fords, and through the thickly matted underbrush of the jungle. Her services failed not of their immediate reward in the strong attachment to her of the whole Karen population in her district, and in the rapid increase of intelligence and steadfast converts to Christianity. At the close of the year following that of her husband's death, the church, of which a native teacher was the nominal pastor, but she herself the virtual head, consisted of more than a hundred members, many of whom attested their sincerity by walking forty or fifty miles, and crossing swollen streams on trees that they had first felled, in order to attend public worship.

Our mention of the Karens led us to anticipate, in the order of time, the incidents connected with Boardman's death and his widow's solitary labors. But we should do equal injustice to our author and our readers, did we make no record of the sufferings of Dr. Price, and Mr. and Mrs. Judson at Ava, the capital of the Burman empire. They were endeavoring to establish a missionary station in this place, under shelter of the medical reputation of Dr. Price, who had been regarded with marked favor by the King and his court. Just at this crisis of their affairs, war broke out between the Burman government and that of the British in Bengal, and the capture of Rangoon spread consternation through the capital. The missionaries had been known to receive money from a certain English resident, who had kindly officiated as their banker; and the officers of the government, ignorant of the system of exchange, inferred that this was secret service-money from the English authorities. Hence the barbarous treatment described in the following extract.

"It was on the 8th of June, 1824, that a company of Burmans, headed by an officer, and attended by a 'spotted-faced son of the prison,' came to the mission house, and, in the presence of Mrs. Judson, seized her husband and Dr. Price, and after binding them tight with cords, drove them away to the court house. From this place, they were hurried, by order of the king, without examination, to a loathsome dungeon known as 'the death prison,' where along with the other foreigners they were confined, each loaded with three pairs of fetters and fastened to a long pole, so as to be incapable of moving. Meanwhile, Mrs. Judson was shut up in her house, deprived of her furniture and of most of her articles of property, and watched for several days by an unfeeling guard, to whose rapacious extortions and brutal annoyances she was constantly exposed, without being able to make any exertion for the liberation of the prisoners, or the mitigation of their cruel sentence. She, however, at length succeeded in addressing a petition to the governor of the city, who had the prisoners in charge. By a present of one hundred dollars to his subordinate officer, their condition was somewhat meliorated, and by the unwearied perseverance of Mrs. Judson, and her affecting appeals to the sympathies of the governor, he was induced to grant her occasional permission to go to the prison, and at length to build for herself a bamboo shed in the prison-yard, where she took up her abode, in order that she might prepare food for the prisoners, and otherwise minister to their necessities.

"At the end of nine months, they were suddenly removed from Ava to Amarapura, and thence to a wretched place several miles beyond, called Oung-pen-la, where it was arranged that they should be put to death in the presence of the pakah-woon, as a kind of sacrifice in honor of his taking command of a new army of fifty thousand men about to march against the English. This sanguinary chief had been raised from a low condition to the rank of woongyee; but in the height of his power, just as he was about to march at the head of the army he had mustered, he fell into disgrace, was charged with treason, and executed at an hour's notice, with the unqualified approbation of all classes of people at Ava. His timely execution saved the missionaries from the fate which hung over them, and they were left uncared for in the miserable cells of Oung-pen-la, till the near approach of the English to the capital induced the king to send for Mr. Judson, to accompany the embassy that was about to start for the English camp, for the purpose of averting the destruction that now threatened the Golden City.

"During all this gloomy period of a year and a half Mrs. Jud-

son followed them from prison to prison, beneath the darkness of night and the burning sun of noon-day, bearing in her arms her infant daughter, — the child of sorrow and misfortune, who was born after the imprisonment of its father, — procuring for them food which Burman policy never supplies to prisoners, and perpetually interceding for them with their successive keepers, with the governor of the city, with the kinsmen of the monarch, and the members of the royal household. More than once the queen's brother gave orders that they should be privately put to death; but such was the influence which Mrs. Judson possessed over the mind of the governor, that he evaded the order each time it was given, and assured her that for her sake he would not execute her husband, even though he was obliged to execute all the others. And when at last they were to be taken from his jurisdiction and driven to the horrid prison-house of Oung-pen-la, at the command of the pakah-woon, the old man humanely summoned Mrs. Judson from the prison where he had permitted her to go and sit with her husband, in order that she might be spared the pangs of a separation which he had not the power to prevent. Her own pen has traced, in lines that will never be forgotten by those who read them, the affecting history of the dismal days and nights of her husband's captivity."

The Burman mission is now in a prosperous condition, numbering twenty male and eighteen female missionaries from America, one hundred and ten native teachers, more than eighty of whom are Karens, and not less than sixty-five hundred baptized communicants.

The American Baptists have also hopefully established missionary stations in Siam, China, Assam, and among the Teloogoos on the western coast of the Bay of Bengal. They have furnished, too, their full proportion of victims for the pestilential climate of Western Africa, where the resident of Caucasian descent must take his life in his hand, and can hardly expect to survive the process of acclimation. It was a noble list of names that the Baptists furnished for the martyrology of that inhospitable coast between 1821 and 1848; and the surviving widows of men that perished there are now awaiting arrangements for the renewal of the mission, to revisit a field ripe for the harvest, but hitherto fatal to the reapers.

In France, Germany, and Denmark, the Baptist Missionary Union has of late years sustained missions of sympathy

and aid for the few and feeble members of their own communion, and of proselytism among the accessible of other denominations. In this more sectarian department of their labors we may not, indeed, feel the same interest with which we have traced their aggressions upon the ancient domain of Paganism; nor do we think that in the present condition of the Pagan world, and with so much of heathenism within hearing of church-bells all over Christendom, it is yet time for Protestant Christian sects to institute measures of mutual conversion and reprisal. But the fitness of such measures once admitted, we can speak in terms of unqualified approbation of the discretion, disinterestedness, and piety, with which these enterprises have been conducted by the Baptist Board. They have also attempted, in common with other Protestant denominations, to diffuse the knowledge of the Scriptures and the influences of practical Christianity on the nominally Christian, but essentially Pagan, soil of Greece. Here, however, from various causes beyond their control, their efforts have been feeble, often interrupted, and attended as yet with little promise of permanent fruit.

Among the Aborigines of our own country, the Baptists now have twelve missionary stations, and have performed, it is believed, their full part in the great work of civilizing and Christianizing the Cherokees, as well as in sustaining whatever there is of intelligence, sound moral principle, and pure religious faith among the wasting remnants of the great Southern and Western tribes.

Before closing this review, we would offer our brief and humble plea in behalf of the missionary enterprise, and would answer some of the more plausible objections urged against the expenditure of so much treasure and the sacrifice of so many lives for results so remote and doubtful. We would submit at the outset, that this objection comes with ill grace from a nation which has just squandered, in a needless war of aggression and conquest, more money than has been spent for missionary labors from the beginning of the world to the present day, and has thrown away more lives that ought to have been made and held precious, than the cause of religion has demanded from the days of the apostles downward.

The results have indeed seemed small as yet, compared with the outlay, and especially so in the great empires of the

East. But ought they to have seemed otherwise? May not the labors already expended have been essential in laying beneath the deep waters of ancient superstition the sunken foundation, on which the churches of regenerated Asia are to be firmly built, and to rise in ample proportions, and in substantial beauty and magnificence? The religions of Asia were the growth of times of no small intellectual culture and acumen. Their sacred writings are of venerable antiquity, and blend with their gorgeous and fantastic mythology the most revered names of monarchs, legislators, philosophers, priests, and poets, who flourished when Germany was an unreclaimed forest, and Great Britain an undiscovered island. Their dogmas are stereotyped in hereditary social distinctions, laws, customs, and institutions, that have borne sway more centuries than the missionary stations on their soil have counted years. The work of conversion is an entirely different affair on such ground from what it is among the fetich worshippers of the Pacific Isles or of Southern Africa, where there are no fixed traditions, or religious writings, or ancestral prescriptions. The first work to be wrought is the infusion of a general skepticism as to the established modes of faith; and this can be effected only by prolonged observation of the practical and extended working of Christianity, of its superior type of civilization, of its miracles of art and skill, and above all, of its humane and philanthropic spirit. Every mission family must help create and diffuse this skepticism, which, however, must be whispered from man to man and from village to village, and must gather force in secret, before it will dare obtrude itself upon the public eye, and encounter the scorn of the priesthood and the indignation of the ruling powers. How fast this essential process may be now going on, no mortal eye can judge; but, so surely as divine wisdom and human absurdity are placed side by side, and suffered each to manifest its true aspect and produce its appropriate results, the latter must lose, and the former gain, hold upon the respect, esteem, and credence of the nations now unevangelized.

Then, too, the creation of the requisite apparatus for successful missionary efforts is necessarily the work of time. Nowhere is the transaction beneath the unfinished walls of Babel so little mythical as in Hindoostan, Burmah, and the

adjacent kingdoms. Almost every mountain, valley, and watercourse, has its own separate language or dialect; and the great stem-languages of that region proffer only an inadequate and doubtful means of intercourse with the population beyond the walls of the principal cities. The greater part of the labor of past and present missionaries has been so employed as to smooth the path of their successors. Grammars and vocabularies have been prepared, and translations of the Scriptures published, in a large number of the native tongues. These enterprises while in progress make no converts; but they are rendering the speedy communication and wide diffusion of religious knowledge practicable and easy. The living voice can produce only scanty and evanescent results compared with the written Word. The mission schools are fast educating a race of readers, who will have the records of revelation in their hands, and will thus be able to acquire that intimate knowledge of Christian truth and duty, which preaching in an unfamiliar tongue, or through an illiterate interpreter, can never give. Meanwhile, there is no system of propagandism in behalf of the previously established religions, and their cumbrous records are in the hands only of the highly educated, and known only by vague tradition to the multitude.

But we would be willing, were it necessary, to stake the missionary cause on the slow and imperfect success which it has had in the least propitious fields of labor. We attach infinite value to every human soul; and, though we cannot sympathize with the stern theology which condemns the unevangelized to perdition for involuntary ignorance of the truth, we cannot express our sense of the benefit conferred on the man or woman, who has learned to lift the prayer of faith to the Supreme Father, to lean for pardon and acceptance on the love of Christ, to stand hopefully by the grave-side of the departed, to bear sorrow and suffering as the benign appointment of an unslumbering Providence, and, in dying, to look with unfaltering faith to a higher sphere of being. And when we contemplate the agency, through a thousand channels of benignant influence, of a single Christianized Pagan, the house hallowed by prayer and made radiant by the offices of love, the gentleness and courtesy extended through the complicated relations of social life, the

shining through a narrower or wider circle of an example conformed to the Divine pattern of the gospel, the self-multiplying power of goodness in all its forms and manifestations, we have no tolerance for any low estimate or depreciating regard of what has been accomplished under the least favorable circumstances, or in the least promising fields of missionary labor.

But would not the same expenditure of money and effort have borne surer and richer fruits at home, among the destitute of our cities, or among the unchristianized denizens of our frontier settlements? This question would have some pertinence, could it be proved that foreign missions have been prejudicial to the claims of domestic charity. But, in point of fact, while the Pagans were left out of thought, only the paltriest provision was made for the spiritual wants of our own fellow-citizens. The home missionary enterprise was simultaneous with the foreign; and the very sects, and the very individuals, who have been most liberal and zealous in the support of the latter, have been the most earnest and self-denying in sustaining the former. Charity languishes not on account of the multitude, but of the fewness, of its objects. The heart that opens towards one good cause is closed against none. The liberal hand, that casts its contribution into one treasury of God, relaxes its grasp whenever solicited in God's name. And, were there no other argument in behalf of foreign missions, we would plead for them on the score of the new spiritual life they have infused into the churches that sustain them. To take the world for their field enlarges and exalts their sympathies, ennobles and enriches their devotional feelings, brings them into closer communion of spirit with the world's Redeemer, and perfects their consciousness of kindred with the Universal Father.

Nor can we, so long as sects divide the Christian world, sympathize with the objection to foreign missions under a sectarian name, expressed by a contemporary journal in a notice of the book now under review. The broad field of Paganism proffers an arena for a far more peaceful, tolerant, and loving rivalry, than can be maintained in Christendom. There is room there for an amicable division like that between Abraham and Lot, when the whole land was before them; and, as they occupy severally their scattered stations over the

vast domain, they can say, without a shadow of insincerity, "Let there be no strife between us and you; for we be brethren." Numerous organizations can collect larger funds, and manage them more judiciously, than could a great central association, the responsibility of which was claimed by no single denomination. Nor can we find in the history of missions any beyond the slightest record of mutual jealousy or animosity, or of any less Christian form of competition, than that by which the different sects have endeavored to "provoke one another to love and to good works."

We have entire confidence in the ultimate success of the missionary enterprise. Christianity triumphantly surmounted, ages ago, far greater obstacles than now lie in the way of its progress. Its whole empire has been wrested from the grasp of Paganism, as degraded, as inveterate, as stubborn, as the forms with which it now contends. Because we believe it the truth of God, revealed for man, and adapted in its form of communication to the nature, faculties, and wants of man, we doubt not that man under every mode of culture, may be brought to the intelligent reception of its truths, the practice of its duties, and the enjoyment of its hopes. We receive as from divine inspiration the predictions of the Hebrew seers and of the Christian apostle, which foretell the entire regeneration of the human family, and cannot but believe that man will yet rewrite in history the brightest pages of prophecy.

ART. III. — *De l'Esprit Public en Hongrie, depuis la Revolution Française.* Par A. DEGERANDO. Paris. 1848. 8vo.

DURING the past year, the attention of the civilized world has been directed with lively interest towards the progress of the war in Hungary. The spectacle of a gallant people fighting single-handed for their independence against fearful odds, the gigantic powers of Russia and Austria, the ancient champions of despotism, being strenuously exerted for months in what appeared to be a vain attempt to crush them, was enough to awaken the warmest sympathies of the lovers of

freedom all over the globe. The accounts which reached us from the distant scene of conflict were various and conflicting, but on the whole so favorable to the cause of the insurgents, that when the news at last arrived of their final and entire discomfiture, it excited as much disappointment as regret. It was evident that the preceding accounts of astonishing victories gained by the Hungarians over vastly superior forces had been grossly exaggerated, even if they had not been entire fabrications. The theatre of the struggle was near the eastern confines of civilized Europe, and all the intelligence which came to us from that distant region had been filtered through German and French newspapers, and colored by the various hopes and purposes of those who disseminated the reports with the intent of affecting public opinion by them, and of gaining sympathy and aid for one or the other of the contending parties. As we have rejoiced over victories which had never been gained save in the excited imaginations of those who reported them, it is worth while to look a little more closely into the nature and causes of the war, and to ascertain if the motives and aims of the belligerents have not been as much misrepresented as their actions. The Hungarian question is an intricate and difficult one; but as the decision of it is likely to have an important influence upon the politics of Europe for a long period to come, an attempt to render it more intelligible may be useful and interesting even on this side of the Atlantic. We depend for information chiefly on M. Degerando's book, and on a series of excellent articles contributed by E. de Langsdorff and H. Desprez to the *Revue des deux Mondes.*

Though the war in Hungary began as early as September, 1848, a Declaration of Independence was not adopted by the Hungarian Diet till the middle of April, 1849. In the intervening months, though much blood was shed and the contest was waged with great exasperation on both sides, it had the aspect of a civil war between different portions of the same empire, the weight of imperial authority being thrown alternately on either side, according as the vicissitudes of the conflict caused the one or the other party to adopt a position which was more favorable to the interests of the emperor. Thus, Jellachich and his army were at first denounced by the imperialists as rebels; and after the Sclavonic rebellion in

Bohemia had been crushed by the bombardment of Prague, the Austrian marshal Hrabowski commenced a campaign against the favorers of that rebellion in Croatia and Sclavonia also, while the Hungarians, acting on the side of the imperialists, menaced the same countries with invasion from the north. But the Austrian cabinet soon found that Jellachich was less to be dreaded than Kossuth, and that the Sclavonians were disposed to be more loyal subjects than the Magyars. By a sudden shift of policy, therefore, the Croats were taken into favor, and their redoubtable Ban at the head of his army was commissioned by the emperor to put down the insurrection in Hungary. Still the Hungarians did not declare their independence of Austria till the young emperor proclaimed a new and very liberal constitution for all his subjects, of whatever race, language, or province, in March, 1849. In this instrument it was formally declared, that "all tribes have an equality of rights, and each tribe has an inviolable right to *preserve and foster its nationality and language.*" The Hungarians proper, or the Magyars, had no sooner heard these words, than foreseeing how popular they would be with the Sclavonians, the Wallachians, and the Saxons, to whom they secured emancipation from the sovereign sway and masterdom which the Magyars had exercised over them for centuries, than they forthwith declared their own independence of Austria for the sole purpose of retaining these races in their former state of subjection and dependence. The declaration which they issued, consequently, was not so much a declaration of their own independence, (already amply secured by the concessions of the emperor a year before, concessions which made the connection of Hungary with Austria merely nominal,) as a protest against the independence of Croatia and Sclavonia. Its object was not to justify the rebellion of Hungary against Austria, but to accuse Croatia of rebelling against Hungary, and to criminate the emperor for favoring that rebellion. The Magyars assumed the position, therefore, of a nation striving to impose or to continue the yoke upon the necks of their own dependents, instead of laboring to throw off a yoke from their own shoulders. It suited the haughty and imperious spirit of this aristocratic race to bring this accusation against their hereditary monarch of favoring a set of rebels against their own sove-

reignty. Their complaint reminds us of the feudal barons chiding their king for emancipating the commons, and thus erecting a barrier against the tyranny of the nobles.

A brief extract from the Hungarian Declaration of Independence, dated at Debreczin, April 14th, 1849, will show the true character of the quarrel between the two countries.

"Croatia and Sclavonia were chosen to begin this rebellion, because in those countries the inhuman policy of Prince Metternich had, with a view to the weakening of all parties, for years cherished hatred against the Hungarian nation. By exciting in every possible manner the most unfounded national jealousies, and by employing the most disgraceful means, he had succeeded in inflaming a party with rage; although the Hungarians, far from desiring to oppress the Croatians, allowed the most unrestrained development to the provincial institutions of Croatia, and shared with their Croatian and Sclavonian brethren their political rights, even going the length of sacrificing some of their own rights, by acknowledging special privileges and immunities in those dependencies.

"The Ban revolted, therefore, in the name of the Emperor, and rebelled openly against the King of Hungary, who is, however, one and the same person; and he went so far as to decree the separation of Croatia and Sclavonia from Hungary, with which they had been united for eight hundred years, as well as to incorporate them with the Austrian Empire. Public opinion and undoubted facts threw the blame of these proceedings on the Archduke Louis, uncle to the Emperor, on his brother, the Archduke Francis Charles, and especially on the consort of the last-named prince, the Archduchess Sophia; and since the Ban in this act of rebellion openly alleges that he acted as a faithful subject of the Emperor, the ministry of Hungary requested their sovereign by a public declaration to wipe off the stigma which these proceedings threw upon the family. At that moment affairs were not prosperous for Austria in Italy; the Emperor, therefore, did proclaim that the Ban and his associates were guilty of high treason, and of exciting to rebellion. But while publishing this edict, the Ban and his accomplices were covered with favors at Court, and supplied for their enterprise with money, arms, and ammunition. *The Hungarians*, confiding in the royal proclamation, and not wishing to provoke a civil conflict, *did not hunt out those proscribed traitors in their lair, and only adopted measures for checking any extension of the rebellion. But soon afterward the inhabitants of South Hungary, of Servian race, were excited to rebellion by precisely the same means.*

"These were also declared by the King to be rebels, but were, nevertheless, like the others, supplied with moneys, arms, and ammunition. The King's commissioned officer and civil servants enlisted bands of robbers in the principality of Servia to strengthen the rebels, and to aid them in massacring the peaceable Hungarian and German inhabitants of the Banat. *The command of these rebellious bodies was further intrusted to the rebel leaders of the Croatians.*"

The war in Hungary, then, on the part of the Magyars, was neither a struggle for national independence, nor an attempt to establish a republic on the wreck of their ancient monarchical and aristocratic institutions. Hungary is the most aristocratic nation in Europe; nowhere else are the distinctions and immunities of the nobles so strongly marked, or the nobles themselves so numerous in comparison with the whole population, or the dividing lines between the privileged and unprivileged classes preserved with so much care. The fourth resolution appended to the Declaration of Independence expressly provides, that "the form of government to be adopted for the future shall be fixed by the Diet of the nation," in both branches of which the representatives of the titled and untitled nobility have a great superiority of numbers, and exercise undisputed control; where, in fact, till within a few years, the third estate, or the commons, were hardly represented at all; and to which, even now, the peasants, who constitute four fifths of the population, do not send a single representative. The resolution goes on to say, that "until this point shall be decided, *on the basis of the ancient and received principles which have been recognized for ages*, [that is, acknowledging the absolute supremacy of the Magyar race in the country which they conquered, and where they have been lords of the soil and the dominant nation for eight or nine centuries,] the government of the united countries, their possessions and dependencies, shall be conducted on the personal responsibility, and under the obligation to render an account of all his acts, by Louis Kossuth." In short, a temporary dictatorship was established, absolute power being confided, not to a military commander, a course which the pressing exigencies of the war might well have justified, — but to a civilian, who was to exercise all the authority which, in a republican insurrection, is usually delegated to a legislative assembly.

The Croatians and other Sclavonians are not the only people, who, in this singular Declaration of Independence, are denounced as rebels. One of the charges specified in it against the imperial government is, that "the *traitorous* commander" in Transylvania "stirred up *the Wallachian peasants* to take arms against their own constitutional rights, and, aided by the rebellious Servian hordes, commenced a war of Vandalism and extinction." Here, as in other passages, this remarkable document bears less resemblance to the declaration of a people who have risen in arms against their rulers to vindicate their liberties, than to a manifesto of those rulers intended to censure and subdue such insurrection. It is an appeal to the ancient institutions of the country; a vindication of the just authority of the governors over the governed; a reproof of rebellion. How the Hungarians could be engaged in a contest at the same time with their hereditary sovereign and with their own rebellious subjects, is the problem which we seek to solve by investigating the former position of the parties in respect to each other, and the circumstances out of which the war arose.

Hungary, with a territory no larger than that of Virginia and North Carolina united, has a population of about ten millions and a half, made up of at least half a dozen distinct races, who speak as many different languages and dialects. Among these, the Magyars, who are the dominant race, and have long owned all the soil and held the whole political power of the country in their hands, number about 4,200,000. The Sclavonians are rather more numerous, but are divided into many distinct tribes, which inhabit different portions of the country, and speak what was originally one language; the several Sclavonic dialects have marked peculiarities, yet do not differ so widely but that the different tribes can understand each other. The Slowacks, who inhabit the north of Hungary, and number about 2,200,000, seem most nearly allied to the Czechs of Bohemia, another Sclavonic tribe who began the recent revolutionary movement in the disjointed empire of Austria. The Rusniaks, a third Sclavonic tribe are 300,000 in number. The inhabitants of Croatia, who are of the Sclavonic race, number about 700,000; and there are as many more of the Servians, of the same descent, who live within the borders of Hungary. Add to the Magyars

and the Sclavonians about one million of Germans, another million of Wallachians, 250,000 Jews, and a few thousand Greeks, Armenians, and Gipsies, and you have the heterogeneous population of Hungary proper. The population of Transylvania, which has long been a dependency of Hungary, and was united with it in the recent war, consists of 260,000 Magyars, 260,000 Szeklers, a rude tribe allied to the Magyars, 250,000 Germans, and 1,300,000 Wallachians. On the Military Frontier, again, there are nearly 700,000 Croats, 200,000 Servians, 200,000 Germans, and 100,000 Wallachians. Taken in its largest sense, therefore, Hungary has a population of about fourteen millions, of whom less than one third are Magyars, rather more than a third are Sclavonians, one sixth are Wallachians, and only one twelfth are Germans. The prevailing languages, of course, are the Magyar, the Sclavonic in all its dialects, the German, and the Wallachian, no one of which has any affinity with another.

There is as great diversity of religious faith, as of language and race, among this singular population. The Wallachians are nearly all of the Greek church, more than half of them, however, being schismatics. Most of the Sclavonians are Romanists, and the Catholic is the established church in Croatia, where no protestant can hold an office under government. The Germans are chiefly Lutherans, and nearly half of the Magyars are Calvinists. The Unitarian is one of the three established churches of Transylvania, having been introduced into that country by a queen of Poland in the sixteenth century; though the Wallachians form nearly two thirds of the population of the duchy, their church, which is the Greek, is only tolerated.

The dominant races, or "sovereign nations," as they call themselves, have labored to render their supremacy as conspicuous as possible; in their ordinary employments and in military service, in the civil, political, and religious institutions of the country, the dividing line between them and the "subject nations" is very broadly marked. This distinction, so universal and conspicuous, having been acknowledged and uncontested for centuries, has prevented any amalgamation of the different races with each other; and thus the Magyars, the Wallachians, the Saxons, and the Sclavonians have lived for ages side by side, each preserving their own language,

religion, occupation, habits, and all their national characteristics as distinct and broadly separated from each other as they were when the fortunes of war and the migrating propensities of their ancestors first brought them in contact, and established them on the same soil. The subject nations, both Wallachian and Sclavonic, are a rude and uneducated people, who have never been able to acquire the languages of their masters, which are fundamentally different from their own; and this circumstance alone has raised an insuperable bar to intercourse between them. They are also, for the most part, of a mild and unambitious disposition, patient and laborious, and firmly attached to the customs of their ancestors. They are the aborigines of the country, the first possessors of the soil upon which the Huns, the Turks, the Magyars, and the Germans have subsequently established themselves by right of conquest. Submission and inferiority have been enforced upon them through so many generations, that they have become the badges of their tribe; and it is only within a few years that the idea of resistance, or the possibility of asserting an equality of rights, has even occurred to them.

Here in America, where emigrants coming to us from all the nations of Europe, and submitting themselves to the crucible of our republican institutions, are fused in the course of one or two generations into one homogeneous mass, different languages, temperaments, habits, and characters, all blending together and disappearing almost as rapidly as the gases sent out from a chemical laboratory are diffused and lost in the great body of the outward atmosphere, we can hardly believe it possible, that, in another country, several distinct races should live side by side, crowded together within a comparatively small territory, and still remain as distinct from each other, and preserve all their original differences as strongly marked, as when circumstances first brought them together centuries ago. But it is so; these broad differences of race exist, and the feelings of rivalry and mutual hostility, which so naturally result from them, must show themselves when once the dominion of the foreign sovereign, the common master who originally held them all in equal subjection and at peace with each other, is withdrawn, and national independence allows full scope for the national tendencies to produce their appropriate effects. Hungary is the eastern outpost

of civilized Europe; its position made it the first stopping-place in the migration of those hordes from central Asia, which prostrated the Roman empire in the west, and afterwards so often menaced the independence of the several kingdoms which were established upon its ruins. It was therefore both the earliest and the latest sufferer from these incursions. Attila pitched his tents here before he swept over the fairer regions of Italy and Gaul; in 1526, the last independent king of Hungary was defeated and slain by the Turks in the fatal battle of Mohacz, and the greater part of the country remained subject to the Ottomans for a century and a half, till the heroic John Sobieski accomplished its deliverance. From that time it has remained subject to Austria, its union with this empire being necessary for its protection against the Turks, and essential for the freedom of its communication with western Europe. Its perilous position, and the frequent wars of which it has been the theatre, have kept alive the military spirit of its people, and preserved its military institutions in complete vitality. But its remoteness and isolation have prevented it from sharing in the improvements of modern times; and its institutions, military, civil, and political, are those of the Middle Ages. The Feudal System existed there but yesterday in full vigor; all the land was held by the nobles on condition of military service, and on failure of direct heirs reverted to the crown. The peasants were serfs attached to the soil, and could bring no suit against their feudal lord except in his own manorial court, where the noble was judge in his own cause. The distance between the vassal and his lord was rendered more broad and impassable by the fact that they belonged to different races, and spoke different languages. The differences of employment and social position contributed to perpetuate the distinctions of race; the Magyars, proud of their noble birth, would follow hardly any profession but that of arms. And they scorned the foot service; a century or two ago, they served as knights and mounted men-at-arms; now, they form the most splendid cavalry in the world, and leave the Croats and other Sclavonians to fill the ranks of the infantry. The Szeklers, the kindred in race of the Magyars, are born soldiers; more rude and uncultivated than their splendid kinsmen in Hungary, they are equally haughty, and more fierce and savage; woe to

those who dare encounter them in the course of a civil war, for even their tender mercies are cruel. When the passions of the Magyars are not excited, however, their conduct is neither overbearing nor tyrannical; they have too much real bravery, and are too high spirited and generous, for the one or the other. The patient and laborious Wallachians and Sclavonians have tilled the ground for them for centuries, hardly conscious how firmly the yoke of servitude rested on their necks.

Hungary has been aptly compared to an old feudal castle, with its donjons and moats, its battlements and portcullis, which the modern reformers wished to transform at once into an elegant and convenient modern habitation. The first step necessary in so sweeping a reform was to level it with the ground; and those who had made this rash attempt soon found that they had miscalculated the strength of the antique and massive pile. They succeeded only in pulling down some of the outworks upon their own heads. Among these classes so widely separated, among races that are foreign, and even hostile, to each other, with different religions, different tongues, and different civilizations, it was vain to think of introducing the modern ideas of democracy and equality; and the Magyars themselves have never attempted it.

The Magyars inhabit chiefly the central and eastern portions of Hungary, having the Slowacks on the north, the Wallachians on the east, and the Croatians and other Illyro-Sclavonians on the south. The great estates of their titled nobles, or magnates, as they are called, extend over every portion of the country, as the other races, till quite recently, owned little or no land in Hungary proper, except in the free cities, where the land had been freed by purchase, or released from feudal obligations by the favor of the crown. It is estimated by the latest statisticians, that the nobles, who are all Magyars, number at least 600,000, including women and children, so that one seventh part of this dominant race enjoy the privileges of rank; but the magnates do not exceed two hundred in number, most of whom own vast possessions. The untitled nobility have the entire control of the lower house, or second table, as it is called, in the general Diet, this house being composed chiefly of representatives from the county assemblies, and the affairs of the counties, (*comitats,*)

of which there are about sixty in the kingdom, are regulated exclusively by the Magyar nobles. Thus, as the magnates form the great majority of the upper house, or first table, the whole legislation of the kingdom is in the hands of the nobility. All the Magyar nobles own land, which the poorest of them are often obliged to cultivate with their own hands, as any employment in commerce or the mechanic arts is considered derogatory to their rank, and they do not often engage even in the learned professions. The Magyars who are not noble form the higher class of the peasantry; and though not often rich, they have generally most of the necessaries, and even the comforts of life, as the feudal burdens on their lands are not excessive, and their tenant rights are often very valuable. Whether peasants or nobles, they pride themselves on their race, and regard the Wallachians and Sclavonians as their subjects, if not as inferior beings.

The Magyar language stands by itself, having no affinity or relationship with any other language in Europe; *lingua sine matre et sororibus.* There are only two other languages on the continent, the Biscayan or Basque, and the Finnish, which are equally isolated; some philologists have attempted to trace an affinity between the Magyar and the Finnish, but the prevailing opinion now is, that the resemblance between them is too slight to afford sure grounds for believing that they sprang originally from the same stock. The Hungarian is said to be a noble language, having a great variety of verbal inflexions, and abounding in majestic and sonorous expressions, so that it is admirably adapted to the purposes of oratory; but it is of very limited use, having hardly any literature, and only a few learned philologists, besides the Magyars themselves, are acquainted with it. This peculiar character of their language alone is enough to point out the Magyars as comparative strangers in the country which they inhabit and own, its former possessors having been deprived of the soil and reduced to servitude. Their attitude in this fair region is still that of conquerors lording it over the ancient inhabitants, who have never succeeded in shaking off the yoke which was imposed on them nearly a thousand years ago. Leaving aside for the present the changes which have been made within the last ten years, it may be said that all the political and civil institutions of the country were contrived

exclusively for the benefit of this dominant race, who form, be it remembered, less than a third part of the population; and down to the outbreak of the recent war, these institutions were exclusively controlled and managed by them. The Magyar peasants, it is true, had nothing to do with the direction of affairs, though their interests, so far as they came in conflict with those of the Sclavonian and Wallachian peasants, were, of course, protected by the great body of the Magyar nobility, who owned all the land, and made all the laws. The guaranties of Hungarian independence, so frequently alluded to in speaking of the union of the country with Austria, were nothing more than stipulations in favor of the privileges of the nobles. The engagement to respect "the ancient constitution" of the land, which was a part of the coronation oath whenever a new emperor of Austria was crowned king of Hungary at Buda, was simply a promise to do nothing to disturb the domination of the Magyar race, and to respect the rights and immunities of the nobles. That these immunities were precious in the eyes of the nobles, and were jealously guarded, we can well believe, inasmuch as they secured to them entire exemption from taxation, all the burdens of the state being borne by the peasants.

So far was this principle carried, that, down to 1840, the nobles were not required to pay the ordinary toll on passing the bridges which were erected for the public convenience. "I shall never forget," writes M. de Langsdorff, "the impression I received when, on the bridge which crosses the Danube at Pesth, I saw every peasant, every poor cultivator of the ground, rudely stopped and compelled to pay toll both for himself and for the meagre horses harnessed to his cart. The tolls are heavy, amounting to a considerable sum for these poor people; while the Magyar gentlemen, mounted on fine horses, or seated in elegant carriages, passed and repassed without payment. I had read, it is true, that the Hungarian noble was exempted from all public contributions, was subject to no personal tax, and that all burdens fell on the peasants; but there is a great difference between the mention in print of some old injustice of the laws, and the immediate and irritating spectacle of a social wrong. I felt that I belonged to the party of the vanquished, and like them I offered to pay. But the toll-gatherer, perceiving that I was

a stranger, refused my money, and told me that the tax was intended only for the serfs. This exemption, it is true, was a small affair, and tyranny has other practices that are far more odious; but from that time I was no more astonished by the inequalities and anomalies which I witnessed during the rest of my journey; I had foreseen them all on the bridge at Pesth."

As the bridge was built from the public funds, which are supplied exclusively by taxation of the peasants, the injustice of allowing the nobles to pass free is still more obvious. It was one of the grand reforms effected by Count Széchény, that the Diet, in 1836, was induced to vote that the nobility should be subject to toll on passing the fine suspended bridge by which it had been resolved to supersede the floating one at Pesth. The nobles deserve the more credit for this act, for as they have the entire control of both tables of the Diet, they were called upon to vote down one of the privileges of their own order. Though the amount of the toll was insignificant, the passage of the law was acknowledged to be a point of great importance, as it would sacrifice one of the most cherished principles of the ancient constitution of the country, — the exemption of the nobility from all public contributions whatever. Count Széchény had labored strenuously to prepare the public mind for the change by the pamphlets which he had published on the subject; and he took the lead as a debater in the Diet in favor of the measure. After the debate, opinions seemed so equally divided that the Palatine, who presided, durst not declare that the bill had passed in the usual way, by acclamation; for the first time in the history of a Hungarian Diet, and though there were great doubts of the legality of such a course, the votes were ordered to be counted, and, in a full house, a majority of six were reported on the side of generosity and justice.

The present position of the Magyars in Hungary is very much what that of the Normans in England was, for the first century or two after the Conquest. Though William had fair pretensions to the crown by right of birth — his title, in fact was quite as good as that of Harold — he treated the Saxons, after he had subdued them, as if his only claim to their allegiance rested upon the sword. He exercised all the rights of a conqueror according to the ideas of his own bar-

barous age; and his chivalrous but rapacious nobles, with their greedy followers, eagerly seconded his designs. To break the spirit of the conquered Saxons by the insults as much as by the losses inflicted upon them, to proscribe their language as well as to rob them of their estates, to ridicule their habits, and to brand them as an inferior and degraded race, who were unfit to hold office and unworthy to bear arms, was the settled policy of the earlier Norman kings. The Norman French was the language of the court, the nobility, and the parliament, of all legislative acts and legal proceedings, from which, indeed, it has not entirely disappeared even at the present day. The chief captains of the invading army became the great barons of the realm, who were afterwards prompt enough to vindicate the privileges of their order against the arbitrary will of the monarch, but who took very little care of the liberties of the commonalty. But luckily the Normans were not numerous in comparison with the whole body of the Saxon population of England; and as they had to cross the channel to arrive at their new domain, they could not always bring their wives and daughters with them. The fair haired Saxon maidens did more towards the emancipation of the English people than did their fathers and brothers, for they soon began to lead captive their Norman conquerors. In the course of a few generations, very little Norman blood remained entirely pure in the island. A mixed race quickly formed a mixed language, and the English compound soon showed itself more generous and fertile than either the Norman or the Saxon element uncombined. The conquerors were like a mighty river rushing into the ocean with such force as to drive back the waters of the deep, and preserve its freshness some miles from land; but the contest is too unequal, the force of the stream is soon spent, and its sweet waters are finally lost in the saltness of the multitudinous waves.

Normandy sent forth a little army that was able to conquer England, but was not numerous enough to possess it. Little more than a century before the period of that invasion, the Asiatic hive of nations had sent forth one of its great swarms of Tartar breed, men, women, and children, carrying their tents, rude household utensils, and pagan gods along with them, to find fresh pastures for their herds on the rich fields

of Europe. The fertile plain of central Hungary afforded them their first resting place; the degenerate descendants of Trajan's Roman legions, who now call themselves *Roumani*, or Wallachians, and the ancient Sclavonic races, who were probably the aborigines of the country, offered but a feeble resistance to these fierce invaders. They were either driven into the fastnesses of the Carpathian mountains, or were reduced to servitude, and compelled to till the lands which were no longer their own. But the easy conquest of Hungary did not satisfy the rapacious and warlike spirit of the Magyars. Leaving a portion of their horde behind them, the others passed on, and carried the terror of their arms far into Germany and Italy, and even to the borders of Spain. As their habits were nomadic, and they were exercised from infancy in archery and horsemanship, they were able to make annual incursions into the more civilized countries around them, baffling their enemies by the swiftness of their movements and the suddenness of their attacks, and bringing back to their newly adopted land a rich booty from the cities which they had plundered and burnt. So much consternation did they create by these inroads, that the Christian nations of that period regarded them as the Gog and Magog of the Scriptures, the signs and forerunners of the end of the world. But their power was at last broken by two severe defeats which they received, in succession, from Henry the Fowler and Otho the Great. The latter one was so overwhelming, that it humbled the spirit of the nation, who thenceforward kept within the limits of Hungary, where the fertility of the soil, and the enjoyments procured for them by the patient labor of the Sclavonians and Wallachians whom they had reduced to servitude, gradually weaned them from their fondness for hazardous excursions, and gave them a taste for sedentary life and the arts of peace. But they preserved their individuality as a race, because they had brought their women and children with them from Asia, and they scorned to intermarry with their subjects, whose language was a mere jargon in their ears. Thus isolated from surrounding nations, the warlike and nomadic spirit of their ancestors was kept alive in them, and on fit occasion it flamed forth as of old. They no longer invaded other lands, but they fortified their own mountain fastnesses, and for three centuries the

integrity of their territory was not violated by foes from without.

Barbarian conquerors leave nothing to the vanquished; the Magyars appropriated to themselves the whole of the soil of Hungary, and their laws rendered it impossible that any portion of it should ever be alienated from them. The theory which they adopted was, that the whole territory belonged to the king, as he was the only representative of the entire nation; in respect to its immediate occupation and use, the ground was partitioned among them on strictly military principles. The officers, or petty chieftains, down to the lowest, received estates the size of which was proportioned to their rank and to the number of men whom they had commanded; these men, the common soldiers, with their families, were to live upon the estates of their officers, and by their labor, when they had not Sclavonian or Wallachian serfs enough to labor for them, to support both themselves and their former commanders. The descendants of these officers, who seem to have been very numerous, form the present Hungarian nobility; the Magyar peasants are the offspring of the common soldiers, or privates. The title of the crown is indefeasible; the noble has only what is called the right of possession, *jus possessionis*, in his estate; on the failure of his posterity — usually, on the failure of the male line only, but sometimes after both the male and female lines are extinct, — the land reverts to the king. Only the descendants of the person who first received the estate can hold it in perpetuity; they may dispose of it if they please, but then the purchaser cannot hold it after this family from whom he received it becomes extinct. The crown can always reclaim the land, though it may have changed hands several times, whenever it can be shown that there are no heirs of the original possessor in being. So, also, the purchaser cannot retain possession, if any heir of the first owner, however remote, or at a day however distant from the time of transfer, chooses to refund the purchase money with interest, and thus reclaim the estate. Practically, therefore, land in Hungary is inalienable; it is loaded with a sort of double entail, — first, in favor of the crown, secondly, in favor of the family of the first owner. Any one may buy it, indeed, but he does so at a great risk;

for if the family from whom he bought it becomes extinct, the crown will take it away from him; and if it does not become extinct, any member of it, at any time, can regain the land by refunding its price. These two rights, which affect all the landed property in the kingdom, are called *fiscalitas*, or the right of the exchequer, and *aviticitas*, or the right of ancestry. It is no matter of surprise, therefore, that the land should have remained for so many centuries exclusively in possession of the Magyar nobility.

All estates are held on condition of military service, the possessors of them being bound to bring into the field, at the call of the crown or the Diet, a number of soldiers proportioned to the extent of his lands. The peasants retain their holdings on the same tenure; so that, in an *insurrection*, as the levy *en masse* in Hungary is called, every male in the kingdom who derives his subsistence from the land, and is capable of bearing arms, is drawn into the service. As military duty is thus connected with the ownership of land and the rights of the nobility, the position of the Magyars in the country has always retained its primitive aspect, as a military encampment. The free cities are innovations in the ancient constitution; their existence proves that even feudal Hungary has not been able to fence out altogether the spirit and the improvements of modern times. Their inhabitants are chiefly Germans, Jews, and Sclavonians, engaged in commerce and the mechanic arts; and they are not subject to this onerous obligation of military service. But the political power goes along with the military, and what the *bourgeoisie* gain in the freedom and ease of their position, they lose in influence. The nobles, that is, the Magyars, have the control of the army, and direct the whole course of public affairs. They alone, as we have seen, compose the county assemblies, or congregations, which meet four times a year, and send delegates to the general Diet, which has the supreme legislative power of the kingdom.

The situation of the peasants, in reference to that of the nobility, is not one of so great hardship and injustice as we might at first sight suppose. The peasants do not own the lands which they cultivate, but hire them of the proper landlords on what may be called a perpetual lease; only, instead of paying a fixed sum annually, which would be called rent,

they are held to pay all the taxes or public burdens, to pay tithes also, part of which go to the landlords and part to the clergy, and to perform certain other services for the benefit of the owners of the estate. The aggregate of all these burdens does not amount to a fair rent for the value of the land; the proof of which is, that a peasant's holding, or his tenant-right, is good property, which commands a price in the market, and as such is often bought up by the lord of the manor himself. It is evident, therefore, that there would be great injustice in freeing the land at once from these feudal obligations without compensating the land owners, as this would amount simply to a transference of the property to the tenants without an equivalent, and the nobles would thus be robbed of their entire estates. On the other hand, if the feudal burdens were taken off, and the land restored without incumbrance to its former owners, the peasants would be greatly injured by the change, as they would be obliged to pay full rent for what they now enjoy at a price much inferior to its annual value. The matter was thus regarded in the Diet, where the question has been debated for the last thirteen years, all parties being equally desirous of emancipating the peasants from these feudal obligations, and all acknowledging that the lord of the manor is indisputably the owner of the land, and that he cannot justly be deprived of it without an equivalent. The only question was, whether the landlords should be indemnified by the state, out of a fund to be raised by a loan for that purpose, or whether they should be paid by annuities, chargeable for a term of years on the peasants themselves, who could afford to pay them if released from the burdensome conditions upon which they had hitherto enjoyed their holdings. The Austrian government took the lead in urging the Diet to settle the question by adopting one or the other of these methods; and its advice would probably have been followed if the revolution had not intervened. Kossuth and his party hastily cut the knot by decreeing the abolition of the feudal burdens, making over the entire ownership of the lands to the peasants, and promising to indemnify the landlords out of a fund to be created by confiscating the property of the clergy. This was simply robbing Peter to pay Paul, because the assistance of Paul was needed to carry out the revolution. Nobody, it was supposed, would care about the plunder of the church.

The Magyars continued to be pagans for a century after their establishment in the country. But when they had become domesticated on the soil, and had begun to cultivate peaceful relations with their neighbors, Christianity made its way among them in spite of the obstacle created by their peculiar language, which has always retarded their assimilation with the other nations of Europe. St. Stephen was their first Christian king, and his name is still revered among them as the founder of their institutions, and the Charlemagne of their race. He was crowned by Pope Sylvester II. with the famous crown of gold, which was till recently preserved at Buda, as the palladium of their nation; the Scotch did not regard with greater reverence the famous stone in the royal seat at Scone. St. Stephen systematized their institutions, but did not alter their essential character, which remained as it was under Arpad, the chieftain who led them into the country. In the main, their government was that of a feudal kingdom, its peculiarities being the great number of the nobles, and the domination of the whole race over the Sclavonians and Wallachians. Their position was one well suited to develop a military spirit, aristocratic tendencies, and an intense feeling of nationality. They became as haughty, brave, and rapacious as the Normans, though not so refined, owing to their remoteness from the civilized capitals of western Europe. On account of their greater relative numbers, and the patient and unenterprising character of the races whom they had subdued, their dominion was more secure at home than was that of the Normans in Sicily, France, or England; but they were exposed to greater dangers from without. Asia continued to pour forth its barbarian hordes upon Europe, long after their establishment in Hungary; and in their frontier position, they were the first objects of attack for enemies of a like origin with themselves, but now of a dissimilar faith. They were valiant and skilful in war, but they could not bring out the whole strength of the country against its invaders, since their oppressed subjects cared little about a change of masters; and therefore they sometimes experienced severe defeats. Yet their renowned kings, John Huniades and Matthias Corvinus, saved Europe from conquest by the Turks, and repeatedly drove back in disgrace the army that was flushed with the recent conquest

of Constantinople. In 1526, however, the youthful king of Hungary was totally defeated and slain by the Turks in the fatal battle of Mohacz. The Magyars never retrieved the effects of this disastrous fight; the defeat at Mohacz is still deplored among them as the saddest event in their history, for it was the final wreck of Hungarian independence. Since then, they have found protection from their enemies only by their union with Austria, whose yoke they have often rebelled against, but have never entirely shaken off.

Yet there was little in this union with Austria to wound the national pride except of a very jealous and sensitive people. It was as an ally more than as a subject province, as a sovereign power submitting to certain common restrictions for the purchase of certain common advantages, that Hungary made choice, so long as her monarchy remained elective, of the emperor of Austria to be her king, and finally, in a Diet held at Presburg in 1687, acknowledged the hereditary right of the same family to reign in both countries. After the memorable scene with Maria Theresa, this right was extended, according to the terms of the Pragmatic Sanction, to the female line. It was not, indeed, till after her union with Austria was confirmed, that Hungary was entirely released from the Turks, who had retained possession of full half of the kingdom from the battle of Mohacz till they were defeated and driven out by the heroic John Sobieski in 1683. During this period of national humiliation and distress, the Magyars hesitated whether to throw themselves under the exclusive protection of the Austrians or the Turks, who divided the country between them. Though Ferdinand I. of Austria had become their rightful sovereign after the death of the unhappy Louis II., whose sister he had married, and whose right, of course, was transmitted to her descendants, the Austrian rule was so distasteful to them, that they invoked the aid of the Ottomans against it, and in the final struggle, the noted Tekeli and his partisans fought with the Turks against Sobieski. Fortunately for Christendom, the body of the nation at length preferred to unite itself to Austria, and thus to strengthen the eastern frontier of Europe against the Ottoman power, instead of contributing directly to its advancement. But for this decision, the kingdom would probably have become, what Moldavia and Wal-

lachia are now, nominally subject to the Porte, but really dependent upon Russia.

The real cause of dislike of the Austrian alliance was the fear entertained by the nobles lest the abundant privileges of their order, which they had wrested from their native princes, should not be respected by the despotic house of Hapsburg. As in every other feudal kingdom, there had been a long struggle for the mastery between the crown and the barons; and the issue of this contest, owing to the great number of the nobility, was far more unfavorable to the regal power in Hungary, than it was in France and England. King Andreas II. had been drawn into the Crusades, and on his return from Palestine, he found that his subjects had taken the same advantage of him which the people of several other European countries had reaped from the absence of their sovereigns in the east; the royal power had fallen into decay, the nobles had usurped what the crown had lost, and had entered into a conspiracy to protect their usurpations. He was obliged to yield, and to grant to the rebels the celebrated Golden Bull, which is to Hungary what Magna Charta is to England, except that it secures only the nobility in their rights, and leaves the peasants and the subject nations just where they were, a prey to the oppression both of the barons and the crown. This instrument, which is still frequently appealed to as the most important chapter in the constitution, secures to the nobles freedom from arrest except by due course of law, perpetual immunity from all taxation whatever, the right, when their privileges are attacked, of legal resistance without incurring the penalties of treason, and freedom from any obligation to obey the king till after his regular coronation. The Hungarians might well be jealous of the unwillingness of a despotic power like Austria to tolerate privileges so extensive as these; yet so important has the union with Hungary been to the military strength of the empire, and so much caution has been used not to provoke discontent among this warlike people, that these privileges have been respected, and the Magyar noble has retained to this day more power and immunity than he could have enjoyed under the liberal constitution of England.

The truth is, Hungary has always been independent except in name; she has enjoyed her own constitution,

her own legislature, the right of electing her own palatine, and of determining the measure of assistance which she would grant Austria in case of war. The union of the two countries was a union for their common good, to strengthen the hands of both against their common enemies, the Russians and the Turks. Hungary had no greater cause to dread an Austrian sovereign, than England had to fear the accession of James VI. of Scotland. The cases were entirely parallel; the late monarch was styled the emperor Ferdinand I. at Vienna, and king Ferdinand V. at Presburg. Hungary being far the largest and most powerful of the many states which form the conglomerate empire, and having a numerous order of nobility, who enjoyed the most extensive constitutional privileges, were warlike in their habits, and could bring strong bodies of their vassals into the field, an advantage not enjoyed by any other portion of the Austrian dominions, there was more reason that Austria should be jealous of her, than that she should be jealous of Austria. Scotland, not England, had cause to dread the accession of her sovereign to the throne of both kingdoms.

Besides, political reasons of great weight forbade the separation of Hungary from the empire. On account of its geographical position, its absolute independence would cause its isolation; it would be thrown off from the civilization and the politics of western and central Europe into semi-barbarism, surrounded by Russia and Turkey, by the people of Wallachia, Servia, and Bulgaria. Austria, it has been well observed, is now the bridge that connects her with European civilization; it would be ruinous policy to convert that bridge into a barrier. Hungary proper is entirely inland, she has no seaport, no outlet for her commerce; for even the Danube, her only natural highway to the sea, flows in the lower part of its course through the dominions of Turkey, and its mouth is also commanded by Russia. Either of these powers, therefore, might at any time cut off the communication of Hungary with the Black Sea. Croatia has the poor roadstead, rather than seaport, of Fiume on the Adriatic; and the wish to secure even this inconvenient and distant opening to the Mediterranean is doubtless one of the reasons why the Magyars have been so anxious to preserve Croatia as a dependency of Hungary. Separated from Austria, deprived

of Croatia, and cut off by the Russians and the Turks from the navigation of the Danube, Magyar-Hungary would be like an isolated tree planted in a soil where there is no water, the branches and foliage of which would wither in a single season.

It was only the restless and domineering spirit of the untitled Magyar nobility, aggressive and fiery in temperament, and panting not so much for absolute independence as for entire control of the more patient, industrious, and unambitious races, Sclavonians, Germans, and Wallachians, by whom they are surrounded, which kindled the recent war, and so conducted it as to arm every one of these races against themselves; and thus, in spite of their own matchless bravery and enthusiasm, and the misplaced sympathy of the republican party throughout Europe and America, to bring down upon their heads the united powers of Austria and Russia, and finally to sink in the unequal struggle. Had they begun by the abnegation of the enormous and unjust privileges of their own order and the insolent supremacy of their race; had they offered confederation and equality of political rights to Croat and Slowack, Saxon and Wallachian, their united strength might have dashed in pieces the Austrian empire, and the Russian troops would never have crossed their borders. But they aimed to procure dissimilar and incompatible objects; to retain the economical and political advantages of a union with Austria, without submitting to any control, or tendering any equivalent; to be admitted to all the privileges enjoyed by the Hereditary States, without bearing any portion of their burdens; to vindicate their own independence against the empire, but to crush the Croatians and Wallachians for daring to claim independence of the Magyars; to "hunt out those proscribed traitors in their lair," to stifle "the rebellion in south Hungary," to lay waste with fire and sword the Saxon colonies in Transylvania, and then evoke the indignation of Europe against the interference of Russia, whose troops entered Hermanstadt *at the urgent entreaty of these Saxon colonists*, in order to save them from utter destruction by the merciless Szeklers and Magyars.

We have said that the immediate cause of the Hungarian Declaration of Independence was the publication, by the

youthful emperor of Austria, of a very liberal constitution for all his subjects on the 4th of March, 1849. So bountiful was this constitution in granting political privileges and securities to all Austrian subjects, without distinction, that the Magyars had no ostensible ground to complain of it, except that which is stated in their declaration; that it divided what they call *their* territory "into five parts, separating Transylvania, Croatia, Sclavonia, and Fiume from Hungary, and creating at the same time a principality for the Servian rebels," and thus "paralyzed the political existence of the country." The justice even of this complaint is not very obvious; for Transylvania has always had a diet of her own, Croatia and Sclavonia united also have one, and the degree in which these diets depend on, or are subject to the Hungarian Diet, has never been accurately determined. The Croatian Diet protests against any such dependence or subjection whatever, and for very good reasons; for it is permitted to send but three delegates to the Diet at Pesth, which is wholly controlled by the Magyar nobility. What power would these three delegates have to protect the interests of the provinces which they represent, and which have an exclusively Sclavonian population? It is evident that the separation of these four provinces from Hungary, with which, indeed, they have never been properly or rightfully united, was absolutely necessary in order to carry out another article of the new Austrian constitution, which is the real object that the Magyars protest against. This article is the one we have already quoted, which secures an equality of rights to all the different races of the empire, and guarantees to each the privilege of retaining its own nationality and language. Other articles declare, that "for all the races or nations of the empire there is but one general Austrian citizenship;" and that "in no Crown-land shall there be any difference between its natives and those of another Crown-land, neither in the administration of civil or criminal justice, nor in the ways and manners of justice, nor in the distribution of the public burdens." This is in the true republican spirit of equality of rights and political privileges; and this was the law which Austria decreed, and Magyar-Hungary repudiated. The policy of Austria is evident enough; we grant her no credit but for submitting frankly and without reserve to what had

become a political necessity. History furnishes many other instances of a triangular contest between a despotic monarch, an arrogant nobility, and an exasperated people, in which the crown made common cause with the people, granted all their demands, and thus gained power enough to crush the refractory barons. Royalty is always more prompt to sacrifice its prerogatives, than an aristocracy is to abandon its privileges; for the former hopes to retrieve at a future day the ground which it has lost; while the latter, if once depressed, can never rise.

But the Magyars found still more serious cause to complain of the liberality of the new Austrian constitution. It provides that the Upper House of the General Imperial Diet shall consist of two members chosen by each of the provincial diets, besides other persons chosen by the Imperial Diet itself, enough to make the whole number one half as large as that of the Lower House; that is, it establishes an equal representation of the several Crown-lands in this Upper House, thus giving to Transylvania, Croatia and Sclavonia, and Fiume with its territories, equal weight with Hungary, and of course emancipating them from Hungarian domination. The constitution of the Lower House in the Imperial Diet is still more fatal to the lofty pretensions of the Magyars to govern all other races and nationalities. "The Lower House proceeds from general and direct elections. The franchise belongs *to every Austrian citizen who is of age*," and who pays a moderate tax, which is not in any case to exceed twenty florins, and may be as small as five florins. This is *equal* suffrage, and it certainly comes as near *universal* suffrage as any reasonable liberal could desire, considering how little experience the subjects of Austria have had in managing representative institutions. Under such a law, the 4,200,000 Magyars lose all control even of Hungary proper, which has a population of 10,500,000; the reins pass at once from their hands into those of the despised Sclavonians and Wallachians, who, taken together, number over six millions. The Magyar nobility, who number about 600,000, beheld themselves reduced from a condition in which they had the entire control of public affairs to a level with the eight millions of peasants. This proud aristocracy is absolutely crushed by the genuine republicanism of the constitution. This was the grievance which produced the Hungarian Declaration of Inde-

pendence, a Declaration put forth by a Diet constituted almost exclusively of the Magyar nobility. Up to the 4th of March, 1849, the reunion of Hungary with Austria was possible, and even probable, though open hostilities had existed between them for nearly six months; but on that date, the new constitution was issued, and the Magyar nobles immediately threw away the scabbard, and declared that they fought for absolute national independence.

That they might not be absolutely without allies in a contest which would evidently be a long and desperate one, and as they could find no friends among the subject races in their own country whom they had so long oppressed, they resolved to make common cause with the ultra republicans of Vienna, and, indeed, of Germany and all Europe. It was this alliance which varnished over their aristocratic purposes and tendencies with a false appearance of democracy, and gained for them the misdirected sympathies of the liberal party in both hemispheres. To one who has studied the history, character, and condition of the Magyar race in Hungary, this alliance certainly appears one of the most preposterous that was ever framed. It can be explained only on the principle so frequently exemplified in the movements of political parties, that extremes meet. The most striking feature in the Magyar character is the chivalrous, haughty, and aristocratic spirit which has been fostered by centuries of undisputed dominion over the nations whom their ancestors conquered nearly a thousand years ago, and by a continued struggle with the house of Austria to preserve the exclusive privileges of their order and their race. An intense feeling of nationality has always directed their conduct. To appease their growing discontent and gain their enthusiastic support, it was necessary rather to flatter this prejudice of race than to serve their real and material interests. Maria Theresa knew them well when she appeared before the assembled Diet in deep mourning, but with a helmet and plume on her head, a light sabre girded to her side, and with her infant in her arms, threw herself upon their generosity for support. The delighted assembly rose like one man, and clashing their sabres together, which these warlike legislators always carry even to the halls of debate, they uttered the memorable exclamation, *Moriamur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresa.* The whole scene would have ap-

peared theatrical and in bad taste to any other legislative body in Europe; but it was perfectly in character for the Magyars, who have shown the same spirit on more recent occasions.

Even of late years, when ideas of progress and democratic reform had pushed their way even into Hungary, the great question at the Diet did not relate to the mode of embodying these ideas into legislative acts, but to the doubt whether the king, at the close of the session, would wear the Hungarian surcoat or the Austrian royal mantle; and whether he would make his speech in Magyar or in German. The manner in which the royal propositions were received, (the crown had the initiative in all legislative acts,) depended much more on the solution of these doubts than on the nature of the propositions themselves. "I still remember," says an eye witness, "the closing of the diet of 1840. The discussions had been stormy, and the members were about to separate with angry and resentful feelings. There were some at Vienna who counselled vigorous and severe measures. But there was a surer means of allaying the discontent. The emperor appeared in the Magyar hussar uniform, and the empress and her ladies bore the long white veil which the Magyar dames wear on great festival occasions. The assembly, electrified at the sight, made the hall resound with their cries of joy and triumph; and at the first word pronounced by the emperor in the Magyar language, the enthusiasm broke through all bounds, and he was not permitted to finish the sentence which he had learned with some difficulty."

This enthusiasm of character, coupled with some picturesque peculiarities of dress and customs, is one great cause of the favor with which the cause of the Magyars has been received in Europe. The established mode of taking the vote in the Diet has always been by *acclamation*, so that unanimity was often supposed when it did not exist. A noble never appears in public without the long and trailing sabre peculiar to his race, which, as already observed, he carries even into the legislative halls; whence the proverbial saying among them, "he has his arms, and he has his vote; his vote is therefore free." Assent was signified by clashing these sabres; and their late Palatine, the archduke Joseph, was noted for his quickness of ear and impartiality in determining whether more sabres were clashed in the affirmative or the negative of

a question. In this instance, as in many others, we see that the Magyar pride of race and strong attachment to ancestral usages have brought down a rude custom of the Middle Ages to modern times, in which it has no real significance, though it gives to their proceedings a factitious air of unanimity and chivalric feeling. The noted scene with Maria Theresa, for instance, as it is usually reported in history, gives a wholly false impression. The custom, indeed, has a historical meaning; it throws a broad light on the ancient constitution of the Diet, which consisted of 80,000 mounted nobles assembled on the plain of Rakos to determine on war or peace, and uttering all together the formidable cry, "To arms!"— after which no scrutiny of the vote was needed.

Again, the ordinary assemblage of the militia in Hungary, to perform the military service required of them by the tenure of their lands, is called the *insurrection*, a word which, as repeated by the historians, gives quite a false aspect to the occurrence. The splendid attire of the Hungarian soldiery, especially of the cavalry, in which arm alone the nobles are bound to serve, shows the rude and barbaric taste for magnificence which has descended to them from their Tartar ancestors, and has been religiously cultivated as a badge of their race. Yet their dress is well designed for military purposes, as the imposing aspect of an army is often an element of its success; the Magyar hussar jacket, embroidered with gold and pearls, has been copied in half the armies of Europe. One reason of the lasting popularity of the late Palatine was, that he always wore the national dress, especially the *attila*, a sort of tunic of cloth or black velvet, the name of which flatters the pride of the Magyars with the memory of their supposed ancient leader, and the *mente*, a long surcoat or pelisse, trimmed with fur. He also spoke with great fluency the Magyar language, a rare accomplishment for a native German, though no officer of rank in Hungary would be tolerated who had not acquired it. The nobles pay great attention to the physical education of their children, accustoming them from a very early age to all manly exercises, especially swimming and horsemanship. The noted reformer, Count Széchény, a magnate of high rank and great wealth, is reported to be the best swimmer in Hungary; a crowd often collected on the quay at Pesth when the rumor was circulated that he was about to swim over the Danube.

Many of the characteristics of the Magyar race interest the imagination and the feelings strongly in their favor; but the sober judgment of one who looks at them under all the light derived from the improved civilization of the nineteenth century cannot but condemn their position as a false one, their institutions as antiquated, and their character and customs as little suited to promote their intellectual and material well-being. The most intelligent among them have long admitted the necessity of great reforms, and during the twenty years which immediately preceded the recent war, many beneficial changes were actually made, and the way was paved for others of greater moment. The credit of these ameliorations is chiefly due to Count Széchény, one of the noblest and best reformers of whom any age or country can boast. Having a princely fortune, an enterprising and generous disposition, and an intellect thoroughly cultivated by books and foreign travel, joining the enthusiasm and the perseverance of a reformer to the practical skill and tact of a statesman, and being both an accomplished writer and an eloquent and practised debater, he has accomplished so much for his country that she owes him a larger debt of gratitude than is due to all her sovereigns and warriors united. His first enterprise, commenced twenty years since, was an attempt to improve the navigation of the Danube, a work of immense importance, as we have shown, to the prosperity of the country. The obstructions in the river were so great, that only large rafts and some rude *bateaux* were sent down stream, to be broken up when they had once arrived at the Black Sea. Széchény built at his own expense a light and stout boat in which he descended the river himself, and ascertained that the rocks and rapids were not so formidable as had been supposed. He then organized a company for removing the greatest obstacles from the bed of the stream, and placing a line of steamboats upon it. The undertaking had complete success, and within one year the boats were plying regularly from Ratisbon to Vienna, and from Vienna to Constantinople. The enterprise excited great enthusiasm in Hungary; the Austrian government favored it, and contributed largely for its execution. Metternich himself was pleased, and became one of the first stockholders, though he laughed at the boasting of the Magyars respecting it, "who thought they had invented the Danube."

This work made Széchény very popular; but as yet his countrymen regarded him only as an able engineer. He soon showed himself, however, a politician and publicist of the highest rank, by a number of pamphlets published in quick succession, advocating with great eloquence and ability some important changes in the constitution of the state and the relations between the peasants and the nobility. These pamphlets were the first productions of importance written, not in Latin or German, but in the Magyar tongue. Széchény knew his countrymen well, and was aware how much favor might be conciliated for his schemes by this innovation in language. His arguments were directed chiefly against the tithes, road-tax, duty-services, and other feudal burdens on the land, and against the exemption of the nobility from taxation. He proposed to redeem the tithes and the road-tax by means of a national loan, after the example that had been successfully set in several of the German states. Following up warmly in the Diet the schemes which he had broached in his pamphlets, he soon had the satisfaction of finding himself at the head of a numerous and active party, both in the legislature and the country at large, who eagerly seconded his designs. The discussion was carried on with great spirit on both sides, and the interest which it excited threw all other subjects into the shade. "The old feudal edifice erected by St. Stephen, fortified by Andreas II., besieged and breached for three centuries by Austria, was to open its gates to a more powerful assailant, the spirit of the age." The Diet of 1836 adopted several of Széchény's proposed reforms; other steps in the same direction were taken by that of 1840; and the discussion of others was interrupted only by the thunder of the revolutions of Paris and Vienna. Among the many disastrous consequences of those great convulsions, perhaps the most lamentable of all was the interruption, the ruin, of Széchény's work of peaceful reform in Hungary.

The brilliant reputation which Széchény acquired was earned as much by his temperance, and his regard for justice and the rights of all, as by the boldness of the changes that he proposed. "I wish," he remarked, "to awaken my countrymen so that they may walk, and not that they may throw themselves out of the window." His popularity became immense. His name was in every mouth, and the

counties vied with each other in sending him addresses of congratulation and rights of citizenship. When he arrived in any village, the peasants went out to meet him with music, and called him their father and liberator. The Diet of Transylvania sent him an entire gold pen several feet in length, and the national academy, the circle of the nobility, and the institute of the Hungarian language, at the same time, elected him their president. His name was given to the first steamboat which glided down the lower Danube; and in every drawing room at Pesth, the stranger might see an engraving in which Széchény appeared in a sort of apotheosis surrounded by luminous clouds, while beneath Hungary was represented as coming out of chaos, and the Danube, covered by vessels of all nations, flowed on majestically, not fretted by rocks or rapids, towards the sea. It is afflicting to be obliged to add, that when, in 1848, Count Széchény saw his great work interrupted, his popularity overcast, his place usurped by demagogues and radicals of the lowest stamp, and his country wrapped in the flames of a civil war, the shock was too great for his reason, and he made an attempt on his life. He threw himself into the Danube, whence he was rescued with difficulty, to be still preserved, let us hope, till he can again reap his reward from the returning reason of his countrymen.

It is much to the credit of the Austrian government, that although Széchény was the leader of the constitutional opposition in the Diet, it adopted nearly all his projects of reform, and submitted them, under the form of royal propositions, to be discussed by both houses. Strange to say, also, these propositions were received with most favor in the upper house; many of the magnates, especially the younger ones, warmly welcomed the new ideas of progress and social reform. "I do not know any class of men," says Langsdorff, "who, by their character, their liberality, and their devotion to the common good, merit more fully the high prerogatives they enjoy than these Hungarian magnates. A noble and chivalrous race, they are still worthy of the eulogy which Montesquieu pronounced upon them; their valor amounts to heroism in fight, their generosity to self-sacrifice so far as wealth is concerned." In their voluntary contributions to benevolent and national objects, they put to shame the munificence of the

rich in England. Thus, to the national academy established in 1827, for the propagation and improvement of the Magyar language, Count Széchény gave $30,000, Prince Bathiany nearly as much, Count Karoly $25,000, and the two Esterhazys about $16,000. This object, it is true, is regarded as one of vast interest and importance in Hungary, where attachment to the Magyar language is considered the true measure of one's patriotism. Thus, a military school was founded about twenty years ago, for the benefit of the children of the poor nobility. The government approved the project, and from the liberal contributions of the magnates, a splendid edifice was erected. Up to the last moment it had been taken for granted, that in all the exercises of the institution the Magyar language alone would be used. But just as the school was about to be opened, the government decided, very reasonably, that this would destroy all unity of action in the imperial army, in which the words of command must necessarily be given in German. An order was consequently issued, that the Magyar language should not be used in the school; and the effect was that not a single pupil presented himself for admission. To this day, the building, a large and handsome structure, has remained unoccupied.

The opposition to Széchény's plans proceeded chiefly from the inferior or untitled nobility, who feared that the overthrow of the ancient feudal constitution would also be the downfall of the inordinate privileges and political influence of their order. They were the only class who were benefited by the retention of antiquated customs; the magnates, with their vast landed estates, and having the entire control of the upper house in the Diet, would still be predominant in the state, even if their feudal privileges should be swept away. But the lesser nobles, many of whom are quite poor, would have no more power than the burghers of the free cities, or the wealthier class of the emancipated peasants, if the historical ground should be taken away from them, and the abuses and inequalities of the feudal system abolished. The ancient constitution of Hungary was made, as we have seen, solely for the benefit of this class; in their favor, for the protection of their order, the Golden Bull of Andreas II. had been issued. Hitherto every one of their number had called himself a member of the crown of Hungary; he was a part of

the sovereignty. Their idea of the constitution corresponded perfectly to Rousseau's definition of the government of Poland, "where the nobles are every thing, the burghers nothing, and the peasants less than nothing." Their only scheme of political conduct was to allow of no innovation in the ancient customs of the Magyars, and to manifest constant jealousy of the house of Austria, whose interests coincided with those of the oppressed peasants and of the subject races of the population, inasmuch as these ancient customs obstructed the political influence of all three. It suited the untitled nobles to declare, that they were contending for the ancient liberties of Hungary, when in fact they were opposing the emancipation of the peasants, and endeavoring to prevent the subject Sclavonians and Wallachians from breaking their chains.

It was natural, therefore, that while Széchény and the old liberal party, the constitutional opposition in the Diet, were gradually attracted towards the ministerialists because the ministry favored their plans of social amelioration, a new and more radical party should be formed behind them, whose politics consisted merely in inflexible resistance to the crown and in opposition to Austrian influence on all occasions. Count Bathiany was the first leader of this new party; but their course soon became too violent and excessive to be favored by any magnate, and his influence was superseded by that of Paul Nagy and Kossuth, two radical deputies who had become distinguished by their powers in debate. The latter of these is not even a Magyar by birth, but a Magyarized Slowack lawyer, who attended the Diet of 1836 in the very humble capacity of secretary of one of its members. He soon distinguished himself by *publishing* a *manuscript* journal of the proceedings, (a printed one being prohibited by the censorship,) which journal was actually copied by hand, and circulated in considerable numbers through the country. Some of his other publications transgressed the bounds of law more openly, so that he was apprehended and imprisoned for a time. When released, his popularity having grown through the persecution he had suffered, he was chosen a deputy, and became of course a more flaming patriot than ever. His extraordinary eloquence led captive the minds of his hearers, so that, after the revolution, he acquired the entire

control of the Diet, and was finally appointed Supreme Dictator of Hungary during the war. In fact, Kossuth's party, ever since it was organized, has been endeavoring to effect a complete separation of Hungary from Austria, the preservation of feudal privileges and the domination of the Magyar race being of more importance in their eyes than the promotion of the commercial and other material interests of the country and the intellectual cultivation of its people. Széchény and his friends, on the other hand, aware that Hungary would be thrown into an isolated and semibarbarous position if cut off from its present political connection with central and western Europe, have aimed to secure the assistance of Austria in developing the resources of the kingdom, adapting its institutions to the spirit of the age, and diffusing intelligence and refinement among its inhabitants. This party, and the magnates generally, seem to have remained passive during the late revolutionary war; one of the Esterhazys is the only titled noble who appears to have acted with the insurgents.

The question of language has had more influence than any other on the politics of Hungary for the last thirty years. In a country where there was so great confusion of tongues, it was absolutely necessary that some one language should be chosen for a universal medium in matters of government and legislation. The Latin has long been adopted for this purpose, its use having come down from the Middle Ages, when it was the general medium of learning throughout Europe, and its preservation in Hungary so long after it was abandoned elsewhere being due to the rivalry of different nationalities, two or three of which have been offended by the selection of any living language. The Latin was neutral ground, on which the German, the Magyar, the Sclavonian, and the Wallachian could meet without cause of offence. Joseph II. of Austria, a philosophical schemer who projected many excellent reforms, but spoiled them all by an excessive love of system and uniformity, and by a want of tact and discretion in carrying them out, nearly caused a rebellion in Hungary by undertaking to make the German language universal there; he required it to be used in all public acts, in all schools and seminaries of education, in civil offices, and in military command. The haughty Magyars had been already offended by the contempt he had manifested for their peculiar institutions;

he had altered the organization of the *comitats*, or counties, those little federal republics first established by St. Stephen; he had refused to be crowned king of Hungary, and had even carried away the golden crown from Buda to Vienna; he had attempted to impose taxes on the nobles. These things they had borne, though sulkily; but when he attempted to supplant their noble language by the hated German, the spirit of the nation was effectually roused, and their resistance became so menacing that he was obliged to revoke all his reforms, and reëstablish Magyarism throughout Hungary. As he was not crowned at Buda, his acts were considered null, and they do not now appear on the statute book of the kingdom.

The Magyars had thus vindicated the respect due to their own vernacular tongue, but they were not willing to respect the language and the national feeling of others. By constantly pressing the Austrian government on this point ever since 1800, they had at last succeeded in causing the Latin to be supplanted by the Magyar language in the deliberations of the Diet and in the acts of the government; this change was not consummated till 1844. The few Sclavonians in the legislature were still allowed, as of necessity, to address the assembly in Latin, and the government officials sometimes spoke German, though they risked their popularity by so doing. Having carried this point against the imperialists, the Magyars attempted to impose their language upon the subject races, and to oblige them to use it upon all occasions. The schoolmasters and the clergy, in every province and every village, though it might be inhabited exclusively by Sclavonians and Wallachians, were ordered to teach and to preach only in the Magyar tongue. This law created great irritation everywhere, but especially in Croatia. This province is in the same situation with regard to Hungary, that Hungary holds in respect to Austria. Together with its sister province of Sclavonia, it has a diet of its own, which meets at Agram, and is allowed to send three representatives to the general Hungarian Diet at Presburg or Pesth. The chief of these two provinces, who is styled the Ban of Croatia, holds the same relative position that the Palatine does in Hungary; he is responsible directly to the emperor, is chosen by the Croatian Diet, and claims to act independently of the Palatine. The Croats were very willing to abandon the Latin

for the sake of their own language, but not for the purpose of speaking the Magyar. They echoed back with one voice the declaration of their Diet, *nolumus Magyarisari.* The national feeling was effectually roused on this subject, and the Hungarian law was reprobated as both insulting and injurious. The Slowacks of the north of Hungary united with them in resistance to the law; and the Sclavonians generally were attracted towards the emperor, and sought, by increasing the influence of Austria, to erect for themselves a barrier against the haughty dominion of the Magyars. Ever since 1830, the deputies of Croatia in the Hungarian Diet have acted with the Austrian ministry, and supported the propositions of the Crown.

Croatia has been aptly called the Ireland of Hungary, and M. Louis Gaj aspires to play the part of its O'Connell. He began his career of agitation in 1835, striving to awaken the national feelings of the Illyrians, and to stir up hostility to the Magyars, the "Saxons" who for centuries have oppressed these honest "Celts." Hoping ultimately to make Croatia wholly independent of Hungary, he began with the simple project of defending the language and the local liberties of his country against the encroachments and the centralizing spirit of the Magyars. His movements were at first tolerated, and even countenanced, by Austria, who hoped to find in the awakened energy and resolution of the Sclavonians the means of holding the Hungarians in check, and a pretence for refusing some of their increasing demands. But the agitation throughout the Illyrian provinces, fanned by the skilful proceedings of M. Gaj, had reached so great a height in 1845, that the Austrian government deemed it necessary to adopt some measures to stay its force. On occasion of a trifling tumult at the elections held in Agram, the Ban Haller ordered the troops to fire on the people, and a number of them were killed; among whom were some young men of respectable families, devoted friends of the new movement. The whole city immediately broke out in insurrection, and Haller, in order to save his authority and his life, was obliged temporarily to give up his office to M. Gaj, who alone had power to stay the tempest.

The patriot leader was too politic to take this occasion for breaking all terms with the Austrian government and engaging

in a desperate war for independence; though his countrymen were unanimous, and their zeal was roused to the highest pitch, he knew they would be overmatched by the power of the empire and by the warlike spirit of the Magyars. He affected, therefore, to represent the affair to Metternich as the result of a plot long meditated against the Illyrians, formed by the Ban Haller in concert with the Hungarians. Delighted to have the matter put in this light, the Austrian minister at once consented to recall Haller, to allow the patriot bishop of Agram to be elected temporary viceroy or Ban, and to relax the censorship so far as to allow the circulation of certain books, till then prohibited, among which was a very bold history of all the Illyrian races, written in the national language by M. Gaj himself. With these concessions, and some others relating to the constitution of the Croatian Diet, the Illyrian agitator returned to Agram to denounce the Magyars more violently than ever. He wished to obtain a military leader for that movement of which he was himself the head, and he found one in Baron Jellachich, a young colonel of the troops on the military frontier, of simple manners and resolute character, devoted to the welfare of Croatia and the advancement of the Sclavonian race, and who has since shown considerable ability as an orator and a diplomatist, no less than as a soldier. The feelings of the Croatians, directed entirely by M. Gaj, were soon manifested so strongly in favor of Jellachich, that the Austrian ministry was forced to approve his election as Ban, which gave him the full control of the troops in the province, and great influence over the Austrian Sclavonians everywhere.

The beginning of this agitation in the Illyrian provinces may be traced back to the scheme developed and advocated several years ago by M. Kollar, a Slowack poet, who proposed to unite all the Sclavonians in Europe under one head, and thus establish a new and powerful empire, which might sway the destinies of the world. *Panslavism* was the name given to this project, which has been received with so much favor in Russia and other Sclavonic countries, as to create serious jealousy and uneasiness in Germany. The Sclavonic family constitutes from one third to one half of the whole population of Europe; the Russians, Poles, Lithuanians, two thirds of the Bohemians, one half of the Hungarians, the

Dalmatians, Croatians, Bosnians, Servians, and Bulgarians are of this stock. The eastern half of Europe is peopled by them, and were they united, they could subjugate the whole continent. No other European race is one half as numerous; no one excels them in bravery, patience, and fortitude, though they are deficient in enterprise and the power of combination. Numerous instances go to show that their intellect is susceptible of a high degree of cultivation; though they have been for so many centuries in a servile and depressed condition that their name, *Slave*, has become the general denomination of those in servitude. The scheme of uniting them into one empire is, of course, propounded in the interest of Russia, which country would be the head of this grand confederacy. M. Kollar is Russian in his politics, though not, we believe, a Russian by birth; and this fact has probably caused his project to be received with less favor than it seemed to deserve in Poland, Austria, and European Turkey, though he has developed it with singular learning, ingenuity, and eloquence. The recent war in Hungary has done more than any event in the history of Europe during the present century to make the realization of his scheme appear possible, and even probable. For the first time, the Russians have come into action as the allies of the Sclavonic races south of the Danube, to assist them in crushing the insolent dominion of a race of intruders who have ruled them with a rod of iron while vindicating their own freedom and independence against the pretensions of the house of Austria.

The quarrel between the Magyars and the Croatians has brought out in strong relief the characteristics of the two races. Brave, high-spirited, and imperious, the former treated the complaints of their ancient subjects, as they consider them, with scorn, and heaped new provocations on them just at the moment when they were bringing upon themselves a desperate conflict with Austria. More patient and politic, the Croatians took measures to secure the aid both of the emperor and of the Russians before they threw defiance in the teeth of the Magyars. Kollar, Gaj, and Jellachich had skilfully excited their national feelings, and they acted together with great firmness and unanimity. They exposed very fully the inconsistency of the Magyars, who thought it natural and right to enfranchise themselves from all foreign dominion, and to

reconquer their individuality as a nation and a race; but who were astonished and indignant, that the Illyrians and the Wallachians living within the borders of Hungary should experience the same desire and cherish the same hopes. The Croatians held high and menacing language to compel the emperor to espouse their quarrel. In a memorial addressed to him before hostilities had broken out they exclaimed, "Emperor, if you reject our prayers, we shall know how to vindicate our liberty without you; and we prefer to die heroically, like a Sclavonian people, rather than to bear any longer such a yoke as is imposed upon us by an Asiatic horde, from whom we have nothing good to receive or to learn. Emperor, know that we prefer, if we must choose between them, the knout of the Russians to the insolence of the Magyars. We will not, on any terms, belong to the Magyars. Remember that, if Croatia forms but a thirty-fifth part of your empire, the Croatians constitute a third of your whole infantry."

As a farther illustration of the spirit of the people at this time, we give a translation of a Sclavonian song, written by one of their patriots, which obtained great popularity throughout the Illyrian provinces.

"Whoever is a Sclavonian and a hero, let him wave his banner in the air; let him gird on his sabre, and mount his fiery steed. Forward, brothers! God is with us, and the devils are our enemies.

"See how the black and savage Tartar is treading our nation and our language under foot. Let us resist before he prostrates us. Forward, brothers! God is with us, and the devils are our enemies.

"Let the brave Sclavonian of the North and the Illyrian of the South join hands at this festival. Behold already the gleam of their lances, hear the sound of the trumpets and the thunder of the cannon. Forward, brothers! God is with us, and the devils are our enemies.

"The time is come to wash ourselves in the blood of our enemies. Let each one, then, strike down a head. Forward, brothers! God is with us, and the devils are our enemies."

The Sclavonians were not the only enemies within the bosom of their country whom the Magyars provoked. The Germans, who had founded cities in the interior, establishing

themselves as commercial and manufacturing colonists in the midst of this rude and warlike agricultural population, were made to feel their isolated position, and the arrogance of the aristocratic masters of the soil around them. The lines of separation between the heterogeneous races were preserved with Jewish scrupulousness; each has retained its language, features, dress, and occupation unchanged for centuries. The situation of the Germans is most peculiar in the extreme eastern and southeastern provinces, in Transylvania and the Banat. Here they are surrounded by the rude and fierce Szeklers, a race who are born soldiers, allied in blood and language to the Magyars, whom they preceded a century or two in the occupation of the country. Their banner is indicative of their character; it bears a heart pierced through and through with a sword. Amid this half-barbarous people, in a rugged and mountainous country at the extreme limit of European civilization towards the east, a colony from the heart of Germany was established in the course of the twelfth century; and in spite of the disadvantages of their situation, they have increased in numbers and wealth. Their blood is still as pure as when they first left the fatherland; their fresh and smiling German faces, their fair hair and light complexion, indicate their origin as clearly, as do their prudent and economical habits, and their dogged industry. These grave and honest burghers are republicans by descent and in predilection; they reject all aristocracy, and choose their magistrates by universal suffrage. In many respects, they remind one of the flourishing commercial towns of the Middle Ages; like them, they are guarded with high walls and strong fortifications against the semi-barbarous people without, who are all warriors, and who are organized like a camp on the frontiers. If need be, these flourishing citizens will fight stoutly in defence of the walls which guard their shops and their homes.

The Magyars, the Szeklers, and the Germans formed a treaty at Torda in the fifteenth century, to divide Transylvania between them, — the two former to do all the fighting, and the latter to keep the cities and strongholds. They are the three sovereign nations, as they call themselves, though they number all together less than a million; while the subject nations, most of whom are Wallachians, amount to a million and a half. These had no part in the union of Torda,

which united the other three races, and therefore are allowed no political or civil rights. They cannot elect their magistrates, nor fill public offices; they are serfs, and cultivate the fields of their masters. The Magyars, though so few in number, helped themselves to three fourths of the soil of Transylvania; the north and the west, including Carlsbourg, the capital, are theirs. The Germans, or Saxons as they are here called, hold the flourishing cities of Cronstadt and Hermanstadt, with the rich territory in the south, and the district of Bistritz in the north. Their towns were originally fortified not more against the Turks than against the Magyars; and they have just had renewed occasion to use them against these foes, whose desperate valor, however, was not repelled by them. Naturally attached to Germany and to republican institutions, they saw with dismay, after the grand democratic outbreak of 1848, that the Magyars were separating all Hungary from Austria, with a view of preserving their own aristocratic institutions, and lording it more imperiously than ever over the other races that inhabited the land. They immediately sent a delegate to the federative Congress at Frankfort to ask for aid and protection; but the theorists in this distracted assembly had neither troops nor money to send them, and they were left to their fate, — to the arrogance of the Magyars whom they had offended by this step, and to the ruthless hostility of the Szeklers. The following is an extract from the address sent by the municipality of Hermanstadt, on the 9th of June, 1848, through their delegate to the Frankfort Assembly.

"German brothers, seven centuries ago, a branch of the national tree, the gigantic oak of Germany, was planted in the oriental valleys of the Carpathian mountains; its extended roots have penetrated to the soil of the fatherland, and continually drawn nourishment from it. The air and the light of Germany have continued to warm and to cheer us. In the midst of the aristocratic and feudal institutions of the other races which threaten to stifle our civilization, we have remained German citizens. Yes, brothers; in spite of the local separation, we have preserved with old German fidelity the manners and the language of our common ancestors. At the moment when the European edifice is everywhere crumbling into ruin, the legislator, like Archimedes, needs a fixed point on which to rest and sustain the world. This point has been found. Let the German fatherland extend to

every region where the German language is spoken. With our whole hearts we will join you in causing our national airs to resound from the banks of the Vistula to those of the Rhine. The children have not forgotten their mother, the mother has not forgotten her children. Generous voices have spoken in the imperial city, in this very assembly, in favor of maintaining the rights of Transylvanian Germany; we wish, indeed, that our great and powerful fatherland had used a bolder tone, and not restricted itself to entreating the little nation of the Magyars, but had ordered it to respect the German nationality."

In this general turmoil, the Wallachians, also, were moved to demand a restoration of those rights, the common rights of humanity, of which they had been deprived for centuries. Some of the younger members of the Greek clergy inspired them with a generous ambition, and taught them to shake impatiently the yoke of subjection and helotism which had so long weighed upon their necks. The example of their brethren across the frontier, also, in the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, who had recently driven off some of their petty local tyrants, had given them new ideas of freedom and new hopes of ameliorating their situation by their own efforts. In the last Diet which was held in Transylvania before the revolution of 1848, the Wallachians had uttered their complaints, and asked at least a hearing for their cause. It was sternly and stubbornly refused; the three sovereign nations agreed with each other on this point, if on no other, that the subject race, which outnumbered them all three together, should not be admitted to an equality of rights with themselves. The Saxon burghers in this respect showed no more liberality than the Magyar magnates or the Szekler nobles; they would not violate the ancient constitution of the duchy. The Austrian ministry hoped nothing from the efforts of the Wallachians, and therefore did not befriend them. The suppliants were rejected on all sides. Then the revolution broke out, and they offered to serve in the ranks of the Magyars if these would proclaim their emancipation. The offer was contemptuously refused; and in their despair, the Wallachians joined that party, the weakest one, whose professions seemed most liberal, though their conduct belied their words. They made common cause with the republican Germans, and contributed not a little to distract the attention and divide the forces of the Magyar insurgents.

The war in Hungary, then, was by no means so simple an affair as most persons have imagined. It was not a combined effort of the whole people of a subjugated province striving to regain their national independence. Hungary never was conquered by Austria; but she sought and continued the alliance as a means of protection against the Turks, and of commercial and political union with central and western Europe. It was not a republican movement, or the rising of the lower classes in the state against the higher, with a view of securing a more equal distribution of political rights and social advantages. Republicanism was never pretended by the Magyars, and is not even mentioned in their Declaration of Independence. It was an attempt on the part of the Magyar untitled nobility, 600,000 in number, to preserve the ancient feudal constitution of the state, which guarantied their aristocratic privileges and the dominion of their race, against the liberal constitution granted by the emperor of Austria, which destroyed all distinctions of rank and race, and established the modern ideas of equal representation, equal suffrage, the freedom of the press, and the liberty of individuals, on the ruins of feudalism.

In the general *mêlée* that ensued, each party and race fought on its own hook; each formed alliances and sought support with a view only to the exigences of the moment, and without the slightest reference to the political and social doctrines of those whose aid they invoked, and whose cause they really subserved. The Magyars, aristocrats in a double sense, both as an order and a race, and now in arms to preserve their obsolete feudal institutions, made common cause with the Red Republicans of Vienna, who, like their brethren throughout Europe, aimed simply at the inversion of the old order of things, and the utter destruction of all existing forms of society and government. The Croats and other Sclavonians, democratic in their instincts and purposes, and proscribed as rebels by both parties at the beginning of the contest, fought gallantly to assist the emperor of Austria in crushing the insurgent nobility of Hungary. The republican German burghers of Transylvania united themselves first with the Wallachian serfs, whose petition for emancipation they had just rejected, and then invited the Russians into the country to protect them from the merciless hostility of the Magyars and the Szeklers, who had been their unwavering

allies for four centuries. Austria, the old champion of despotism in southern Europe, having just crushed the last hopes of the Italian liberals in Lombardy and Piedmont, engages in a crusade for the purpose of forcing a liberal constitution upon feudal and aristocratic Hungary, and of destroying that chivalrous nobility, whose enthusiastic bravery had more than once, within a century, saved the empire when menaced by the arms of coalized Europe. Russia, aggressive and selfish as her policy usually has been, has acted with strange magnanimity and forbearance; she entered Hungary only at the call, or under the pretence, of humanity, to protect the helpless Germans and Wallachians; her army crushed the insurrection by one decisive blow, and then, although the country was entirely in her power, and the Sclavonians, who form nearly half of its population, would gladly have become her subjects, she has quietly withdrawn her troops without making any demand for the expenses of the war, or any stipulation for her own territorial aggrandizement.

This statement of the case will take most persons in this country by surprise; for deceived by the prose dithyrambics of Kossuth, by the romantic history, chivalrous daring, and theatrical garb and manner of the Magyars, and by the prodigious lies of the ultra republican press in Germany, which spread a fresh report of the utter annihilation of the Austrian and Russian armies once a fortnight, we had generally come to believe, that the republican cause in Europe depended on the success of the insurrection in Hungary, and that this cause was almost sure to succeed from the unparalleled bravery and activity of the Magyars. The newspapers here attacked the American President with severity, because he did not immediately recognize the independence of Hungary, and send out a special minister to conclude an offensive and defensive alliance with the gallant insurgents. It is true, that we can never have any intercourse or connection with this isolated country in the east of Europe, which has not a single seaport, any more than with the Cham of Tartary; but this fact is of no importance in the eyes of those who believe that the spirit of propagandism is the essence of republican institutions. The Magyars, indeed, fought with great gallantry; it was hardly possible to avoid sympathizing with a people who struggled so bravely against immense odds. But

their cause was bad ; they sought to defend their antiquated feudal institutions, and their unjust and excessive privileges as an order and a race, against the incursion of the liberal ideas and the reformatory spirit of the nineteenth century.

We can notice only very briefly a few incidents in the history of the struggle which illustrate those peculiarities in the internal condition of Hungary that we have endeavored to point out. When the revolution of March at Vienna, and the flight of Metternich, had seemingly dissolved the Austrian empire, and left each of its component parts to crystallize into new forms under its own internal affinities, as many distinct revolutionary movements were made as there were different races which had hitherto acknowledged the authority of the emperor. The people of Venice and Lombardy threw off all connection with Germany, and sought a union with the Italian patriots throughout the peninsula. The radical party in the Hungarian Diet at once obtained the ascendency, and decreed that Hungary in future should have an independent administration and a separate ministry, including even a department for foreign affairs ; that is, it decided to retain all the advantages, but to acknowledge none of the reciprocal obligations, of its connection with Austria. Hard as these conditions were, they were accepted without remonstrance by the terrified and powerless imperial government. The two races who form the population of Bohemia broke out into open hostilities against each other ; the Czechs or Sclavonians, numbering nearly three millions, sought to avenge themselves for the long subjection in which they had been held by the Germans, who are hardly half as numerous. They demanded, among other things, that the two races should be admitted to an equality of political rights, and that all public officers should be required to speak both languages. The Emperor instantly granted all they asked, and the Germans of Bohemia consequently found, that the whole power had passed into the hands of their rivals, who, intoxicated by their sudden transition as a race from servitude to supremacy, were prepared to make the best use of their advantages. The Czechs of Moravia and Silesia joined the movement, and a call was issued for a grand Pansclavonic congress, to meet at Prague on the 31st of May, to take measures for establishing Sclavonic independence on a firm basis.

Meanwhile, the Croatians and other Sclavonians of the south were not idle. The Ban Jellachich invited all the Austro-Sclavonic countries to send delegates to a Diet to be held at Agram, on the 5th of June; he also opened communications with Count Leo Thun, the leader of the Czech party in Bohemia, and proposed to act in concert with him in all measures intended to promote the emancipation and welfare of the race to which they both belonged. But the headlong zeal of the Bohemian Sclavonians wellnigh made shipwreck of the whole affair; too eager to use and extend their newly acquired liberty, they menaced and oppressed their German countrymen, and decided to throw off all connection with Austria even before the day appointed for the assemblage of their Congress. They established an independent provisional government on the 29th of May, so that the terrified Bohemian Germans saw themselves deprived of their last hope, the protection of the emperor. But the ministry at Vienna denounced this provisional government, and Prince Windischgrätz, then the Austrian governor of Prague, encouraged by the German citizens who rallied around him, took a firm stand in opposition to the revolutionists, and expostulated with them on their mad proceedings. The Sclavonians were roused to fury, and a mob of them having beset his palace, a conflict ensued, and the Princess Windischgrätz was killed by a musket shot. The bereaved husband still remonstrated with them in mild language, but instead of listening to him, they pressed forward yet more eagerly, and attempted to seize him as a hostage. The troops then interfered, and after a short but sharp conflict, the rioters were driven back, and Windischgrätz left the city with his forces, and took post on the neighboring heights. There he was soon joined by Count Mensdorff with troops from Vienna, and as the insurgents continued obstinate, he commenced bombarding the city on the 15th of June. In two days, the greater part of Prague was laid in ashes, and the Czechs were compelled to surrender. Then, of course, the Sclavonian congress and the provisional government were dissolved; and both races in Bohemia, exhausted by the conflict and pained by the desolation it had caused, resumed their allegiance to the emperor, and waited for the gradual development of political reform.

During the short ascendency of the Czechs, they had induced or compelled the government at Vienna to admit one of their leaders, Palazky, into the imperial ministry. The pride of the Magyars took fire at this concession to the Sclavonian race, and Count Bathiany, their envoy at Vienna, remonstrated in strong terms against the measure, as it tended to encourage the Slowacks, who were already in rebellion in the north of Hungary. On the other hand, Jellachich and the Croatians supported Palazky. The emperor, who, in the middle of May, had secretly left his capital and taken refuge at Innspruck, temporized at first; but as the conduct of the Czechs at Prague grew more outrageous, he became more hostile to the Sclavonian cause, and summoned the Ban to meet him in the Tyrol, and to give an account of his conduct. Jellachich not only refused, but attended the Sclavonian Diet which he had called at Agram, where he was formally elected Ban by that assembly, having hitherto held his office by imperial appointment. The Emperor then denounced him as a rebel, and ordered him to be deprived of all his offices and titles; the Austrian Marshal Hrabowsky, with a considerable body of troops, was sent to enforce these commands by the invasion of Croatia and Sclavonia. The cities of Carlowitz and Neustadt were immediately invested by the Marshal, and compelled to surrender, the former after a severe bombardment.

The cause of the Sclavonians now seemed hopeless, and but for the politic conduct of Jellachich and his advisers, their race would probably have been reduced to their former political insignificance and subjection. Threatened by the Magyars, and actually invaded by the Austrians, the insurrection of the Czechs being entirely suppressed, and that of the Slowacks being too feeble and isolated to afford any material aid to the Croatians, the cause was lost if the latter could not effect a compromise with one of the parties now in arms against them. The haughty and warlike Magyars would make no terms with those whom they regarded as their revolted subjects, whom they had ruled with absolute dominion for eight centuries. A conference between Jellachich and Bathiany at Vienna, in July, 1848, only showed that the hostility of the two races was implacable. When they separated, the latter exclaimed, "We shall meet again

on the Drave," the northern boundary of Croatia; "No," answered Jellachich, "but on the Danube." The Ban then proceeded to Innspruck, where he satisfied his royal master, that his countrymen would gladly continue their allegiance to the house of Austria, if they should be allowed to retain their language, and to enjoy those rights which the emperor had promised to all his subjects. To contend against them, he said, was only to assist the Magyars; for if subdued, they must become subjects of Hungary, which country now retained only a nominal connection with the empire. The Magyars were the common enemies of the imperialists and the Croatians; they asserted their independence of the former, while striving to rivet their chains upon the latter. To adopt the cause of the Croatians would be to conciliate all the Sclavonians, who formed more than half of the population of the empire; while the Magyars numbered but little over four millions, and were hated alike by Wallachians, Germans, and Sclavonians, at the same time that they were disloyal to the emperor.

These reasons appearing conclusive, the emperor did not hesitate at once to change sides, to unite the imperial forces with those whom he had just before denounced as rebels, and to commission the Ban Jellachich himself, the chief rebel, to put down the insurrection in Hungary. This arrangement, however, was kept secret for a time, to await the results of negotiation with the Magyars. But this haughty and imperious race waited for no compromise, and their spirits only rose as the number of their enemies increased. Their Diet voted an extraordinary contribution of a hundred millions of florins, a levy of two hundred thousand men, and an issue of two hundred millions of paper money. It was also proposed to recall the Hungarian regiments that were serving under Radetsky in Lombardy; but Kossuth cried out, "Beware what you do! They are Croats and Sclavonians whom you wish to recall." The old liberal party of the constitutional opposition in the Diet, led by such men as Széchény and Deak, and even Bathiany, who was far more radical in his politics, protested against these headlong proceedings, and recommended delay and negotiation; but the danger was imminent, the excitement was intense, and as usual in such cases, the fanatics

and ultraists, headed by Kossuth and Szémeré, carried every thing their own way. It was when defeated in debate on this occasion, that the noble Széchény, seeing that his influence was lost, and the fate of his country was sealed by the madness of its demagogues, made an attempt upon his own life. The magnates generally abandoned the cause at this crisis; they would not fight against their countrymen, but neither could they lead them onwards to certain destruction. They retired to their estates, or left the country. Kossuth and the untitled nobles, assisted by the peasants of their race, alone provoked the contest; and never did a large body of men fight more gallantly in support of an unwise, unjust, and desperate undertaking.

Their situation, indeed, was perilous in the extreme. Early in September, 1848, Jellachich took the command of all the imperial troops in Croatia and Sclavonia, the Austrian Marshal Hrabowsky quietly resigning his post to him, and prepared to cross the Drave and march upon Pesth. The venerable Greek patriarch Raiachich, putting aside his sacred functions for a time, led an irregular force of brave but untrained Sclavonian volunteers, collected from the borders of the Banat, to lay waste the country of the Magyars in the south-east. The Slowacks were in arms in the north; and the Wallachians of Transylvania threatened an insurrection in the east. The Diet of this province, in which the Magyars and Szeklers formed a large majority, had just voted, it is true, to make common cause with Hungary; but the Saxons, far from joining in this vote, were outraged by it; and the irritated Wallachians, forming more than half of the whole population, made the opposition in this quarter still more formidable. A regiment of them, hastily conducted by their Magyar officers as far as Szegedin, suddenly halted, wheeled about, and marched back again to their mountains. To this circle of foes the Magyars as yet could oppose only a few regiments of cavalry, for the Hungarian infantry was chiefly made up of Sclavonians, and time was required to bring together and discipline the great levy which the Diet had decreed, and which soon became "the insurrection." To gain time for raising these forces, and to avenge the defection of the emperor from their cause, the Magyars resolved to wage war against him in his own capital.

The radicals at Vienna formed hardly a tenth part of the constituent assembly; but they had on their side the dregs of the populace, and the "academical legion," composed not only of the youth of the university, but of Polish, Italian, and German refugees, the reckless Free Companions of the revolutionary cause throughout Europe. Some who had manned the barricades of June at Paris came to fight against the emperor at Vienna in September. The grave citizens, the *bourgeoisie*, who dreaded a recurrence of the confusion and anarchy of the preceding spring, and therefore had welcomed their sovereign when he returned from Innspruck, regarded the signs of another insurrection with dismay, but had not spirit and bravery enough to protect themselves against a desperate faction. The Magyars determined to agitate these elements of sedition and civil war, and thus to give the imperialist troops employment at home for a while, till the means of resistance could be organized in Hungary; and the offer of their aid from without was eagerly accepted by the revolutionists within the city. A deputation from the Hungarian Diet came to Vienna on the 10th of September, to make known their demands to the Emperor, which were that he should approve their recent votes for raising men and money, should again denounce Jellachich and the Sclavonians as rebels, and should come to take up his residence at Pesth among his *faithful* Magyars, so as to give a visible and undoubted sanction to their proceedings. These modest demands being refused, the deputation, one hundred and sixty in number, sullenly withdrew; and when they had reached the steamer, they tore down the Austro-Hungarian colors, raised the *red* flag, and returned down the Danube. The color adopted was a significant one, and it excited so much indignation at Presburg, the former place of meeting of the Magyar Diet, that the boat was fired at from the bank. But both at Vienna and at Pesth, the populace greeted it with shouts. Another deputation, sent a week afterwards to the constituent assembly at Vienna, was refused an audience; and the indignant Magyars instantly proclaimed Kossuth dictator with full powers, and sent out forces to meet Jellachich, who had already crossed the Drave. Yet the emperor made one other attempt at pacification, though it was obvious that the hour had passed. Count Lamberg, a marshal of the empire, was

sent to Pesth with full powers to treat and to take command of the forces. The count bravely set out on foot from Buda, without an escort, to cross the river and hold a conference with the Diet in Pesth. But he was arrested by a furious mob on the bridge, and though he claimed protection as a minister of peace between the emperor and Kossuth, he was brutally murdered, and his remains were treated with shocking indignity.

The crisis had now arrived, and important events succeeded each other with great rapidity. The emperor issued a proclamation denouncing Kossuth and his partisans, dissolving the Diet, annulling its previous acts, proclaiming martial law throughout Hungary, and appointing the Ban Jellachich commander of all the imperial forces there, with full powers as royal commissioner. Some of the troops then at Vienna were ordered to march to the assistance of Jellachich; but when they attempted to leave the city, the insurrection, fed with supplies of men and money by the Magyars, broke out with great violence. The national assembly was overawed, the emperor was again obliged to fly, Count Latour, the minister of war, was murdered and his body was hung up for hours as a target for the insurgents to fire at, and *terrorism* was again triumphant in Vienna. The Czechs of Bohemia, so recently subdued by the cannon of Windischgrätz, now joined hands with their brother Sclavonians from Croatia; they adopted the emperor's cause with enthusiasm, and invited him to transfer his residence to his loyal city of Prague, where every other house had been half ruined by his artillery. Prince Windischgrätz, with his ranks recruited from these reconciled subjects of the empire, moved up his army to assist Von Auersperg in the investment of Vienna; and Jellachich, already advanced half way in his northward course from the Drave towards Pesth, turned quickly to the northwest, and, passing by Raab, came to interpose with his corps between the city and the succor which the insurgents had been led to expect from Hungary. The Magyar "insurrection" was not yet brought into the field and organized, so that but few troops could be sent to the assistance of the Viennese; and these came late, and were easily defeated and driven back by the Ban. Kossuth, it must be confessed, made politic use of his radical friends in the capital; their outbreak, into which

he had incited them, gave employment for several weeks to three armies of the imperialists, which would otherwise have been immediately directed upon Hungary, where they would have crushed the rebellion before its forces were developed. The interval afforded by the siege of Vienna was employed by the Magyars in collecting their forces, and forming their plans for the desperate struggle which was to come. Vienna was taken by assault on the 31st of October,* Blum and Messenhauser, two leaders of the insurgents, were shot, and a third, Bem, the celebrated Polish refugee, escaped only by taking the place of a corpse in a bier, and was carried out of the gates by the funeral procession. Faithful to his profession as a military propagandist of the revolutionary cause in many lands, Bem hastened to offer his services to the Magyars, and received the command of their forces in Transylvania. Windischgrätz and Jellachich led their forces down the Danube to the capture of Pesth, and the war in Hungary was fairly begun.

Even at this late hour, had the Magyars been willing to adopt a conciliatory policy, and to promise to the Croats and other Sclavonians that they should be admitted to an equality of civil and political rights with themselves, should be allowed to speak their own language, to elect their own provincial rulers, and to be represented in the national Diet in proportion to their numbers, the whole population of Hungary, including its dependent provinces, might have been united in arms, and Austria must have withdrawn her forces in despair. A country inhabited by fourteen millions of people, unanimous in their desire to be free, could never have been subdued by armies from without. So strongly were the Polish refugees impressed with this truth, that they repeatedly urged Kossuth and his party to negotiate with the Croatians; Dembinski, their ablest general, had quitted Paris on the stipulated condition with the agent of Hungary, who had been sent to ask his aid and that of his exiled countrymen, that the Magyars should consent to make a treaty with the Sclavonians, and

* The people of Vienna afterwards avenged themselves by caricatures on the Magyars, who had promised to die for the German democracy, and had done so little to keep their word. One print represented a member of the Academical Legion, on the top of the tower of St. Stephen's, turning a telescope towards Hungary, and saying, "I do not see that anybody is coming."

guarantee to them their local liberties and their nationality. Uniting his influence with that of Bem, for the Poles, being themselves a Sclavonic race, were all anxious to unite their Croatian and Slowack brethren with them in hostility to Austria, he succeeded in causing the forces of the insurgents to be denominated the Magyar-Sclavonic army. But this was the whole concession which they were able to extort from their allies. The Magyars were fighting to support the old dominion of their race and the ancient constitution of Hungary, which secured to them, though they were less than four and a half millions in number, the entire control of a country peopled by fourteen millions. To make terms with Jellachich would be to give up the whole object of the war; for the union with Austria had never been felt by them as a burden, and ever since the Vienna revolution of March, 1848, that union had been merely nominal. With an independent Diet, an independent ministry, and a Palatine elected by themselves, they could dictate their own terms to the crippled and distracted empire; and of their own accord, they had kept up for six months an apparent connection with it, as both their political and commercial interests would have suffered from an absolute separation. The war had originated in September, in what they called "the rebellion" of the Croatians, the Slowacks, the Wallachians, and the Saxon colonists of Transylvania; and some time elapsed before Austria became fairly involved in it by espousing the cause of "the rebels," hoping thereby to regain a portion of her lost authority. Consequently, the first object of the Magyars was to crush their internal foes; while the Polish exiles, their allies, sought only to avenge their country's ancient wrongs by destroying the Austrian empire, and even menacing the Czar. This division of purpose caused a division also of the forces of the insurgents. In the south and east, Bem and Dembinski commanded each a separate partisan corps, a motley collection of exiles, deserters, and fugitives of whatever race; for as these generals had no antipathy to the other Hungarian races, they sought to entice as many of them as possible to their own standards, and to wage a war of extermination against those who continued to act with the enemy. The main body of the Magyars, being thus protected in their rear and on their flanks from the Sclavonic, Wallachian, and Saxon insurgents, were

free to act under Görgey, a general of their own race, against the forces of the Austrians, whom they would probably have overmatched, if the impolitic and ruthless conduct of Bem had not afforded a pretence for the emperor Nicholas to enter into the conflict.

We cannot follow in detail the history of the war, and can notice but briefly the circumstances which led to the most important event in it, the intervention of Russia. Nowhere was the outbreak of actual hostilities regarded with more dismay than in Transylvania. The unhappy Saxons and Wallachians found themselves exposed to the utmost fury of the Magyars and Szeklers, while, by their isolated position in the east, they were deprived of all hope of succor from Austria and the west of Germany. The great central plain of Hungary was occupied by the Magyar "insurrection," now developed to its full extent; Jellachich and his Croations in the south had now enough to do to defend themselves. Central Hungary is traversed by two great rivers, the Danube and the Theiss, running from north to south, and forming excellent successive lines of defence. Far in the west, the imperialist army had to cross this vast and defensible plain, admirably suited for the operations of cavalry, in which the chief strength of the Hungarians consisted, and to vanquish the whole Magyar nation, before they could throw troops into Transylvania. The first object of Kossuth was to put down with great severity all opposition in this province, so that the Magyars might be protected in their rear, and, if necessary, might retreat safely in that quarter into a woody and mountainous region. Bands of the fierce and warlike Szeklers were therefore sent out in all directions, who hunted the unarmed Wallachian peasants like wolves, and menaced the fortified cities of the Saxons. Terror everywhere prevailed, as the Austrian general Puchner, who commanded in the province, had only a few troops, who could offer no serious defence. The grave German burghers were unused to war, and the Wallachians were an unarmed and undisciplined crowd.

But a hasty attempt was made to organize their means of protection. A junto of government was formed, under the presidency of Puchner, consisting of two deputies from the Saxon cities, and the Greek bishop Schaguna, who, with a rich merchant, named Argidau, represented the Wallachians.

The district of Bistritz, in the north, was already in possession of the enemy, and such forces as this junto could collect were drawn together to cover Cronstadt and Hermanstadt in the south. Against these cities, in January, 1849, General Bem, who had left his coffin, advanced at the head of 10,000 men, composed of Poles, Szeklers, Kossuth's hussars, and a few Wallachians incorporated by compulsion with their enemies. He marched rapidly through the duchy, ravaging and burning on his way the Wallachian villages and Saxon settlements in the upper country, and driving the few Austrian troops towards Hermanstadt. Fugitives coming from every quarter, and driving before them their wearied beasts and flocks, sought refuge in this city; looking back from its walls, they could see the smoke of their burning villages, and fancy that they heard the cries of the aged and the feeble, who had fallen on the road, and were now suffering all the extremities of civil war from the savage Szeklers. As Bem's object was to terrify the poor Wallachian peasants into inaction during the war, and as their former degraded condition and their use of a different language caused his men to regard them hardly as human beings, though they were to be punished as runaway and contumacious serfs, the atrocities committed by his army almost exceed belief. An English officer, who was taken prisoner by him at Clausenburg, and detained for weeks under a constantly repeated threat of being tried by a drumhead court martial and shot, gives a vivid account of the barbarity of his troops.

"At Marosvasarhély," he writes, "in the prison where I slept, a Wallachian priest and his nephew were murdered at my side; the soldiers had been ordered to conduct them to Debreczin, but they wished to save themselves this trouble. Six Saxons had the same fate, and were shot down by the soldiers who had been detailed to guard them. But few detachments of prisoners arrived at their destination; they were generally murdered in some defile. On the morning of the 12th of March, while passing through the last forest which separated us from the frontier, we suddenly heard a volley of musketry; a quarter of an hour afterwards, we came to an opening in the woods, where I found the bodies, still warm, of seventeen Wallachians. The Szeklers who had just shot them joined my escort, and when asked if their prisoners had given them any cause of complaint, 'No, truly,' answered one of them; 'but thank God, there are now alive seventeen Wallachians less than there were yesterday.'"

We may imagine how much consternation was created by the appearance of Bem's army before Hermanstadt, the fortifications of which, once strong, were now quite incapable of resisting an attack. The dismayed Saxons sent an urgent request to General Luder, who commanded a small Russian army in the neighboring principality, that he would hasten to their protection. Bishop Schaguna and Professor Gottfried hastened to Bucharest, that they might represent to the Russian commander the imminent peril in which the city was placed. They urged that they were cut off from all communication with the Austrian government, and in view of the massacre of their countrymen and the pillage of their towns, they appealed to the generosity of their neighbors to protect them. They solicited a purely local intervention, as neither government as yet had solicited or offered a more general coöperation of their forces. Puchner at first refused to join in this application, but finally sanctioned it when the peril seemed more imminent. Common humanity, or the secret orders of his government which might have anticipated this conjuncture of events, may have induced Luder to grant the succor that was asked. At any rate, on the 1st of February, General Engelhardt, at the head of 10,000 Russians, entered Transylvania, and occupied both Hermanstadt and Cronstadt. The Austrian ministry were so far from being pleased at this event, that they despatched a courier with orders to prevent the admission of the Russians; and when he came too late, another was sent to urge them to withdraw. Elated by the first rapid success of the imperialists, by the capture of Pesth and the withdrawal of the Magyars to the line of the Theiss, the Austrians thought they should be able to end the war without foreign aid. But the desperate valor of the Hungarians soon changed the current of events; and when his armies were driven back on all sides, and even Vienna was menaced, the emperor himself was compelled to solicit that aid which he had at first rebuked his subjects for asking. One of the earliest reverses of fortune was caused by the insufficiency of Engelhardt's detachment to protect the whole Saxon district in the south of Transylvania.

When the Russians first entered Hermanstadt, Bem was deceived by an exaggerated report of their strength, and he retired into the mountains of the Szeklers. On learning his

mistake, and that the Russian force was divided, he appeared again before the city and offered battle, which was accepted by Puchner and Engelhardt. The impetuosity of Bem's troops, and a want of concert between the Austrians and Russians, gave the honor of the day to the former, though the Russians retreated in good order to Hermanstadt. But as they had found that their number was too small to effect any thing important, and the coldness of the Austrian ministry in respect to them had excited a natural resentment, they determined the next day to evacuate the city and to leave Transylvania. This determination threw the citizens into despair, and the weaker part of the population resolved, as the only mode of escaping the extremities of war, to remove along with the Russians into Wallachia. A numerous train of country vehicles of all sorts were hastily laden with their most precious effects, and a crowd of old men, women, and children, some on foot, and some riding on the overladen carts, prepared to go forth, under the escort of these foreigners, to exile and beggary, rather than to await their barbarous conquerors. It was still the depth of winter; the roads were encumbered with ice and snow, and a narrow and difficult defile along the river Aluta was to be passed before the fugitives could arrive at Kinien, the nearest village of Wallachia. The pass was a famous one; by this route, in former years, war and pestilence had passed from Turkey into Transylvania. After many alarms and much suffering, the fugitives arrived at Kinien late at night, and were received by the garrison of Russians and Turks with much hospitality. The officers gave up their tents and their beds to the women and children, the sick and the wounded received every attention, and all had leisure to reflect on the homes which they had left, and the beggary that awaited them. The fate of those who remained in Hermanstadt was pitiable indeed. Bem gave up the city to the utmost license of his troops for three whole days; those who were found bearing arms were shot, and others, who had joined in the request to the Russian commander, were brought before a council of war. The terror created by the inhuman conduct of Bem's army had the desired effect; he experienced no more opposition from the inhabitants of Transylvania, and was able to extend his incursions into the Banat, and to coöperate with the troops who were acting against Jellachich.

The loss of Transylvania, and the recapture of Buda-Pesth by the Magyars, with other reversals of fortune, humbled the pride of the imperialists, and disposed them to seek that intervention which they had but recently rejected. On the other hand, the emperor Nicholas was anxious to retrieve the credit of his army, which had suffered from the battle with Bem, and the retreat from Hermanstadt. The terms of co-operation being soon adjusted, the ablest marshal of the Russian army entered Hungary at the head of an imposing force, and from that moment the issue of the contest was really decided; the gallantry of the Magyars might protract the struggle, but could give no hope of ultimate success. They had provoked too many enemies; of the half a dozen races which make up the mixed population of the Austrian empire, every one was hostile to them. Their pride and indomitable obstinacy prevented them from making any attempt at conciliation; and Görgey, their last and ablest commander, rather than unite his troops with those of Dembinski, who had made some concessions and promises to the Sclavonians, and thereby partially recruited his ranks from them, preferred to surrender his whole army without conditions to the Russians. The Magyars have fallen, and there are few to lament their fate but the Red Republicans of France and Germany, and the refugee Poles, who were their only foreign allies. They have fallen in an unwise attempt to preserve their ancient feudal institutions, their supremacy as a race, and their national independence against the reforms demanded by the spirit of the age, against the equality of political rights which could no longer be refused to their ancient subjects, and against the union with Austria which is a necessity of their geographical position.

Austria has sullied her victory, — or rather her success, for the battle was really fought and won by the Sclavonians and the Russians, — by her merciless treatment of the vanquished. The blood of Bathiany and of fifty others will cry out against her from the ground upon which she has poured it in her reckless thirst of vengeance for the humiliation that she has suffered. The execution of these men was no less impolitic than cruel; it has changed into gall the last drop of affection for their ancient ally which may have lingered in the hearts of the Hungarians. Henceforward, this race,

whenever an opportunity may offer, will be foremost among the enemies of the house of Hapsburg. The gallantry with which they had fought, whatever were the defects in their cause, was enough, in the eyes of a generous enemy, to entitle them to surrender with all the honors of war. Austria has wrested the sword from them only to plunge it into their bosoms ; and a constant sense of insecurity for the future, in relation to this part of her dominions, once her bulwark against all foreign foes, will be the appropriate punishment of her cruelty. England committed the same crime or blunder, we care not which it may be called, after suppressing the Irish rebellion of 1798 ; and the consequence is, that Ireland has been in a chronic state of rebellion ever since. When will sovereigns learn, that mercy and magnanimity are the highest attributes of human policy as well of divine law ?

Art. IV. — *The Liberty of Rome : a History. With an Historical Account of the Liberty of Ancient Nations.* By Samuel Eliot. New York : G. P. Putnam. 1849. 2 vols. 8vo.

Mr. Eliot proposes to write the History of Liberty in a work of which the two volumes already published are but the beginning. Aside from the execution of his plan, there is something noticeable in the choice of the subject. It indicates of itself views of the progress of humanity so far original and just as to authorize the belief that they belong to no common mind. For the history of liberty must be the central history of mankind. Why, it may be asked, more than the history of civil government, of social or political civilization, of science or art, of philosophy, or, though last yet greatest, of religion ? Because all of these are but subservient to the progress of liberty ; they are all means to that end ; by its value are their value, by its advancement are their progress and efficiency, measured. But in saying this, we use the word liberty in a very high sense.

Freedom in some degree is the gift of God to all men. It is his first gift to them ; the condition precedent of all gifts,

and the means through which all others are given. The first and simplest form in which all men have it is in that personal free agency, against which, in most ages, a false philosophy, and, in some, a false religion, have contended with all the weapons of sophistry; and have always found these weapons powerless before the irresistible and universal consciousness of the human soul. This consciousness does not tell us where our freedom comes from; but it tells us that we possess it, and hold it inalienably. They who believe in God, who truly believe in Him — for it is not a true belief in Him which denies to Him His essential attributes — may, by very brief and decisive reasoning, be led to the conclusion, that human life is derivative, given by Him and flowing from Him; and then the next conclusion is as easy, that we should be parts of another, should have no individuality, should not be ourselves, should not be men, if this life did not bear with it from its source, and keep with it as an eternal companion, this profound and unassailable conviction of free agency, of personal being. Nor is this sense a delusion, for then it would not be a gift worthy a God of truth. He makes it true, by giving us free agency in fact. There is never a moment when circumstances do not operate upon us, when various motives do not cause, and various influences do not affect, our conduct. But, at every moment, all these motives and influences are powerless unless they can act upon and through our own choice, our own will; and the result to which they tend is always our own act.

The freedom of no man can be entirely destroyed without destroying him. But it may be checked, thwarted, controlled in its exercise, in a greater or less degree. As it is so, in that proportion are we the less, men. And, on the other hand, we grow into the full stature of humanity as we grow into the fulness and perfection of our freedom.

Thus, all pass through childhood; and the great purpose of childhood is the preparation for manhood. We see of this only the little that is comprehended in what we call education. But within all this a great work of expansion and development is going on, and the result we call manhood. But in the beginning of life we are under perpetual control, and in a condition of perfect dependence. This is then necessary; and the great purpose for which all the influences of childhood and early

life are gathered about it, is, to make this control and dependence unnecessary; to build us up into the capacity of freedom; for this depends necessarily upon our ability to use our freedom aright, because the good providence of God withholds it when it would be only weakness, danger, and ruin. The child longs ardently to be a man, that he may then be his own master; for this is, to him, the ideal of happiness. The man longs as ardently to escape from whatever bondage clings about him; for in his entire independence and freedom, he too sees the promise of all happiness; and thus they both bear testimony to the truth, that freedom is the blessing which includes all others. But the man sees that the child asks for that which he is not ready to receive; and if he be wise and truly kind, he withholds it, or measures it with careful adaptation to the child's ripeness for the gift. God knows that the man asks for that which he is not ready to receive, and because He is wise and kind, He also withholds or measures it. But the man — still supposing him to be a wise and good father — seeks to promote the maturity of the child; gives him all the freedom which can be given with safety, and gives it with the hope that every gift may become the means of making another and a larger gift safe and possible And our wisest and best Father in the same way deals with us all through life, and through the unending life which begins only on this side of death. For it is forever the one law of human life and human progress, that He who made us seeks to make us free, always more free, and is restrained only by the wisdom which perfectly discerns the measure in which we may, if we will, use this freedom for our own good; and by the love which always regards this limitation.

Nor is this any more true of the individual than of the race. That, too, passes through its infancy and its childhood. And as the individual man grows gradually into greater freedom, and so into the receptivity of always greater gifts, which come when they can be received, so is it with the race. All things are intended and disposed by Providence *for* the progress of freedom. And this again is given that it may bring to us the greater gifts which progressive freedom shall make possible; increase of knowledge, a better social life, higher art, purer, more instructive, and more influential religion.

For what is freedom, if it be not the unrestrained ability to possess, and to use as our own, and for our happiness, the gifts of God? Life is but the first of these; and the consciousness of individuality and free agency, and the hope and effort to enlarge and perfect these, are next in order and in worth; and on these, as on a broad and deep and eternal foundation, rest all the blessings which can be given to us by infinite love. For this, knowledge comes forth from the bosom of creation, and tells us of Him who in His laws reveals Himself; and with it grows our command over nature, and with it should grow our dominion over self; and with both will grow our liberation from the oppression, the suffering, the bondage which owe their being to ignorance or sin. For this, we are enabled to construct the political and social fabrics, and the myriads of mutual relations which connect — it may be, with chains of steel, and it may also be, with threads of golden light — all men with all their fellows. For this comes art, to stimulate and to feed the love of beauty; to awake imagination, and give to it glimpses and suggestions of a perfection too high and too remote for reason yet to grasp and measure, but near enough to kindle aspiration, endeavor, and hope. For art may be only sensuous, and still most beautiful and most seductive; but it is false to its own purpose, or fails to reach it, when it does not make us look upwards, and when it does not urge us forwards. And for this too comes religion; comes to sanctify all; to spread itself like an over-arching, all-embracing heaven, over all; and to convert all into the means of progress, development, and ascent. And when all these have accomplished their work; or rather, in proportion as the work is done, for revolving eternities will find it still beginning, — man is Free. He is free to receive life as it flows from the Source of life redundant and unchecked; free to hold all his capacities, and use them and enjoy them as his own; free to recognize as the laws which he obeys the truths of an infinite wisdom; free to acknowledge no master but the goodness of an infinite love. Far, very far, from us and all of us, is this result; and no efforts born of pride, or selfishness, or folly, or sin, will hasten its approach; but these evil things have no absolute dominion, and thitherward are we tending, step by step, led by our Maker's hand. Hith-

erward, one and all; but the race and the individual equally under the condition, that we use the freedom that we have aright, and *so* make it the glad parent of greater freedom. And therefore in the history of man's freedom, shall we always read the central history of man.

Mr. Eliot, if we understand him aright, has undertaken to develop and illustrate the history of our race, by the history of freedom among its nations. To do this fully, and with all the detail these topics might permit, would require a work of almost boundless extent; and in the volumes before us, and those which are to follow, the author proposes to do little more than sketch the outlines of his subject.

The history of liberty in Rome is prefaced by some chapters upon the history of liberty in India, Egypt, Persia, Greece, and Judea. It is difficult to present, in a brief space, his views of the progress of freedom among these nations; but we will endeavor to do so. In India and Egypt, — for they are so much alike in this respect that they may be considered together, — the master and the tyrant against whom Liberty strove was superstition; and the strife was ineffectual. Mr. Eliot supposes an earlier condition of mankind, — more free, more pure, and possessed of a peculiar civilization of which few or no distinct traces have come down to us. Before the beginning of authentic history, it had passed away. And at this beginning, we find despotic sovereigns, and a despotic priesthood, and these despotisms united for mutual support, and using the superstition of the people as the means of preserving their unlimited and oppressive sway.

But even in these ages, he finds evidence of wide, earnest, and enduring, but not successful, efforts after liberty; and he finds this chiefly in the principles and history of Buddhism. This may be so; and we are aware that Mr. Eliot's opinion is supported by high authority. If we do not misrecollect, Sir William Jones at one time held such views; but we believe that he afterwards abandoned them. It is true, that nearly all we know of early and Indian Buddhism comes from enemies who had conquered them, and is doubtless misrepresented by their hatred and contempt. But, except in its hostility to castes, we see no clear traces of principles of freedom. And the passages which may be quoted from

Buddhist writers indicative of purer religion, may easily be paralleled from Brahminical writings; and both together prove only that the fading light of a brighter morning had not wholly passed away; that tradition had preserved some recollections, which, in a few minds, revived into almost their primitive purity and splendor. Buddhism was conquered in India long ages ago; but it went abroad, and has remained ever since, as a firmly rooted, if not dominant faith in Japan, Thibet, China, Burmah, and Ceylon; and we see in none of these nations any proof of its favoring the progress of freedom. And if this be explained, as it sometimes is, by supposing the early severance of its political from its theological character, this very severance only shows their slight connection. The theory of Ritter, that by their migration to Thrace through Colchis, the Buddhists founded the civilization of the Pelasgi, from whom the Greeks derived the germs of all existing culture, was once received with some favor, but is now abandoned.

But that such efforts, such struggles of nascent liberty, there were, we have no doubt, whether the distinct evidence is now within our reach or not. And so mankind advanced into the possibility of that somewhat better state of things which prevailed in Persia. Here, superstition is not a stern and immutable master. Liberty was called to encounter only the feebler and less deadly hostility of political oppression. And the law of castes had lost its power. The institutions of Persia favored individual progress; men might make their way upwards in society; but the thought of political freedom was not born. The history of the nation is only the history of its rulers; for the people were their property, were mere incidents to them.

Not so is it in Greece. Here, for the first time, the people are foremost. Here, the history of the nation is the history of its peoples, and not of its kings and rulers. That men *might* be free, was conceded, at least as a possibility; not yet as a right; but freedom was henceforward to be something which all might desire, and the fortunate might win. The hope of it, the endeavor towards it, take part in all the conflicts of that history. If freedom itself was stifled in these conflicts, it did not die and leave no sign. For these very conflicts grew out of, and expressed, the rivalry of

newly awakened interests and rights, which, once aroused, were to slumber no more.

Of the history of Judea, in this connection, it can only be said, that its manifest purpose, implied indeed in the very word *theocracy*, is to substitute the dominion of God for the dominion of man, and, at the same time, to guard this from degenerating into that thraldom of idolatrous superstition which had for ages enslaved the eastern world. If this substitution were imperfect, if this guard were ineffectual, we have here but one more of the innumerable instances in which we see, that the coöperation of man with God is needed to develop the full value of His gifts, and that this coöperation, because it must be voluntary, may be withheld. And we see, too, that when it is withheld, and because man refuses to do his part, apparent failure and destruction follow, then, even in the midst of this and through it all, Providence works out great and abiding results which pass over to become the blessings of other members of the human family, and dwell with man forever.

Then came Rome, the universal conqueror. And this portentous history presents the three great questions, — How did this race so conquer, Why were they permitted so to conquer, and Why then decline, decay, and fall into such unmitigated ruin. All these questions, Mr. Eliot answers.

Over the infancy of Rome an impenetrable cloud still rests, in despite of the labor, learning, and ingenuity which have striven against it. Perhaps Mr. Eliot's view of the myths of its early history is a reasonable one; and it certainly has this in its favor, that it stands about half way between the extremes which would reject them altogether, or admit them as literal statements of actual facts. Amid this darkness, some things are seen with sufficient clearness to justify reasoning from them. The Romans were from the beginning warlike. Their rulers were not despots in the eastern and earlier way of sovereignty. There were families having great power, and perhaps the nation was at one time composed of them. The kingly power was hedged round by forms, by the distinct rights of large classes, and by privileges which penetrated society, and imparted to all but the slave a certain share of political power and liberty. There was no grinding, debilitating superstition; for this we

may say, although we cannot say what the religion of Rome was. With all this, and as a trait of national character new upon earth, there was an acknowledgment of the sovereignty of law, and of law as the express will of the state, which never died out in Rome, and which compelled the despotism, which at last overwhelmed all rights and interests, to observe with watchful and almost timid care all the forms and expressions which had once guarded liberty. Such was the beginning of Rome; and it was a good beginning for the cause of freedom. Successful wars added captured nations to their population. These were at first enslaved; and ages of conflict passed away, before the plebeians who represented these conquered nations acquired an equal liberty with the patricians who represented their conquerors. But these conflicts were conflicts for freedom, and the result was a conquest of freedom. And with freedom, the strength of the state grew. Its force was more easily put forth, and less easily resisted; and its conquests widened, until the sound of the Roman wars came back to Rome only as a distant echo.

The Romans had a work to do, and they did it well. They had to acquire the largest freedom then possible; and to use this freedom, and the strength it gave, in the conquest of the world. And the end was to be, that prostration of the heathen world and all its energies, that humiliation of the heathen mind and heart, which should make the spread of a new revelation possible; and therefore make the growth of a new and higher freedom — the child of this new revelation — also possible. Rome by her wide conquests made the world Roman. And when her own liberty had become corrupted into license, and then died, men felt as if there was no more hope, as if all that men could try had been tried, and all that men could do had been done, and it was all in vain. Among the writers of imperial Rome, there is a pervading expression of hopelessness, — stoical with some, and made almost beautiful by the stern pride of a Tacitus, and with many more putting on the aspect of utter indifference, or believing, with the followers of Epicurus, that the only wisdom left for man was to seek and enjoy the skilful and cautious luxury which took excellent care not to perish prematurely of excess. The human mind and character were thus made

ready for new gifts; ready, at least, not to oppose them with an energy which might have been successful, not to choke them by strong adverse growths of its own. Then was our race as effectually prepared for a new dispensation, as ever a field — enriched by the decay of all to which it had formerly given sustenance, ploughed to its very depths, and moistened by tempests — was prepared to receive new seed. And then Christianity came down from Heaven.

The facts of the past are as meaningless as the letters of a child's alphabet thrown at hazard on the floor, until a recognition of providential government comes in to give them order and significance. Then they may arrange themselves into words full of instruction. The belief in a divine government implies a belief in a unity of purpose from the beginning, and in the prevalence of laws which have always regulated the development of humanity. Can we discover these laws? Not yet perhaps. The acknowledgment that there are such laws, which lead towards a determinate end, is a great step forwards. And by grouping the facts of history, and looking carefully into their analogies, we may discover the laws of the science of history, as we do of other sciences.

Among these analogies is one which may at least be fancied between the growth of the race and that of the individual. When the biography of man shall be written — and until it is, history will not be written — perhaps we shall know, that periods analogous to infancy, childhood, youth, manhood, belong to humanity in the mass, as to each one of them who compose the mass. It is easy to fancy that we see its infancy in that earliest period alluded to by Mr. Eliot, towards which many traditions and some evidences point, when the golden age of the poets found upon earth nothing of the culture of subsequent ages, and little of their crimes or sorrows, but instead of these, a peace as calm as the smile of an infant. Of that age, history preserves nothing; and the universal recollection, which places it as a gate of pearl at the entrance of every nation's history, is as dim and undefined, as sweet and pure, as the veiled memory which sometimes brings back to every man his own earliest years. Then, in the East, where history begins, began the childhood of our race; and in its perfect and unreflecting obedience — for the thought of personal freedom seems not to have existed — in the institu-

tion of castes, which would be appropriate and good for them who were not ripe enough to be trusted with the choice of their own employments ; — in their literature, for the literature of eastern men comes to the nurseries and play-rooms of Europe and finds a fitting home there ; — and in many particulars of their religion, philosophy, and social life, to which we cannot pause even to allude, we may find much that becomes at once explicable and fitting, if we remember that we are looking on the childhood of humanity.

Then may we fancy that in Greece we have reached its youth. Mr. Eliot regards the love of the beautiful as the distinguishing characteristic of that nation ; but it seems to us a false ingenuity which would explain Sparta and Thermopylæ by a love of the beautiful. There are two passions of youth, both vehement and irrepressible, — the love of the beautiful and the love of combat. As yet untaught and undisciplined, the love of beauty is only of that external beauty which filled with the miracles of art that Athens of which a fine thinker said, that religion there was only one among the fine arts. And its love of combat was that love of fighting for its own sake which made Sparta a mere encampment, but could not make her a great conqueror. Athens and Sparta were Greece, because they impersonated these two great passions of untamed youth.

And then Alexander, who seems almost the incarnation of the Grecian character, conquered the East. With him was Aristotle, who conquered the eastern mind, and began that system of exact and methodical inquiry and knowledge, which has never since permitted the old oriental sublimity and obscurity to be what it once was, the religion, philosophy, and poetry of mankind all in one.

And so was our race prepared for the coming of its manhood ; for Rome. There was an energy not less vigorous than that of Greece, but strengthened by the foresight, the persistence, and the guidance of the present by a steady look to a far future, which are not the attributes of youth, and were not of Greece. It went forth step by step, and in its centuries conquered a dominion but little wider than Alexander won in twelve years, but a dominion that lasted its centuries, and slowly fell.

And here our fancy is exhausted, and this same analogy

fails, unless we look upon the feudal ages as the decline of this period, and upon ourselves, who are witnessing the last dying throes of feudal institutions, as living at the close of one great cycle of humanity, or rather at the beginning of another, which may also have its youth, its manhood, and its decline. This fancy will be welcome to many, because it tells us, that we constitute and are, as it were, the beginning of an era; and that in this country, man is to begin to live anew. And national vanity will be flattered by remembering the fact, which, however inexplicable, is at least as undeniable, that from the beginning, the course of empire has ever been westward. From the East to Greece, thence to Rome, and thence to the western shores of an old world, where it waited until a new one should be discovered; and then, bounding over the ocean, the dominion of the world, or the chief seat of those principles which are to be henceforth sovereign throughout the world, is to be established in the new home that is now limited in the east and west only by the two great oceans of the globe. Then will it have completed its circuit, and at its next remove must return to the place of its beginning. Very easy is it to indulge such fancies as these; still easier is it, to nurse the vanity and self-complacency for which such fancies are the fitting nutriment. Suppose them to be true, or to have some foundation of truth; suppose that with our nation a new era begins, characterized by the possession of a completed liberty; of that blessing for which blood and tears have freely flowed in all ages, and which has ever stood before the eyes of struggling and suffering humanity, as the end for which it was well to strive and suffer to the last limit of endurance, — as the hope which was great enough to sustain the courage of mankind through perpetual conflict, and to cheer them through the strife and the pain of their pilgrimage. What then? Why do we forget that, before we learn how to use this blessing, coming generations must pass through a new — perhaps a far more wasting and desolate — series of efforts and of conflicts, of errors and of punishments. That liberty has come to mankind at last, so large that it can be made no larger, is certain. That we are unprepared for it, that we are in danger of making enormous mistakes in relation to it, that we shall strive to make it the slave of selfishness until bitter suffering shall teach us and

succeeding ages better things by long and oft repeated admonitions, seems now to thinking men, we believe, generally, at least as certain.

Of the moral tone of Mr. Eliot's work we cannot speak too highly. From the beginning to the end it is profoundly religious; but upon no page and in no sentence, is there a word of cant. The very idea and purpose of the book were inspired by a deep conviction of providential government, and by a belief which is borne like a torch through the mazes of the past, — that every occurrence was caused or permitted for an end, and would teach us that end if our ears were open to the lesson. There are those who will complain of the author's enthusiasm; that it never masters him, that strong as it is, a stronger reason ever goes with it, and that it never degenerates into wild phantasy, will not excuse it with such readers, nor would we blame them very heartily; for an honest and earnest, yet rational, enthusiasm is so rare in these days, that one may be pardoned who believes it impossible.

The learning employed in this work, gathered for it and exhibited in it, is very remarkable. The notes show a very wide reading, and a power of getting aid and illustration from the most improbable quarters. Before we read the work, we observed the quantity of notes, and the variety of reference, and a suspicion arose that there was some parade in this. But it soon passed away. There is no display; but in all sincerity, the acquisitions of years of well-directed industry are brought — fairly and without violence — into the service of the writer. Indeed, in some of the notes, interesting topics are touched too lightly, and apparently from the fear, that if more were said, the author might seem to *try* to make the most of them.

The great fault of the book is its obscurity; and it is a very great fault. It seems to arise from two causes. The views and thoughts are often very original, and have not yet been matured in the mind of the author. It is unfortunate for the book, that a part has been thus published prematurely; for we believe that if it had been kept until, through years of study and investigation, the work had been finished, this beginning would have been re-written in the light of the whole. But we are not sure that it is unfortunate for the author. He has won a high place in the literature of our country. He has

produced a work which implies a combination of uncommon abilities, of great industry, and of a very singular capacity for unfailing devotion to a great purpose. The approbation he has received, and must receive, will sustain him. He will go on, and complete his work; of that, if he lives we have no doubt; and just as little, that every step which he takes will be a step in advance.

But it is obscure for another reason; and that is, a style very faulty, or rather very often faulty, in this respect. It is not direct enough; it is often allusive and suggestive, precisely where the author should speak most plainly — should *labor* to speak plainly. There will be a series of facts and observations, intelligible enough, and then a paragraph summing up the results, which it is hard to understand. Take, for instance, the following paragraph, which we have not selected, but found by opening the book almost at hazard. Others may easily be pointed out more obscure, and many others far less so; and this would be plainer, if read in its proper connection; but as it is, it will serve to show our meaning:

"At the same time that the growth of society was helped by the rivalry and activity amongst the nations of Greece, its natural offspring was conceived. The lower orders not only became of consequence to the higher, but, as warfare continued and civilization dilated, they rose, themselves, towards and to the higher, while new classes were brought from hitherto silent shores to cover the ocean upheaving with strength and hope. Henceforth the fitness of man for freedom was determined; and beings trampled in the dust, above which they were supposed incapable to lift their faces, much more their souls, were recognized as having their portion, also, in humanity. It must be plainly added, that these were results in their beginning only; but the beginning was the boon most desirable to mankind. The course of ancient history brightens with increasing liberty; yet liberty, though the inspiration of progress, was, as we may see hereafter, the forerunner of that humiliation in which heathenism departed and Christianity appeared." — Vol. I. p. 111.

There is often great beauty in a suggestive style; but it is when one thing, whether thought or fact, is presented with perfect clearness, but the thing itself, or the manner of its presentation, suggests many other things. But a suggestive style is very bad, which *only* suggests. How few writers, how very few readers, are aware of the potent charm of a

perfectly direct and transparent style. A very large part of Prescott's fame, which seems now to be as well established in England as at home, rests upon his merit in this respect. You do not stop to admire its brilliancy, or its force, or precision, or any other excellence; you do not stop at all; you are borne along by the gentle current of his language, and give yourself up to the pleasure of such progress. It is indeed so pleasant to glide along a clear stream which breaks only into smiles, that the happy voyager sometimes sees great beauty in what is often but the very common scenery of the banks. We do not of course mean that Prescott thus seduces us into undeserved admiration; but we began the figure — which is, after all, rather a poor one, — for the purpose of saying, that be the beauty of the shores never so great and never so new, one must be a passionate lover of the picturesque who can appreciate it fully, while his course is tortuous and interrupted, and sometimes he is compelled to take the oar and work his passage. There are many sentences in Mr. Eliot's book which we have studied with some diligence, and are now by no means sure that we understand them.

And this is provoking, because it is so entirely his own fault, or at least, a misfortune easily avoided. Indeed, it lessens as you go on, and the last half of his second volume is, in addition to its other merits, almost easy reading. But we say it is entirely his own fault, because he labors under nothing like disability in the matter of style. It is generally rich, glowing, and impressive; and there are many passages, and long ones too, of which the beauty is high and consummate, and wholly unimpaired. But instead of talking more about the style of this work, let us give our readers an opportunity to judge for themselves. And for this purpose, we give them the closing chapter.

Before quoting it, however, let us sum up the opinions we have somewhat discursively expressed. This work is singularly learned, full of original and important views and valuable instruction, perfect in its moral and religious tone, and generally beautiful, sometimes extremely beautiful, in style. But the thoughts are occasionally immature, and give the impression, that with all the author's zeal and industry they have not yet been fully studied; and the work is marred

by a prevailing obscurity which will impair, not merely its popularity, but its usefulness. Indeed, it will never be a favorite work with the many who love to read, but cannot think; but they who read that they may think, will use this book, and prize it.

"The view from which our steps are bearing us away is such as we may well be glad to leave. A few scattered palaces, wherein we would not willingly look again, rise amongst a mass of hovels, of which the doors are closed against us, upon a plain grim with devastation and sterility. The cheerful voice of the husbandman is changed to the outcry of the soldier or the wail of the slave; while the earth itself, as if saddened and speechless, denies a place to the waving corn, and bears, it seems, no tree or leaf to hear the murmurs of the wind. Above the plain, a mountain, diademed with clouds, and barren as the fields beneath, supports a single edifice, which, whether it be a residence or a fortress, is equally magnificent and dreary. Here dwells the master, and below him, on the plain, are the subjects of the Roman Empire.

"The prospect to which we turn, at first, is not more gladsome. Without a people, and, a few rare instances excepted, without a ruler that deserves the name, the Empire appears to sink deeper and deeper in the wickedness and feebleness it has inherited. Years pass, and centuries; and as they one by one depart from Rome, her fortitude and hope are not only extinguished, but forgotten. The despotism of the Emperor is the judgment upon the Empire. The hollowness of the Empire, like "an empty urn," becomes fit for the "withered hands" of the Emperor by whom it is held. And the onslaught of the barbarians, at last, is the retribution to which the Emperor, the Empire, and the parent Commonwealth have been long foredoomed. The glimpses before or behind us, that we catch of Rome alone, are all alike mournful.

"In every country and amongst every nation of the ancient world, a marvellous progress from barbarism to comparative civilization or from servitude to comparative freedom had been allowed to precede the decline to each appointed in its turn. The extent of this advancement was generally commensurate with the degree of liberty existing amongst the various races engaged in its production; and the greatest development of knowledge and of cultivation occurred in Greece, together with the greatest development of liberty. A different phase appears to be observable in Rome, under whose laws liberty attained to a greater stature than in any other heathen state, without producing a corres-

ponding increase in the sciences, the arts, or the comforts of mankind. The same religion that had interposed itself like a cloud between the freedom of other nations and the light from Heaven hung thinnest above the seven hills; and yet nowhere was the liberty it always obscured so fatal to human works and to human hopes as amongst the proud and finally the lawless conquerors who were trained at Rome.

"Here lies the moral of our history. In the great creation of which we form a part, the process of animation and increase is the result of mutual, though they be unconscious, services amongst its members. The plant subsists upon the breath of the animal, and the animal seeks from the plant those exhalations without which its own life would be intolerable. It is one of the thousand instances with which the world is filled to teach men how to conduct themselves and how to employ their principles; and it may serve, at this moment, as an illustration of the truth, that liberty is virtually servitude, unless it be so connected with human powers as to minister to them and be ministered unto by them in return. The institutions of ancient Rome secured to all the citizens whom they acknowledged the amplest freedom in that age possible; yet freedom failed amongst them for want of higher powers in its possessors than those of conquerors and rulers; while the institutions by which this liberty had been provided were bowed and broken by its courses of blood and despotism. The few, like the Gracchi and Cicero, whom it educated to greater aspirations were not allowed to spread the learning they acquired amongst men, much less to exercise the benevolence they had received from their Creator.

"The wants of the Romans are as evident as their errors. They not only lacked the powers, but the first necessities, of humanity. To be free, they needed to be conscious of their weakness as individuals, and, mortally speaking, as a nation; a consciousness which never came to the nation, and only to its individual members in the day of their utter downfall. Even had they been sooner humbled, a law of right and wrong would still have failed them; though in order to be free, singly or collectively, they required liberation from the vice and fortification in the virtue of the world. This law, however, was never theirs; it neither rose with their early institutions nor arrived with their later philosophy, except in part; and the part even which they did obtain was lost before the beginning of the Empire. Without this knowledge of right and wrong, there can be no true power; and without power, again, there can be no real exercise of liberty. There is a holiness of freedom yet to be attained in doing 'whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things

are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report'; and so doing them, that the glory of God, which religion commands, may be fulfilled by man through liberty.

"So far as humility amongst men was necessary for the preparation of a truer freedom than could ever be known under heathenism, the part of Rome, however dreadful, was yet sublime. It was not to unite, to discipline, or to fortify humanity, but to enervate, to loosen, and to scatter its forces, that the people whose history we have read were allowed to conquer the earth and were then themselves reduced to deep submission. Every good labor of theirs that failed was, by reason of what we esteem its failure, a step gained nearer to the end of the wellnigh universal evil that prevailed; while every bad achievement that may seem to us to have succeeded, temporarily or lastingly, with them was equally, by reason of its success, a progress towards the good of which the coming would have been longed and prayed for, could it have been comprehended. Alike in the virtues and in the vices of antiquity, we may read the progress towards its humiliation. Yet, on the other hand, it must not seem, at the last, that the disposition of the Romans or of mankind to submission was secured solely through the errors and the apparently ineffectual toils which we have traced back to these times of old. Desires too true to have been wasted, and strivings too humane to have been unproductive, though all were overshadowed by passing wrongs, still gleam as if in anticipation or in preparation of the advancing day.

"At length, when it had been proved by ages of conflict and loss that no lasting joy and no abiding truth could be procured through the power, the freedom, or the faith of mankind, the angels sang their song, in which the glory of God and the good-will of men were together blended. The universe was wrapped in momentary tranquillity, and 'peaceful was the night' above the manger at Bethlehem. We may believe, that, when the morning came, the ignorance, the confusion, and the servitude of humanity had left their darkest forms amongst the midnight clouds. It was still, indeed, beyond the power of man to lay hold securely of the charity and the regeneration that were henceforth to be his law; and the indefinable terrors of the future, whether seen from the West or from the East, were not at once to be dispelled. But before the death of the Emperor Augustus, in the midst of his fallen subjects, the Business of The Father had already been begun in the Temple at Jerusalem; and, near by The Son was increasing in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man.

"The sea, as it were, upon which wave has pursued wave through day and night, through years and centuries, before our

eyes, is thus illumined with the approaching light which we have been waiting to behold. And as we stand upon the shore, conscious of the spirit that has moved upon the face of the waters, we may lift our eyes with more confiding faith to the over-watching Heaven."

ART. V. — *Lectures on Subjects connected with Literature and Life.* By EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, Author of "Essays and Reviews." Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 218.

MR. WHIPPLE may now fairly be called the most popular essayist in this country; and he has substantial merits which go far to justify the favor with which his writings have been received. To a large acquaintance with English literature, a prompt and retentive memory, a lively fancy, and considerable wit, he joins the brisk and smart exuberance of style which is the most agreeable quality of the essayist, and the most essential to his success. His command of expression is almost marvellous; he showers words upon the page with a prodigality that astonishes the lean and bare scribblers who, after painful search and with many contorsions, clothe their shivering thoughts in scant and inappropriate garments. He revels in the abundance of his wealth, and changes his rich costume so frequently and swiftly, that the reader begins to think he is playing tricks with dress, or is substituting words for thought. Yet the suspicion would be groundless. The expression, though lavish and ornate, is almost invariably clear, pointed, and precise. Because he has a large store to choose from, the word selected is just the appropriate word, conveying the precise idea that the writer wishes to impart, without distortion or indistinctness. Mr. Whipple's essays, therefore, form easy and luxurious reading. We are not obliged to pause and dwell upon a sentence before we can detect its meaning, or discern its connection with what precedes and what follows in the train of thought.

The essayist does not aim at complete and elaborate inves-

tigations; he touches upon many subjects, but exhausts none. He has no excuse, therefore, for tiring the reader with wire-drawn disquisitions, complex processes of argumentation, painful collections of facts, or a mere *farrago* of other men's ideas. He is at liberty to skip all that is tedious in the exhibition of his theme, and all that he may suppose to be familiarly known to most of his readers. He is bound not to be dull, feeble, or common-place, but he is not obliged to be methodical, far-reaching, or profound. He is a gleaner on the fields of thought, and is expected to bring into barn only what the regular reapers have left behind them. Still he must bring wheat, and not tares; he must gather what the husbandmen have overlooked, or what has dropped from their wearied arms, not what they have intentionally left to decay. We look to the quality, not the quantity, of the collection that he has made, and are grateful to him for any addition, however slight, that he may make to the sum of knowledge, the means of entertainment, or the materials of thought. The aggregate of good done by many laborers in this department of effort may be considerable; English literature would lose much of what is most entertaining and valuable in it, if the productions of all the essayists were left out of the account, or condemned to the flames. There are some minds — Lord Bacon's and Dr. Johnson's, for instance, judging the latter, however, only from his conversations — the mere drippings of which are of more worth than the full flow of other men's thoughts. We prize both the essays of the former and the talk of the latter for the acuteness and originality displayed in them, and never think of censuring them for not looking at all sides of a subject, or not exhausting all that can be said upon it. It is often a greater mark of genius to be able to say something that is new and striking upon a very trite theme, than to spread out a more novel topic in all its breadth and variety.

These considerations, which in themselves are sufficiently obvious, are very necessary to be kept in mind in passing judgment upon such a volume as Mr. Whipple has just published; as we might otherwise unfairly accuse him of presumption in selecting ambitious but hackneyed topics for his Lectures, or of superficiality in his mode of writing upon them. Here is a little book of about 200 pages, which professes to

treat of "subjects connected with Literature and Life," subjects which are subsequently specified as follows: — Authors in their Relation to Life, Novels and Novelists, Wit and Humor, the Ludicrous Side of Life, Genius, and Intellectual Health and Disease. Volumes might be written upon any one of these themes; but we doubt whether they would be half as entertaining as these slight but spirited essays. Of course, they are "Lectures" only in name, that appellation being given to them because they were written for the purpose of delivery before a literary association in Boston, and also before several of the lyceums in our country towns. The miscellaneous character of the audiences to which they were addressed made it necessary to treat familiar topics, and imposed some restrictions upon the writer in regard both to the selection of his materials and the characteristics of his style. He could not wing a very lofty flight without passing beyond the range of vision of at least a portion of his hearers. But he had also too much good sense to hug the ground from an affected desire of accommodating himself to their perceptions. He does not pay his audience the poor compliment of telling them, by implication at least, that he is making an effort to keep himself down to the level of their apprehensions. Confiding in the general transparency of his style and in the obviousness of the associations in his trains of thought, he writes frankly and naturally, without any painful reference to the tastes or powers of his auditory. Some of the literary criticisms interspersed in these Lectures relate to books which most of his hearers probably had never seen; many of the allusions to facts in literary history could not have stirred their recollections. And yet, the fact that these performances were received with applause by such an audience as can be collected in any of our small villages, bears honorable testimony both to the tact of the speaker and to the general cultivation of the people of New England.

The chief negative merit of these essays is the entire lack of pretence and affectation. The writer is not bitten with a pestilent desire of playing any other part than that for which nature has designed him. He is neither a pedant, a sentimentalist, nor an enthusiast; though he has the taste and feelings of a poet, the gleams of a very rich fancy often irradiating the substance of his prose, he does not fly off into

rhapsodies, or die away in ecstacies. His vigorous common sense and quick perception of the ludicrous guard him effectually from such follies, and he launches some keen shafts of ridicule against those who are guilty of them. He does not belong to the modern school of political philanthropists, and has no universal nostrum to recommend as a cure for all the evils with which society is afflicted. He is not possessed by one idea, but looks round the whole horizon of truth, and welcomes the light which comes to him from any quarter. There is a pervading air of kindliness and good nature in his estimate both of books and men; if a satirist, he is a playful and benevolent one, and his laugh is genial, leaving no trace of party prejudice or personal animosity. This negative praise may not seem a high compliment either to his disposition or his talents; but the faults of pretension, cant, and savageness infect so much of the popular fugitive literature of the present day, that it seems to us no small merit in an author to be entirely free from them.

Of all the later English essayists, Mr. Whipple may most properly be compared with Hazlitt, whom he closely resembles except in this very point of his imperturbable good humor. Hazlitt was a soured man, who had quarrelled with the world, and was disposed to avenge his supposed wrongs on every person who crossed his path. He was a savage politician, and many of his essays on public affairs show the concentrated energy of hate. But his perception of the beauties of literature was as keen as his perception of personal wrong. His taste was formed by diligent study of the writers of the Elizabethan age, and his estimate of their merits, his explanation of their peculiarities, manifested a degree of critical insight and a power of metaphysical analysis which have seldom been surpassed. Felicities of expression stud his page as frequent as the stars in the evening sky. When he wholly forgets himself and his supposed injuries, he is delightful, though he has none of the sly humor of Lamb, and but little of the affectionateness and simplicity of Leigh Hunt. Mr. Whipple reminds us of him at every turn, especially in his fondness for the use of metaphysical terms in criticism. The ordinary resources of the critical vocabulary are not enough for these two writers; they carry the analysis so far that they are obliged to give the results in phraseology borrowed from

another science. They are constantly striving to fix evanescent beauties upon the page, to mark vanishing lines of difference, and to describe in words what can only be felt. This detracts somewhat from the naturalness of their style, though it does not injure its transparency; they are both too great masters of English idiom ever to drop the leading thought in a mere fog of words. Hazlitt often wrote narrative, and we wish Whipple would follow his example; for his style now too frequently *creams* like sparkling, but very light ale, which lacks body. Thought always lies beneath, but it is often subtile and over-refined thought, or a playful repetition of one idea, which is meant to tickle the reader's fancy after it has satisfied the demands of his intellect. Rapid, vigorous, and condensed narration is the best exercise-ground for writers whose tendency is to be continually fencing with words. The rigid demands of the story oblige them to take the buttons off from their foils.

But it is time that we should give our readers a taste of Mr. Whipple's quality; though there is less need of making extracts in this case, as he has been a frequent and favored contributor to our pages. On account of the bias that we naturally feel from this circumstance, our readers may make such deduction from the praise already bestowed as they may think proper. The following lively and ingenious parallel between wit and humor is very characteristic, and certainly very good; the lines which we have italicized are as witty as any thing in Dr. Barrow's celebrated description of wit, which is daringly quoted in the very lecture from which this extract is taken.

"Wit was originally a general name for all the intellectual powers, meaning the faculty which kens, perceives, knows, understands; it was gradually narrowed in its signification to express merely the resemblance between ideas; and lastly, to note that resemblance when it occasioned ludicrous surprise. *It marries ideas, lying wide apart, by a sudden jerk of the understanding.* Humor originally meant moisture, a signification it metaphorically retains, for it is the very juice of the mind, oozing from the brain, and enriching and fertilizing wherever it falls. Wit exists by antipathy; Humor by sympathy. Wit laughs *at* things; Humor laughs *with* them. Wit lashes external appearances, or cunningly exaggerates single foibles into character; Humor glides into the heart of its object, looks lov-

ingly on the infirmities it detects, and represents the whole man. Wit is abrupt, darting, scornful, and tosses its analogies in your face; Humor is slow and shy, insinuating its fun into your heart. Wit is negative, analytical, destructive; Humor is creative. The couplets of Pope are witty, but Sancho Panza is a humorous creation. Wit, when earnest, has the earnestness of passion, seeking to destroy; Humor has the earnestness of affection, and would lift up what is seemingly low into our charity and love. Wit, bright, rapid and blasting as the lightning, flashes, strikes, and vanishes, in an instant; Humor, warm and all-embracing as the sunshine, bathes its objects in a genial and abiding light. Wit implies hatred or contempt of folly and crime, produces its effects by brisk shocks of surprise, uses the whip of scorpions and the branding-iron, stabs, stings, pinches, tortures, goads, teases, corrodes, undermines; Humor implies a sure conception of the beautiful, the majestic, and the true, by whose light it surveys and shapes their opposites. It is an humane influence, softening with mirth the ragged inequalities of existence, promoting tolerant views of life, bridging over the spaces which separate the lofty from the lowly, the great from the humble. Old Dr. Fuller's remark, that a negro is 'the image of God cut in ebony,' is humorous; Horace Smith's inversion of it, that the taskmaster is 'the image of the devil cut in ivory,' is witty. Wit can coëxist with fierce and malignant passions; but Humor demands good feeling and fellow-feeling, feeling not merely for what is above us, but for what is around and beneath us. When Wit and Humor are commingled, the result is a genial sharpness, dealing with its object somewhat as old Izaak Walton dealt with the frog he used for bait, — running the hook neatly through his mouth and out at his gills, and in so doing 'using him as though he loved him!' Sydney Smith and Shakspeare's Touchstone are examples."

This is brilliantly said; but while the writer accumulates the points in regard to which wit differs from humor, we are not sure that he hits with a sure aim, or even keeps constantly in sight, the fundamental distinction between them, upon which all their other differences depend. Humor, as it seems to us, is continuous and consistent wit embodied in character. Hence, wit sparkles, and humor flows. Falstaff is a humorous character who says witty things; Corporal Nym, on the other hand, is a humorous creation, but he has no wit at all. Wit gives a pleasing shock, but humor affords continuous delight. Unexpectedness in the combination of ideas is characteristic of both; but in the case of humor, one

of the related ideas is, so to speak, a fixed quantity, being the character which is to be illustrated. Witticisms have no connection with each other, so that a constant succession of them may tire; they are like a bunch of India crackers all fired off at once, one explosion being just like another in regard to the effect produced. But every stroke of humor has a relation to the character which is its object; all the strokes are in keeping with each other, and all tend to make the portrait more complete and lifelike. Uncle Toby's merciful treatment of the bluebottle fly is a humorous illustration of the same benevolence and simplicity of heart which appear in his conduct towards poor Le Fevre. Humor, consequently, never tires; the effect of successive strokes is cumulative, not disjunctive. The wit of the characters in Sheridan's comedies, for instance, *tells* like frequent blows from a hammer, the effect constantly diminishing as the nail is driven nearer home; but humor acts like gravity on a descending weight, which moves faster and faster every instant. The wit of Shakspeare's characters is all, to a certain extent, humorous; for it is all in keeping with the minds and hearts of those who utter it. Rosalind's wit differs from Touchstone's as plainly as the moralizing of Jacques from that of the Duke. Humor is witty portrait-painting.

Mr. Whipple's description of irony is very much in his manner, fanciful illustrations of the leading thought being clustered together with a sort of comic rapidity and earnestness.

"Irony is an insult conveyed in the form of a compliment; insinuating the most galling satire under the phraseology of panegyric; placing its victim naked on a bed of briers and thistles, thinly covered with rose-leaves; adorning his brow with a crown of gold, which burns into his brain; teasing, and fretting, and riddling him through and through, with incessant discharges of hot shot from a masked battery; laying bare the most sensitive and shrinking nerves of his mind, and then blandly touching them with ice, or smilingly pricking them with needles. Wit, in this form, cannot be withstood, even by the hardest of heart and the emptiest of head. It eats and rusts into its victim."

The extracts already made illustrate our essayist's command of language and the peculiarities of his style; but they are not fair specimens of his power of thought, the sobriety and

correctness of his judgment, or his facile use of the rich stores of English literature for the purposes of illustration and ornament. It is partly his own fault, if these more substantial merits of his writings have been sometimes overlooked, or not clearly perceived, through the glitter and sparkle of his sentences, and his frequent playfulness of manner. The last Lecture in this volume, on Intellectual Health and Disease, does more justice than the others to the higher qualities of his mind; we shall therefore make liberal quotations from it, though to be fairly appreciated, it must be read as a whole. The leading idea of the essay, or the philosophy of mental disease, is thus stated.

"An analysis of our consciousness, or rather a contemplation of the mysterious processes of our inward life, reveals no faculties and no impulses which can be disconnected from our personality. The mind is no collection of self-acting powers and passions, but a vital, indissoluble unit and person, capable, it is true, of great variety of manifestation, but still in its nature a unit, not an aggregate. For the purposes of science, or verbal convenience, we may call its various operations by different names, according as it perceives, feels, understands, or imagines; but the moment science breaks it up into a series of disconnected parts, and considers each part by itself as a separate power, that moment the living principle of mind is lost, and the result is an anarchy of faculties. Fortunately, however, we cannot free ourselves, by any craft of analysis, from personal pronouns. A man who speaks or acts, instinctively mentions it as — *I* said, *I* did. We do not say that Milton's imagination wrote Paradise Lost, but that Milton wrote it. There is no mental operation in which the whole mind is not present; nothing produced but by the joint action of all its faculties, under the direction of its central personality. This central principle of mind is spiritual force, — capacity to cause, to create, to assimilate, to be. This underlies all faculties; interpenetrates, fuses, directs all faculties. This thinks, this feels, this imagines, this worships; this is what glows with health, this is what is enfeebled and corrupted by disease. Call it what you please, — will, personality, individuality, character, force of being; but recognize it as the true spiritual power which constitutes a living soul. This is the only peculiarity which separates the impersonal *existence* of a vegetable from the personal *life* of a man. The material universe is instinct with spiritual existence, but only in man is it individualized into spiritual life.

. . . . . .

"This mind, this free spiritual force, cannot grow, cannot

even exist, by itself. It can only grow by assimilating something external to itself, the very condition of mental life being the exercise of power within on objects without. The form and superficial qualities of objects it perceives; their life and spirit it conceives. Only what the mind conceives, it assimilates and draws into its own life; — intellectual conception indicating a penetrating vision into the heart of things, through a fierce, firm exertion of vital creative force. In this distinction between perception and conception, we have a principle which accounts for the limited degree in which so many persons grow in intelligence and character, in grace and gracelessness. Here, also, is the distinction between assent and faith, theory and practice. In the one case, opinions lie on the surface of the mind, mere objects, the truth of which it perceives, but which do not influence its will; in the other, ideas penetrate into the very substance of the mind, become one with it, and are springs of living thought and action. For instance, you may cram whole folios of morality and divinity into the heads of Dick Turpin and Captain Kidd, and both will cordially assent to their truth; but the captives of Dick's blunderbuss will still have to give up their purses, and the prisoners of Kidd's piracy will still have to walk the plank. On the other hand, you may pour all varieties of immoral opinions and images into the understanding of a pure and high nature, and there they will remain, unassimilated, uncorrupting; his mind, like that of Ion,

> 'Though shapes of ill
> May hover round its surface, glides in light,
> And takes no shadow from them.'

"In accordance with the same principle, all knowledge, however imposing in its appearance, is but superficial knowledge, if it be merely the mind's furniture, not the mind's nutriment. It must be transmuted into mind, as food is into blood, to become wisdom and power. . . . . .

"If the mind thus grows by assimilating external objects, it is plain that the character of the objects it assimilates will determine the form of its development, and its health or disease. Mental health consists in the self-direction of mental power, in the capacity to perceive its own relations to objects and the relations of objects to each other, and to choose those which will conduce to its enlargement and elevation. Disease occurs both when it loses its self-direction, and its self-distrust. When it loses its self-direction, it surrenders itself to every outward impression; when it loses its self-distrust, it surrenders itself to every inward whim. In the one case, it loses all moral and intellectual character, becomes unstrung, sentimental, dissolute,

with feebleness at the very heart of its being; in the other, it perversely misconceives and discolors external things, views every object as a mirror of self, and, having no reverence for aught above itself, subsides into a poisonous mass of egotism, conceit, and falsehood. Thus disease occurs both when the mind loses itself in objects, and when objects are lost in it,— when it parts with will, and when it becomes wilful. The last consequence of will submerged is sensuality, brutality, slavishness; the last consequence of will perverted is Satanic pride. Now, it is an almost universal law, that the diseased weak, the men of unrestrained appetites, shall become the victims and slaves of the diseased strong, the men of unrestrained wills, and that the result of this relation shall be misery, decay, and death, to both. Here is the principle of all slavery, political, intellectual, and religious, in individuals and in communities."

The danger of losing one's individuality, or the power of self-direction, is thus illustrated: —

"Look around any community, and you find it dotted over with men, marked and ticketed as not belonging to themselves, but to some other man, from whom they take their literature, their politics, their religion. They are willing captives of a stronger nature; feed on his life as though it were miraculous manna rained from heaven; complacently parade his name as an adjective to point out their own; and give wonderful pertinence to that nursery rhyme, whose esoteric depth irradiates even its exoteric expression: —

'Whose dog are you?
I am Billy Patton's dog,
Whose dog are *you?*'

"This social servility, as seen in its annual harvest of dwindled souls, abject in every thing, from the tie of a neckcloth to the points of a creed, is a sufficiently strong indication of the tyranny which a few forcible persons can establish in any of our 'free and enlightened' communities; but perhaps a more subtle influence than that which proceeds from social relations, comes from that abstract and epitome of the whole mind of the whole world, which we find in history and literature. Here the thought and action of the race are brought home to the individual intelligence; and the danger is, that we make what should be our emancipation an instrument of servitude, fall a victim to one author or one age, and lose the power of learning from many minds, by sinking into the contented vassal of one; and end, at last, in an intellectual resemblance to that gentleman who only knew two tunes, 'one of which,' he said, 'was Old Hundred,

and the other — was n't.' The danger to individuality, in reading, is not that we repeat an author's opinions or expressions, but that we be magnetized by his spirit to the extent of being drawn into his stronger life, and losing our particular being. Now, no man is benefited by being conquered; and the most modest might say to the mightiest, — to Homer, to Dante, to Milton, to Goethe, — 'Keep off, gentlemen, — not so near, if you please; you can do me vast service, provided you do not swallow me up; my personal being is small, but allow me to say of it, as Touchstone said of Audrey, his wife, 'A poor thing, sir, but mine own.' "

The fatal consequences of erring in the opposite extreme, by allowing will to degenerate into wilfulness, are set forth, first, in the case of individuals, and afterwards, of communities.

"In passing from the simple forms of Asiatic life to the complex civilization of Greece, a more difficult problem presents itself. The Greek Mind, with its combination of energy and objectiveness, its open sense to all the influences of nature, its wonderful adaptation to philosophy, and art, and arms, — where, it may be asked, can you detect disease in that? The answer to this question is fortunately partly contained in the statement of a fact. Greek civilization is dead; the Greek mind died out more than two thousand years ago; a race of heroes declined into a race of sycophants, sophists, and slaves; and no galvanic action of modern sympathy has ever yet convulsed it into even a resemblance of its old life. Now, if it died, it must have died of disease; for nothing else has power to kill a nation. In considering the causes of the decay of a national mind so orderly, comprehensive, and creative as the Greek, we must keep steadily prominent the fact that it began in Satanic energy, and that it is an universal law that this energy in the end consumes itself. Perhaps the history of the Greek Mind is best read in the characteristics of its three great dramatists, — sublime and wilful in Æschylus, beautiful in Sophocles, sentimental in Euripides. The Greek deified Man, first as an object of religion, then as an object of art. Now, as it is a consequence of high culture, that a superstition, having its source in human passions, shall subside from a religion into an art, the Greek became atheistical as he grew intelligent. He had, so to speak, a taste for divinities, but no belief in them. He acknowledged nothing higher than his own mind; waxed measurelessly proud and conceited; worshipped, in fact, himself. He had opinions on morals, but he assimilated no moral ideas. Now, the moment he became an atheist,

the moment he ceased to rise above himself, he began to decay. The strength at the heart of a nation, which keeps it alive, must either grow or dwindle; and, after a certain stage in its progress, it can only grow by assimilating moral and religious truth. Moral corruption, which is the result of wilful energy, eats into the very substance and core of intellectual life. Energy, it is true, is requisite to all greatness of soul; but the energy of health, while it has the strength and fearlessness of Prometheus chained to the rock, or Satan, buffeting the billows of fire, is also meek, aspiring, and reverential. Its spirit is that of the stout old martyr, who told the trembling brethren of the faith who clustered around his funeral pyre, that if his soul was serene in its last struggle with death, he would lift up his hands to them as a sign. They watched, with tremulous eagerness, the fierce element, as it swept along and over his withered frame, and, in the awful agonies of that moment when he was encircled with fire, and wholly hidden from their view, two thin hands quivered up above fagot and flame, and closed in the form of prayer.

"In the Greek mind, the wilful element took the form of conceit rather than pride, and it is therefore in the civilization of Rome that we must seek for the best expression of the power and the weakness of Satanic passion. The myth, which declares its founders to have been suckled by a wolf, aptly symbolizes that base of ferocity and iron will on which its colossal dominion was raised. The Roman mind, if we look at it in relation to its all-conquering courage and intelligence, had many sublime qualities; but pride, hard, fierce, remorseless, invulnerable pride and contempt of right, was its ruling characteristic. It existed just as long as it had power to crush opposition. But avarice, licentiousness, effeminacy, the whole brood of the abject vices, are sure at last to fasten on the conqueror, humbling his proud will, and turning his strength into weakness. The heart of that vast empire was ulcerated long before it fell. The sensuality of a Mark Antony is a more frightful thing than the sensuality of a savage; and when self-abandonment thus succeeds to self-worship, and men are literally given over to their lusts, a state of society exists which, in its demoniacal contempt of restraint, sets all description at defiance. The irruption of barbarian energy into that worn-out empire, — the fierce horde of savages that swept in a devouring flame over its plains and cities, — we view with something of the grim satisfaction with which an old Hebrew might have surveyed the engulfing of Pharaoh and his host in the waters of the Red Sea."

These are copious extracts; but we must borrow one passage more, though from a different Lecture, to illustrate

the writer's ready application of the materials both of civil and literary history to the illustration of his subject.

"Satirical compositions, floating about among a people, have more than once produced revolutions. They are sown as dragon's teeth; they spring up armed men. The author of the ballad of Lilliburlero boasted that he had rhymed King James the Second out of his dominions. England, under Charles II., was governed pretty equally by roués and wit-snappers. A joke hazarded by royal lips on a regal object has sometimes plunged kingdoms into war; for dull monarchs generally make their repartees through the cannon's mouth. The biting jests of Frederick the Great on the Empress Elizabeth and Madame de Pompadour were instrumental in bringing down upon his dominions the armies of Russia and France. The downfall of the French monarchy was occasioned primarily by its becoming contemptible through its vices. No government, whether evil or good, can long exist after it has ceased to excite respect and begun to excite hilarity. Ministers of state have been repeatedly laughed out of office. Where Scorn points its scoffing finger, Servility itself may well be ashamed to fawn. In this connection, I trust no one will consider me capable of making a political allusion, or to be wanting in respect for the dead, if I refer in illustration to a late administration of our own government, — I mean that which retired on the fourth of March, 1845. Now, during that administration measures of the utmost importance were commenced or consummated; the country was more generally prosperous than it had been for years; there were no spectacles of gentlemen taking passage for France or Texas, with bags of the public gold in their valises; the executive power was felt in every part of the land; and yet the whole thing was hailed with a shout of laughter, ringing to the remotest villages of the east and the west. Everybody laughed, and the only difference between its nominal supporters and its adversaries was, that whereas one party laughed outright, the other laughed in their sleeves. Nothing could have saved such an administration from downfall, for whatever may have been its intrinsic merits, it was still considered not so much a government as a gigantic joke."

ART. VI. — 1. *Two Expeditions into the Interior of Southern Australia.* By CAPT. CHARLES STURT. Second Edition. London. 1834. 2 vols.

2. *An Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales, &c.* By JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D. D. Second Edition. London. 1837. 2 vols.

3. *Physical Description of New South Wales.* By P. E. STRZELECKI. London. 1845.

4. *Discoveries in Australia in* 1837–43. By J. LOTT STOKES. London. 1846.

5. *Journal of an Overland Expedition in Australia from Moreton Bay to Port Essington.* By DR. LUDWIG LEICHHARDT. London. 1847.

6. *Journal of an Expedition into the Interior of Tropical Australia.* By LIEUT. COL. SIR P. MITCHELL. London. 1848.

SINCE Pisistratus Caxton, his wild cousin, and speculative uncle, thought it worth their while to seek their fortunes in Australia, perhaps some review-readers may not be unwilling to take a trip there too, especially if they can do it in their arm chairs, and without being exposed to winds strong enough to spoil a cigar, or disturb a quiet nap. In England, Australia is rather a pet topic, and books innumerable are published in respect to it; but few or none of them are reprinted on this side of the Atlantic, and not many among us, unless from some special cause, turn their studies toward the southern land of wonders. Her egg-laying quadrupeds, black swans, and marvels of all sorts, which, as Sidney Smith says, rendered the latter half of Dr. Shaw's life miserable by their oddities, and filled Sir Joseph Banks "with mingled emotions of distress and delight," are now old stories, familiar to every child; while the more serious problems of her agricultural and commercial capabilities, her future political condition and moral influence, have hardly attracted the eye of any one who is not concerned in the immediate pressing, practical problems of emigration. Indeed, we suspect many of those on this side the water who have followed the fortunes of our "Anachronism," were forced to go to an Atlas to know

where the famous city of "Adelaide" was situated, and have puzzled their brains not a little, endeavoring to form, by the help of Mr. Pisistratus Caxton's note, a clear conception of what is meant by "the Wakefield."

As we have heretofore said little as to this second New World which, looked at from the right point of view, is "farther west" even than Oregon or California, we embrace the present moment, and Mr. Caxton's introduction, to enter, examine, and imperfectly describe it.

And first, let us get a clear idea, if we can, of its size. Maps deceive us sadly. The wisest, even, scarce escape the optical delusion of thinking that that country is large which looks large on the map. As England, therefore, has commonly one sheet, at least, to herself, and England's youngest child, New Holland, only the corner of a sheet, we very naturally think of our antarctic sister as but a little affair. When we look closely, however, the proportions of this young land of the Anglo-Saxon change wonderfully. Should we place her northern point, for example, on the northern point of Maine, her southern would fall somewhere south of Cuba, or in the latitude of the city of Mexico; while longitudinally, her eastern extremity being as far "down" as Cape Cod itself, her western would not fall short of the new Mormon settlement by the great Salt Lake, beyond the Rocky Mountains. Or if we compare her rounded, compact area with our more scattered and outstretched domain, we shall find that she numbers about as many million square miles as we do, Texas, New Mexico, California, and all.* This, then, is the land we propose to visit; not a little, out-of-the-way island, but truly a New World. Thinly peopled, poorly cultivated, scarce known beyond the coast, it is true; but when as many years had elapsed after the settlement of Jamestown as have passed since the founding of Sydney,† namely, sixty-one, the colony of South Carolina was not in existence. New York had been but four years under the flag of England. "Jamestown was but a place of a State-house, one church, and

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* Say three million square miles. Murray's Encyclopedia of Geography, (American Edition,) III. 323, 371; McCullock's Gazetteer, article "Australia."

† Sometimes incorrectly written Sidney; it was named after Lord Sydney, Secretary of State for the Home Department, in 1787. See Collins, quoted by Lang, I. 25.

eighteen houses, occupied by about a dozen families;" New England did not number fifty-five thousand souls; "Berkshire (in Massachusetts) was a wilderness;" "Lancaster and Brookfield solitary settlements of Christians in the desert," * and not a white man, save the half-apocryphal De Soto, had seen the prairies, or struggled through the forests of the West. Let the slow, early colonial growth of our own rapidly growing land teach us not to despise the comparative feebleness of Australia; it is impossible, by their size merely, to distinguish the new-born oak from the most trivial weed of the meadow.

And now, having a somewhat tangible notion of the extent of this island-continent, let us briefly recall the story of its discovery, its exploration, the facts brought to light by those who have explored it, its colonial ups and downs, — look into its present condition, — and thus try to realize this, to so many of us, mere nominal thing, "New Holland."

In the king's library at the British museum is a chart by a French draftsman, dated 1542, and probably the same referred to by Rear Admiral Burney as drawn by Rotz, in which a coast is laid down that would appear to be the shores of Australia; but we know nothing of the voyages upon which this map was based. Sixty-four years later, in 1606, Pedro Fernandez de Quiros and Luis Vaes de Torres, sailing from Callao, in Peru, made a more or less complete examination of the northern part of the great "Terra Australis Incognita;" and the latter, who was second in command, even discovered the straits which bear his name. Nothing, however, came from this Spanish discovery, except countless memorials from the commanders to the king, praying him to colonize the new Continent of the South; to all which suggestions and entreaties the court turned a deaf ear, for Spain was then just falling asleep, and, in the very year after the discoveries of Quiros, at the very time he was penning his memorials, probably, lost the Moluccas † with their cloves and nutmegs to the insatiable Dutch, and was nearly cut off by those busybodies from all her colonies, east and west. Then came the persevering Hollanders themselves upon the stage. The

* Bancroft, II. 212, 92.

† The Moluccas belonged to Portugal, but Spain and Portugal were then united.

Duyfhen, a Dutch yacht, seems indeed to have touched near Cape York in 1605, but it was by mere accident; and those who were in her knew not what they had seen. But the labors of Dirk Hartog, in the good ship Endragt, extending from 1616 to 1622, were not labors wholly in the dark, though still it was the "Great unknown south land" along whose western shores Dirk Hartog sailed, and upon the borders of whose bays he left memorials of his visits.* The hero of Dutch discovery in regard to Australia, however, inasmuch as he sailed round it, was Tasman, Abel Janez Tasman, who, — sailing from Batavia in 1642, during the rule of the excellent Anthony Van Diemen, — passed west and south of New Holland; discovered the land which bears the name of the worthy governor; and continuing beyond Australia, he brought up against, and made known to the world, New Zealand. Finding but a murderous reception there, he pursued his course northward, and after many perils, and visiting many new and strange places, at last reached Java again in safety. It would be no more than justice to the first circumnavigator of the southern continent, should the name "Tasmania" at last drive out the title of "Van Diemen's Land," as at the present time it bids fair to do.

But the swarms from the Low Countries found nothing along the dry and barren coasts of Australia to tempt a settlement. No spices, nor jewels, nor precious metals; not even water enough to make a canal possible. So the shores which were visited by Hartog, and De Witt, and Nuyt, and Tasman remained silent and desert as ever.

At length, in 1688, England began to bear her part in Australian research, her representative being the well-born, but, as we think in these times, not well-behaved, buccaneer, William Dampier. This celebrated and successful navigator made two visits to New Holland; first, in the capacity of a pirate or "privateer," (for so the fraternity called themselves,) and next as the commander of His Majesty's ship Roebuck. His examinations were confined for the most part to the west and northwest coasts, which he found by no means inviting, neither soil nor inhabitants being such as to win any one's affections. Of the people, he says, they "are

* King, II. 180.

the miserablest people in the world. The Hodmadods of Monomatapa,* though a nasty people, yet for wealth are gentlemen to these, who have no houses and skin-garments, sheep, poultry, and fruits of the earth, ostrich eggs, &c. . . . . They have great bottle-noses, pretty full lips, and wide mouths, They are long-visaged, and of a very unpleasant aspect, having no one graceful feature in their faces." In most respects, the accounts given by Dampier prove to be perfectly correct; he was a close observer, and had he fallen upon the eastern instead of the western coast, the colonization of Australia might have commenced more than half a century earlier than it did. As it was, the voyages of the British buccaneer effected no more than those of his Dutch predecessors had done.

From that time until Cook began to unravel the mazes of the Pacific and Australian seas, New Holland was left to her bottle-nosed savages, — her Indians, as they were termed down almost to our own days. In April, 1770, however, the great circumnavigator approaching, not from the north or west, as other discoverers had done, but from the east, came upon a shore which was green, fertile, well-watered, and pleasant of aspect. Anchoring in a harbor, the shores of which furnished such treasures to the collections of Mr. Joseph Banks, afterwards the world-renowned Sir Joseph, that the bay was named Botany Bay, Cook began to make acquaintance with the advantages of the neighboring country; and coasting thence northward, examined and named in succession inlet after inlet, point after point. Of the north, west, and south coasts he saw nothing, and of the eastern, south of Botany Bay, learned no details. Nor was much added to his information during his after-voyages, no other part of Australia being examined, and only so much of Tasmania as left it still, on the map, the southern extremity of its continental neighbor.

So stood geography, sixty-two years since, Alexander Humboldt being at the time eighteen years of age, — when the first body of convicts left England for Botany Bay. Let us see how much it amounted to. New Holland, which in those days of darkness included Van Diemen's Land, had been sailed round, and its dimensions and shape pretty well ascertained. Its western shore had been examined for a few miles

* East coast of Africa, back of Mozambique.

inward, and found thirsty and inhospitable; its eastern had been skirted, and its comparative fertility and pleasantness placed beyond doubt. The natives were known to be extremely uncivilized, but neither very warlike nor very cruel, and appeared to be by no means numerous. No fruits or vegetables of value had been discovered by the industry of Banks and his companions; and no animal worthy of notice except the kangaroo. The shores were clothed for the most part with a sombre forest of evergreens, the mass of them unknown elsewhere; coral reefs skirted the coast in many parts; water was by no means abundant upon the whole, and in the west was sadly wanting; the power of the sun was such as the torrid zone and its vicinity might reasonably be expected to feel; and though hills and mountains rose in the distance, they did not seem to possess great height, or to promise valleys or table-lands of fertility among or beyond them.

Meanwhile, England needed a new outlet for her criminal population. America would receive them no more; the labors of Howard and of the Quakers had opened the eyes of men to the horrors of European prisons; the punishment of death for trivial crimes was becoming every day more and more offensive to the hearts and consciences of the masses. In this state of things, of growing crime and a growing indisposition to use the old home remedies, how natural to go back freely to the ancient constitutional depletive of transportation;* and what land of exile so fitting as that lately visited by Cook? So, in the early spring of 1787, a fleet of eleven sail mustered at Portsmouth to form the new colony of criminals at the south: six transports, three store ships, a frigate, and a tender; the whole conveying six hundred male and two hundred and fifty female convicts, together with some two hundred and fifty soldiers, or rather marines, and forty of their wives. Over the whole presided Capt. Arthur Phillip, of the navy, who was to be first governor of New South Wales. The fleet sailed May 13th, and reached Botany Bay from the 18th to the 20th of the following January.

It was not an uneventful time. During the passage of that fleet, "The Ohio Company," which first settled our great

* Dating from 39th Eliz., ch. iv., A. D. 1597.

Northwest, bought their lands of Congress; the ordinance that makes slavery impossible in that young empire was framed by the dying confederation; Washington and his associates fashioned the constitution under which we live; while in Europe, the political caldron began to simmer, — the parliament of Paris was "transported" for refusing to register the new taxes asked for by the court, and Phillippe Egalité took open part against the king.

Into the details of Australian history we cannot, of course, enter. But we may notice three leading sources of trouble to the early inhabitants. The first was the proportion of the criminal population; proportion we say, for it was not intended or attempted to make the colony a mere prison, a larger jail. Free emigrants, men of means, and enterprise, and character, were encouraged from the outset to seek in the new settlement a field for investment and profitable labor.* But no high tone of character, no proper spirit of industry, no decency or moral purity even, could prevail in a colony the vast mass of which consisted of the most idle and abandoned of mankind. For years, the settlers of Sydney, unmolested by the natives, were dependent upon England for the bread they eat, and more than once nearly starved to death; † while the pioneers in Ohio, who reached their camping ground not quite three months after the Australians moored in Port Jackson, raised their corn, their flax, their cotton even, spun their thread and wove their cloth, — and all in the face of the most formidable savages that the Anglo-Saxon has yet had to deal with.‡ Nor has England learned, until within the last few years, that her system of transporting the refuse of her population will never answer, unless, even after all the reformation which can be effected before they go, they are made so small a portion of the colony to which they migrate as to receive its character, not give their character to it.

The second cause from which the young New Holland nation suffered, aye, and yet suffers, was and is *the want of women.* It is a subject we cannot and need not dwell on; but

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* See letters of Gov. Phillip and Secretary Dundas on this subject. Lang, I. 39 to 43.

† For three years, said an old settler to Mr. Lang, I lived in the constant belief that I should some day perish with hunger. Lang, I. 56.

‡ Hildreth's Pioneer History, 392, &c.

whoever knows any thing of human nature, and especially of convict nature, knows that where masses of hardened men are collected together, and women are rare, there is not a vice which can, — we will not say brutalize, for the brutes are pure and true to their natures, — but which can *Yahoo* mankind, that is not soon forthcoming.

The third cause of idleness, low tastes, low morals, and slow progress in the realm of Botany Bay, was the unprecedented use of rum, which became at last the colonial currency, being the only thing universally desired.* During Governor King's administration, "from 1800 to 1806," says Dr. Lang,"† the population of New South Wales consisted chiefly of those who sold rum, and those who drank it. Even the chief constable of Sydney, whose business it was to repress irregularity, had a license to promote it, under the Governor's hand, by the sale of rum and other ardent liquors; and although the chief jailer was not exactly permitted to convert His Majesty's jail into a grog-shop, he had a licensed house in which he sold rum publicly on his own behalf, right opposite the jail door."‡ We must not, however, leave it to be inferred that Governor King was so munificent in his licenses from mere love of mischief; the fact being that he was trying a sort of homœopathic experiment. He found upon his accession the leaders of society, and especially the officers of the military corps, the "New South Wales corps," which had been raised for the colony, engaged in a monopoly of spirits that was immensely profitable, though immensely pernicious; and he was trying to dry up the streams of alcohol by diminishing the profits of those who dealt therein. He had also in view the lessening of the influence of his Pretorians, who were rapidly becoming too strong for the civil power, and whom he hoped to counterbalance by the emancipists § and free settlers to whom he gave the *entrée* of the rum traffic. He failed, however, in all points. The "New South Wales Corps" lost none of the influence which it had possessed, and rum remained, in spite of Governors and clergy, strong measures and weak, prohibitions and licenses, even more influential than the "Corps" itself. Up to 1810, said Captain Kemp of the Pretorians, at a trial in England,

* Lang, I. 96. † Id. I. 81. ‡ Id. I. 83. § Freed convicts.

"the Governor, clergy, officers civil and military, all ranks and descriptions of people, bartered spirits." "Every description of inhabitants," said, at the same trial, John Macarthur, a leading merchant and paymaster of the "Corps," "were under the necessity of paying for the necessaries of life, for every article of consumption, in that sort of commodity which the people who had to sell were inclined to take," namely, — rum. As to the military, this very John Macarthur, and his friends of the body to which he was Paymaster, deposed the successor of Governor King, Governor Bligh, who was a strong opponent of the spirit trade. They placed him in confinement, usurped the supreme power, turned out the old officers and put in new, and for a time were masters of the colony. For this decided step, however, the commander, Major Johnston, was cashiered, and the corps ordered elsewhere.

We have said the Colony suffered from three great evils, the abundance of criminals and rum, and the scarcity of women. In a less degree it suffered then, and has, together with other colonies, suffered since, from the infamous system of *nepotism*,— if that word may be stretched so as to take in favoritism toward relatives and connections when practised by profane hands. The results of this system were well displayed in the events which led to the "whiskey rebellion" that overthrew Governor Bligh. That rebellion grew out of the opposition of Macarthur & Co. to the Governor; but sought an excuse in the character of the chief law officer of the Colony, Richard Atkins, Judge Advocate, and under the statutes of Parliament, President Judge. This man, the relative of some one in power at home, and therefore thus raised to authority and influence, was so utterly ignorant of law, that he had to employ the only regularly bred attorney in the colony, one who had been transported for perjury, to do his professional work; he was moreover a drunkard; had pronounced sentence of death, says Governor Bligh, when intoxicated; was irresolute, "his opinion floating and infirm," and wholly unable to keep a secret, however weighty.* Under such circumstances, certainly not favorable, were laid the foundations of the great antarctic Anglo-Saxon Empire.

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* Lang, I. 113, 134, 150, 441.

Two decades of Australian history closed with the deposition of Governer Bligh; a third opened and ended with a ruler who has left his name to rivers and harbors, capes and mountains, hospitals, jails, and roads, — Lachlan Macquarie. Upon his reign, which extended from 1809 to 1821, we must dwell with more detail, as it was marked by the clear presentation of problems, geographical and social, which are not yet wholly solved.

We will first state what these problems were, and how they came to be presented; and afterwards attempt to show in how far, and in what manner, they have as yet been answered.

And, first, as to the geographical. The general outlines of Australia, as we have said, had been ascertained before the time of Cook. That great sailor added to what had been known before a running survey of the Eastern shore north of Botany Bay. But when the convict-colony was founded in 1788, no one knew that Tasmania was a separate island, and the southern shores of Australia had never been examined with any degree of thoroughness. In 1797, however, there came into the sphere of southern research one who explored with such perseverance and wrote so ably, that his name ought to be scientifically sanctified in the annals of the Australian Academy, — Lieut. Flinders. As midshipman, he, together with Surgeon Bass, in 1789, explored in small and leaky boats the straits which bear the name of the adventurous doctor; and toward the close of the same year, while Washington was consolidating our Union, and the ruler of Britain's empire was unable to rule his own mind even, and the court of France had gone crazy with royal banquets and its people with king-conquering mobs, — just then, when the women of Paris led Louis prisoner, Flinders and Bass made themselves ready for the trip which, in a few weeks, demonstrated the geographical independence of Tasmania.

But the career of Flinders did not end, it only commenced, with the discovery of Tasmania's isolation; this merit was recognized by the powers at home, and in 1801, with John Franklin, whose name, like a vast *aurora borealis*, now fills the world's horizon, as his subordinate, — he began the survey of Australia's southern coast. During that survey, he discovered the whole of what is now known as the South

Australian shore, Spencer Gulf, the Gulf of St. Vincent, and Encounter Bay. And yet those discoveries were almost unwelcome; for the word had gone abroad, no one knew whence, that a vast strait of the ocean passed from the great Australian bight, the Gulf of Carpentaria; and each voyager hoped along that strait to find the Mexico or Peru of New Holland. This strait vanished before our discoverer, and the interior of the southern continent yet remained a mystery.

It was not, however, without a struggle that Flinders abandoned the discovery of the reputed passage. In 1802, renewed and strong, he sailed northward, and strove to find, in the vast bay of Carpenter, some opening which would make accessible the treasures of the interior; but he found, we regret to say, only mud,—infinite flats, and shallows, and bars, and swamps, of mud. Many years passed, and that strange interior was still unknown. The colony of New South Wales had been, meanwhile, drunken with rum and convicts; staggering along from 1788 till 1813, and yet no one had been able to penetrate the rugged and precipitous range of the Blue Mountains, the highest peaks of which are less than one hundred miles from Sydney. But at length, in 1813, came a season of unusual drought. The pastures which lay along the Hawkesbury, the Nepean, and their tributaries, close to the original settlements, were dried up; and as grazing had become the chief occupation of many of the leading agriculturists, it became a most important point to learn what chance for cattle and sheep there was beyond the precipitous defiles which had thus far been the western limits of the colony. Three gentlemen, one of them a barrister, undertook to explore the passes of the hills. These passes, (if such impassable ravines deserve the name,) are of the most romantic and broken character. The streams flow through valleys bounded by walls of rock, a thousand or fifteen hundred feet in height; Strzelecki* says, he was unable to extricate himself and his men from them "until after days of incessant fatigue, danger, and starvation." Mr. Dixon, the surveyor, in attempting to reach Mount Hay, immediately west of Sydney, was for four days bewildered in the labyrinth of gullies through which flow the river Grose and its branches, and

* Page 57.

was at length thankful to escape from them alive, leaving the mountain for some more fortunate explorer to climb. Into this wilderness of basalt and sandstone the discoverers of the interior of Australia, urged by the thought of starving herds and scant larders, trusted themselves. Before that time, the most successful attempt to pass the range had been made by Mr. Caley, a botanist, who, having at length reached a point where all around him rose naked masses of weather-stained rock, while deep chasms yawned at intervals, turned back to the abodes of civilized men in despair. But to fill an herbarium is one thing, and to save one's life and property a very different matter. The three travellers, accordingly, urged by necessity, overcame the difficulties which had daunted the botanist, and after great dangers and sufferings, reached the streams flowing westward, which pointed or led them to a country that seemed to their worn cattle and to themselves a paradise.* A road was instantly commenced; the whole convict-labor of the colony was devoted to its completion; settlers with their flocks and herds crowded across the before impassable barrier; Bathurst was founded in the valley of a fine stream, named in honor of the governor, "Macquarie;" and a new era seemed opening upon the Anglo-Saxon in the great island of the south.

The country beyond the Blue Mountains having been once made known, an examination of it followed as a matter of course. Mr. Evans, who, as deputy of the colonial surveyor, had constructed the road over the hills, was the first to carry on the investigation, and discovered another westward-flowing river, in size and appearance resembling the Macquarie, to which was given the Governor's first name, Lachlan. But where did these streams empty? Through what regions did they run? Were there not, somewhere on their banks, natives more civilized than those which as yet had been seen? Perhaps towns, wealth, the Australian Mexico, for which all adventurers had been looking? To determine these various matters, Mr. Oxley, the surveyor-general, prepared, in 1817,

* The usual uncertainty of history in small matters attaches to these first explorers; Dr. Lang makes one of them, Lawson, a respectable old settler; Sturt says he was Lieutenant in the 104th regiment. Lang carries them, and some cattle with them, over the mountains; Sturt says they turned back when in sight of the western plains.

to trace the Lachlan to its mouth. But, strange to say, as he proceeded down its banks, it lessened and lessened, and dwindled away, till all its waters were lost in flooded marshes without end. The next year he tried the Macquarie, and with no better success. It did not, like the African rivers, dry up in deserts of sand, but was swallowed by what appeared to be a vast, shallow lake, covered with reeds, which made it impossible to examine its shores or learn its extent. Disappointed and astonished, the examiner turned back with the conviction, that the centre of Australia was a basin into which its interior rivers flowed, and from which they found no exit ; so that the dreams of wealth, of cities, even of fine farms and countless herds, along the banks of the Macquarie and Lachlan, were forced to disappear as mere castles in the air. Nor was the experience of Mr. Oxley the sole ground of faith in respect to these central waters. The natives, in their hand-and-foot, mumbo-jumbo kind of talk, seemed to describe them ; told how they were navigated by canoes, and imitated the spouting of the whales that played in them. So strong was the faith in this Mediterranean sea, that, for ten years, no farther effort was made to solve the problem as to the nature of the interior.

The western slope of the mountains, which rise not far from the eastern coast, was explored by Oxley, Mechan, Hume, and Allan Cunningham, the king's botanist. The Argyle country was discovered, the heads of the Murray were crossed, the region now known as Australia Felix was traversed and its excellencies in part comprehended, while, to the north, partial surveys were made as far as Moreton Bay. Capt. King, also, during the period between Oxley's attempt to trace the interior streams in 1817, and Sturt's in 1828, began and completed his survey of the Australian shores, and especially of the northern and western coasts. To these voyages of King we shall have occasion to refer hereafter ; but for the present, we wish to keep our attention and that of our readers to the problem of the interior.

At length, in 1828, forty years after Sydney was founded, a second expedition was sent to inquire into the condition of that immense region in the centre of Australia, which had baffled Oxley ten years before, but into which colonists were perpetually pressing. The immediate motive for sending ex-

plorers at that time was the existence of a drought which, commencing in 1826, had made new fields and streams the one necessity of life; and which also, it was supposed with reason, must have changed the condition of the marshes that had stopped the previous inquirers, even if it had not wholly dried them up. To the command of this band of investigators was appointed Captain Sturt, the most successful upon the whole, of Australian explorers. In 1828, Sturt and his comrades followed the Macquarie to where it was lost, — not in an interior sea, as Oxley had supposed, but in a vast plain covered with reeds and impassable by man, a plain alternately submerged and sun-burnt. He also discovered beyond this plain a river, which he named, after the Governor who then presided in New South Wales, the Darling. The course of this river was southwest, but the little water it at that time* contained was so impregnated with salt and alum that it was impossible for the party to use it, and they were forced reluctantly to turn back. The Castlereagh, a stream north of the Macquarie, and flowing in nearly the same direction, northwest, was next examined and traced to the Darling. Thus much having, with great trouble and suffering, been learned, Sturt the next year turned his steps more to the southwest, in which direction ran the river through whose channel the Macquarie, Castlereagh, and all other streams thereabouts, as the traveller was convinced, discharged their waters. Striking the head of the Murrumbidgee, he traced that river to its junction with the Murray, followed their united waters to the union of a stream from the northeast, by him supposed to be, and which proves to be, the Darling, and thence pursued his way to Lake Alexandrina, (named after her present majesty, Victoria Alexandrina,) and across that shallow basin to the ocean.

These two expeditions served to demonstrate that no great interior sea, such as had been imagined, existed in the southeastern corner of Australia; for after all his travels, Sturt had only been able to determine, half by sight and half by shrewd guesswork, the true outline of one corner of the continent. It was proved, pretty clearly, that the waters which fell upon the western slope of the mountains, that extend

* Mitchell afterwards found it sweet at the same point.

from Cape Howe to Moreton Bay, found their way through vast plains, in a southwest direction, toward Encounter Bay, or were lost by evaporation and absorption before they could penetrate to the shore. It was also proved, that those plains were by no means fertile, were ill-suited to tillage, were wanting in water, and during any season of drought, — and it was terribly apparent that droughts lasting through years might be looked for, — would be uninhabitable. The rivers were mountain streams, rising in a moment, inundating every thing, laying vast tracts under water; then passing away, and giving place to sand, and dust, and desolation. Our western rivers are changeable enough; the Ohio rises in its flood from sixty-five to seventy feet; at one season, it is a torrent often a mile in width, and fit to bear navies; at another, it creeps along, a little "creek" that a man may ford on horseback, and travellers upon the bank, (we speak literal truth,) are annoyed and blinded by the sharp dust which drives from the bed of the river. But the Ohio is unchangeable compared with the streams of Australia. The Hawkesworth, back of Sydney, rises ninety feet above low water. The Macquarie is alternately deep enough to bear a line-of-battle ship upon its bosom, and so shallow that the fishes and frogs cannot live in it. One month, it is the Hudson in its strength and volume, and the next, a "dry-run." To-day, you may faint upon its banks from thirst, because between them all is waterless; and to-night, be wakened by a distant roar of crashing logs and breaking tree-tops, and hurrying out may find a moving cataract, tossing the spoil of the forest before it, and filling the bed of the river in a moment with a torrent that you cannot pass.

Among such streams and with such a soil, in which, during dry weather, a horse will sink above his fetlock at every step,* tillage cannot flourish.† It is a land for flocks and herds, which can journey to and fro with the change of seasons; much of it is almost valueless. In 1843, Sir Thomas Mitchell stated before the legislative council, that in his belief, of about eighteen million of acres as yet not granted within the colony of New South Wales, five sevenths were

* See Sturt. II 64, 65, &c.

† Much may be done for Australia by systematic irrigation. See some suggestions by Strzelecki, p. 443, &c.

not worth sixpence an acre. So scant is the vegetation that from ten to twenty acres are allowed as grazing ground to a bullock, and from three to seven for a sheep.*

The investigations by Sturt, therefore, while they served to clear away the cloud which hung over the geography of Australia's southeastern corner, and gave an intelligible character to the rivers of that region, added nothing to the hopes of the colonists, gave no stimulus to speculation, and caused no mass of emigrants to divert their course from America to New Holland. And yet the Captain spoke hopefully and strongly † of the lands which lie upon the lower banks of the Murray, and between that stream and St. Vincent's Gulf, and recommended there the formation of an emigrant colony.‡

But although the Captain's discoveries immediately, and at once, caused no emigration to the regions he had passed through and near, indirectly they were connected with one of the four chief colonies of New Holland, — that of South Australia; and as the principles upon which that colony was based were promulgated in the same year in which Sturt discovered the Murray, and as, besides, the steps for settling Swan River in the west were commenced in that same eventful twelvemonth, 1829, we think it but fair to leave our geographical problem here for a while, and turn to the social inquiries, which, as we have intimated, were more or less clearly presenting themselves to the English world during the rule of Lachlan Macquarie.

Those problems were,

1. Ought any future settlements in Australia to be composed, in whole or part, of criminals?

2. How ought the criminals sent to New South Wales, or elsewhere, to be employed?

3. Should lands be granted or sold? If sold, in what manner, and at what price?

4. Is it desirable to concentrate the settlements, and if so, how can it be done?

These topics, mixed up with a vast amount of what was

* See statements in Douglas Jerrold's newspaper of September 30th, 1848, p. 1268. Strzelecki, 459, 370.

† Too strongly; he makes a space of fifty-five miles by seventy-five contain seven million acres! See vol. ii. p. 247. It should have been 2,640,000.

‡ Sturt. II. 229, 246.

merely personal and political, were brought prominently before the people of England by the accusations which the Hon. H. Grey Bennet brought against Governor Macquarie; by the appointment of a Commissioner to visit New South Wales, and by the report of that functionary, Mr. Bigge, made in 1822.

In regard to the problem of future colonies, the effect of Australian experience upon the best minds at home was decidedly adverse to mingling convicts with free settlers. Immorality, social aristocracy, bad culture, and unequal profits, were but a few of the evils which were believed to flow from the system that had been pursued at Sydney. All future colonies, it was thought, ought to be merely penal settlements, larger prisons, or should be free from the taint of the dungeon and the gallows. The settlers of New South Wales, it is true, and those of Tasmania at a later period, found convict labor cheap and profitable; but even at that early day, the mischiefs which have since, for years at a time, put a stop to transportation were discerned by the keen-sighted.*

The second problem, how to employ the convicts sent to Botany Bay and its dependencies, was less easily answered. If Government employed them, as Macquarie had done, on public works, a vast expense followed. If they were "assigned" to individuals, that is, made over as a sort of white slaves, after the old fashion† which had been pursued in America in early days, though the master made money, and though the convict, if well-behaved, gained great privileges, yet the popular mind of England was likely to become displeased with this sort of servitude in those Wilberforcean times. And if the convict were set free, was it not saying to the honest man in Great Britain, "you must pay for a passage to our Australian empire;" and to the rogue, "you shall go there for nothing?" Where was a fourth course to be discovered?

Up to the close of Macquarie's rule, the Government had been the chief employer; free settlers were scarce, and the emancipists were poor and clung to the towns. After his time, the "assignment" system gained in favor for a while, both

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* *e. g.* Sydney Smith, Dr. Whateley, Bentham, and Bennet named above.

† See Bancroft, I. 187–8. Macauley's England, I. 602–3, (Harper's large edition.)

at home and abroad, and New South Wales grew rich and wicked; then it was denounced in Great Britain; in 1838, a committee of Parliament advised its discontinuance; and in 1840, it was abandoned. Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley, having come into power, next commenced (in 1843) an experiment in Van Diemen's land, which collected the convicts, who were no longer sent to Sydney, into gangs under the superintendence of public officers; this was the "probation" system.* It was found, however, worse, more demoralizing, and far more depopulating in its results, than even its enemies had foretold. One twentieth of the free population of Tasmania left it in six months; thefts and robberies by the Bushrangers, the escaped convicts, and those whose time was out, prevailed to an extent that made all men fear for life and property each hour of the day and night;† vices which Sodom would have blushed at were as common as the gangs were numerous; and from 5,500 to 12,000 men were stationed, in bodies of 200 and 300, from Southport, all up through the interior, to the waters of the Mersey in the north. This system, therefore, had in its turn to be modified and further transportation to Tasmania abandoned; and again the problem came back, what shall we do with our transported convicts? At present, if we are rightly informed,‡ they all go through a course of punishment and discipline in England to begin with, and then, as "exiles," with "tickets of leave," which make them in substance freemen within specified limits and during good behavior, go to the colony appointed; they can choose their own masters, make their own bargains, and while they keep within bounds and conduct properly, are like any other good citizens; if they stray or misbehave, a summary proceeding by any magistrate may bring them to their marrow-bones. Such is the present half-solution, for it is no more, of the second problem we have stated.§

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* A full account of this system is in the Edinburgh Review, for July, 1847, page 132. American Edition.

† Crimes were from six to eight times as numerous as in England.

‡ Our latest information is through the article in the Edinburgh Review of July last.

§ The whole subject of transportation is just now in a state of transition; what will be done no one knows.

The third, as to the sale of lands, has proved even yet harder to deal with; in that early day, however, it attracted comparatively little attention. When land was plenty and free emigrants scarce, the royal representatives found it convenient for all parties to make liberal gifts of His Majesty's Australian territory, and accordingly, tracts varying in size from ten thousand acres to fifty thousand were granted to various individuals upon condition that they would employ a certain number of convicts. But in 1829 commenced a movement which was destined to change all this system of gratuities, and substitute in its place one phase or other of "the Wakefield."

Mr. Wakefield's theory of colonization, if we comprehend it aright, was substantially as follows: —The welfare of any community depends very much upon such a division of labor as shall fill every trade, profession, and employment with good men, and not overload any of them. If land in any country is so cheap that all are able to become freeholders, there will be no laborers, no farm-hands, or mechanics; a semi-barbarism will follow; no growth in wealth or civilization will take place, and the country will be stationary or retrograde. If, therefore, you would have a colony progressive and civilized, you must put your lands so high as to keep a proper proportion of the inhabitants in the labor-market seeking employment, and yet not so high as to prevent as many from buying real estate as can use it to advantage with the help of such laborers. But still further, your colony cannot be supplied with laborers, especially if far from home, unless they are carried there free of expense, or with but little expense, to themselves. If then, England wishes Australia to grow in riches and goodness, let her, instead of giving lands to all who will employ a few convicts, sell them at a fixed price, never taking less, and in fixed quantities, never selling less; and let her apply the revenue arising from these sales to the transportation of free, honest laborers to the points where they are needed. In this way, the labor-market of New Holland will be supplied; the expense of supplying working hands will be paid by the lands of the colony; no more land will be taken up than can be worked to advantage; population will be concentrated; wealth accumulate; knowledge and virtue advance; and the millennium begin to dawn for this unhappy world of the antipodes,

to say nothing of the relief England will feel when her paupers are thus economically provided for.

These views Mr. Wakefield gave to the world in his "Letters from Sydney," in 1829. They contained too much common sense, and Great Britain too many paupers, to fall dead upon the public ear even during the political tumults of 1830; and in that year a Society was formed to promote the scheme he had suggested. In 1831, the Government adopted the leading principles which were advocated by the Wakefield school, and Lord Ripon, Secretary for the Colonies, forbade all further grants by the Royal Governors, East and West, instructing them to sell the royal lands at auction, at a minimum price of five shillings (one dollar and a quarter) an acre. Commissioners were also appointed to attend to the subject of emigration, and every effort was made to induce the starving laborers of England, Ireland, and Scotland to betake themselves to the plains of New South Wales, and the banks of the St. Lawrence. These measures and these efforts were not in vain; the number of emigrants to Sydney increased, in eight years, from 800 yearly to 5,000; the sales of land from 20,000 acres in 1832, to 271,000 in 1835.

But the greatest achievement of the Wakefield system was the founding of the colony of South Australia, near the mouth of the Murray. No sooner was it understood that the ministry were disposed to adopt the new theory of colonization, than efforts were made to secure a grant of those lands lately visited by Sturt,* as a field where that theory could be tried with some degree of confidence; as the country was uninhabited by whites, and was sufficiently distant from New South Wales and Tasmania to prevent much trouble from stragglers. In 1831, accordingly, Lord Ripon was approached on the subject; after much trouble, a charter was obtained in 1834; and on the 28th of December, 1836, Governor Hindmarsh anchored in St. Vincent's Bay. But before we proceed to speak of South Australia, which commenced thus at the close of 1836, we have several arrearages to bring up; namely,—the fourth problem stated above, as to the concentra-

* The projectors of South Australia seem to have adopted Sturt's error of "seven million acres" without question; see a letter from Mr. Morphett in the second annual report of the Colonization Commissioners.

tion of settlers; some items in the history of New South Wales; the progress of inland discovery; and the foundation of Western Australia on the banks of Swan River.

When the passage of the Blue Mountains opened the interior of the continent to settlers and squatters, and above all, when the experience of a few dry seasons demonstrated the need of vast pastures for their flocks and herds, it was a matter of course that the colonists began to scatter themselves to far distant stations, wherever grass and water beckoned them. This dispersion was felt to be injurious to the welfare of the community, and concentration became a recognized desideratum soon after the time of Macquarie; but how to prevent the dispersion was a question which none could answer. Wakefield's scheme, it was hoped, would do something, but could have no effect upon those who occupied lands without authority; police officers and prosecutions were out of the question; and many were almost forced by the increasing price of real estate, — which was raised by the rulers from one and a quarter to three, and then to five and seven dollars an acre as the minimum,* — to seek the wilderness, and become squatters on the royal domain. Some who bear this by no means honorable or euphonious name are wealthy; some own herds of 25,000 cattle, and flocks that number 60,000 head. Thus "the Wakefield," misapplied and caricatured, led to a result the opposite of what was hoped for, — dispersion instead of concentration, barbarism in place of civilized society. Nor have some other governmental measures been more wise; for example, land is sold to the settler at five dollars the acre, and not less; but if he refuses to buy, he may, if he dislikes squatting, take out a license to pasture his sheep on the vast public commons, and for this he pays a mere trifle, less than four cents an acre.†

The fourth problem, accordingly, as to the concentration of society in Australia, is, we may say, still unanswered.

Turning next to the second of our arrearages, the state of things in New South Wales from 1821 to 1836, during the rule of Brisbane, Darling, and Bourke, we have, — in addi-

* In 1838 to 12 shillings; to 20 shillings in 1843; and in some localities to 30 shillings.

† See Howitt, 99, 213.

tion to the greater ingress of free emigrants, the popularity, growth, and death of the "assignment" system, and the introduction of Wakefield's plan, — to notice, first, the speculative spirit which, in 1825 – 6, played the same game with sheep and cattle in Australia, that it was playing in England with Joint Stock Companies of all sorts, and has since played with railroads and locomotives. Next, we would refer to the constant growth of that social aristocracy, which was inevitable in a community part convict and part free. Many of the emancipists became wealthy as years rolled by, but they remained as much a marked class as the free blacks of Philadelphia or Boston. Efforts were made to break down the wall of partition; governors and philanthropists tried it, but in vain. The shoemaker who had never seen the inside of a prison would no more ride in the carriage of the emancipist millionaire, than a Virginia planter would marry his slave.

A third point in the annals of Sydney and its dependencies is the continued power of rum. In the capital, there has been a bar-room or liquor-store of some kind to about every sixty inhabitants from 1821 till nearly the present time. To these stores the laborers from the country, — unable as they say to buy land at the high rates asked, and in the large tracts (640 acres) prescribed under "the Wakefield," and so having no motive to save, — bring their earnings, two and three hundred dollars at a time, place them in the landlord's hands, and with a request to be helped till the money is gone, and then to be kicked out of doors, they gather their friends and commence an Australian spree.

And now, having hinted at the social problems which arose in the time of Macquarie, and at the partial solutions that have been given them, we return to the geographical investigations which have taken place since Sturt discovered the Murray in 1829. During his sail down that river, the Captain found, as we have stated, a stream entering from the north which he thought was the Darling; to determine how this was, and what might be the character of the country along the latter stream, Major Mitchell, surveyor-general of the Colony, was sent, in 1835, to examine the region from which the great drought of 1828 had driven the former explorers. During that year and the one succeeding, this

gentleman traced the river in question from where Sturt had left it to its junction with the Murray; he also ascertained that its valley, though by no means as fertile as that of the Nile, was yet available for pasturage in ordinary seasons; and discovered several new native grasses. But the facts revealed by Mitchell respecting the Darling were unimportant compared with his examinations of the country about the heads of the Murray, and southward to Port Phillip, a region so fertile to eyes that had dwelt on the half-desert lands farther north, that he named it Australia Felix. It is a country, he says in his report of October 24, 1836, "more extensive than Great Britain, equally rich in point of soil, and which now lies ready for the plough in many parts, as if specially prepared by the Creator for the industrious hands of Englishmen." Since that expedition, Mitchell, now Sir Thomas and Lieutenant Colonel, has attempted to find a stream which, flowing into the Gulf of Carpentaria, would open a route from Sydney to the northern coast, and avoid the difficult straits of Torres. He started upon his enterprise in November, 1845, and succeeded in finding, as he thought, the very stream he was in search of, which he named the Victoria. He did not, however, prosecute the inquiry, but returned to Sydney in January, 1847, and left his second in command, Mr. Kennedy, to follow the Victoria through its lower course. This he undertook to do, but soon found that the river, instead of continuing to run northward, changed its course and ran, growing shallower and smaller as it went southwest, toward the as yet unknown centre of the continent.* From that point Kennedy turned back, and no one thus far, we believe, has learned the fate of Mitchell's Victoria, unless Dr. Leichhardt, who, a year ago last April, had just left the neighborhood of Moreton Bay with the intention of pursuing the course of the Victoria, and then penetrating entirely across to Swan River, — has been fortunate enough to do so.

After Mitchell, no late investigator deserves more praise than Dr. Leichhardt himself, and should he succeed in his present enterprise, he will place himself foremost among the Austral travellers. In his expedition of 1844–5, he suc-

* Kennedy's report is in the Atheneum for June 10th, 1848, p. 580.

ceeded in going from Moreton Bay to a point on the eastern shore of Carpenter's Bay, and thence, round the head of those waters, to Port Essington. In this journey, he saw large tracts of fine land, and discovered a considerable stream, which he named after the Surveyor-General, Mitchell. Captain Stokes, also, of late years, between 1837 and 1843, has examined in detail the shores of the Gulf of Carpentaria, and also some portion of the northern shores that King passed by; — the result of which researches has been the finding of four river-mouths, that seem to promise a fine inland country upon the banks; these are the Albert and Flinders, emptying into Carpenter's Gulf; the Adelaide, opening into Clarence Strait; and another, Victoria, which pours out its waters at the eastern extremity of the inlet, the western end of which King named Cambridge Gulf.

Less important, but not less interesting than the researches of Mitchell, Leichhardt, or Stokes, have been those of Eyre, and our friend Captain Sturt, both of whom, starting from Adelaide, have tried to penetrate the realms north of that capital. Of their travels we have not seen any full accounts, and can only say that Eyre learned the existence of a vast horse-shoe lake, which seems formerly to have communicated with Spencer Gulf, and would seem to be the very mediterranean sea to which the natives have referred from time to time. All about it, as we gather, was salt and barren. Sturt went further northward, to about the 25th parallel of latitude, and there found also salt lagoons and dry runs.

Thus stands the geographical problem to-day; as yet, no one knows any thing worth speaking of in Eastern Australia away from the sea-coast, and beyond the valley of the Murray and its tributaries, which reach, however, through some ten degrees of longitude, and thirteen degrees of latitude, from the tropic of Capricorn to the neighborhood of Cape Howe; an extent of country equal to that which lies between Pittsburgh and the Mississippi, Lake Michigan and New Orleans. On the north, west, and south, the shores alone have been visited by Europeans, if we except the neighborhood of Swan River, and thence to King George's Sound on the south. To that colony we must now, for a few moments, turn our attention.

The southwestern corner of Australia was, in all proba-

bility, explored to some extent by the early Dutch navigators; they at any rate sailed along its shores, and left their melliflu-ous names as an inheritance; Vlaming-land, Leeuwin-land, and Nuyt's-land attest their presence to this day. But the first examination of the Swan-river region, of which we have any account, was made by the officers under Captain Baudin, who, in the "Geographe," was engaged in surveying that portion of New Holland about the same time that Flinders was at work at his survey; indeed, the two discoverers met in Encounter Bay during April, 1802, and although France and England were at war, exchanged visits, acted like men, and left the name of the gulf to commemorate so sensible a *rencontre*. The French are stated to have gone up the river and along its banks for eighty miles, but no attempt, that we know of, was ever made by the Emperor to take possession of the realms which his officers had thus brought to light. Nor was any thing done by Britain, until Captain Stirling, who followed the footsteps of the French in 1826, reported that the lands bordering upon this western stream were fertile and worthy of cultivation, and being so much more accessible from Europe, would be found far more desirable than those of the Hawkesworth and Macquarie. The British government, acting upon his suggestions, in 1829, offered the territory to such settlers as would pay their own expenses out, and take care of themselves when there, on these terms: — whoever would invest three pounds was to receive forty acres, and as soon as he could prove that that amount, about thirty-seven cents an acre, had been actually expended on the land, he was to have a title in fee-simple; and so for every three pounds invested; — provided, that if one fourth of any land thus allotted was not brought into cultivation in three years, there was to be an additional charge of sixpence on every uncultivated acre; and whatever remained wild at the end of seven years was to revert to the Crown. Whoever took out laboring hands, male or female, above ten years of age, was to receive for each one two hundred acres of land in fee-simple.

This was the second colony on the southern continent, it will be remembered, and convicts were not to pollute it with their presence. Sterling, who had opened the way, was appointed the Governor of "Western Australia," and settlers

flocked to the new Canaan; between June and December, 1829, twenty-five ships arrived at the mouth of the river. But the up-and-down kind of progress, which seems to be inseparable from the colonial condition, soon changed matters. Off from the river banks the soil was poor; rains came in torrents, and then droughts turned all to dust; the thermometer stood at 105 in the shade;* the harbor was objectionable; the river navigable by boats only about forty miles; and in short, men had hoped too much and had been disappointed. Then all went down; lands were abandoned after money had been spent on them; houses were given up half built, in despair of tenants; cultivation was neglected; the pendulum swung back, and Swan River was as much underrated as it had been overrated. But pendulums swing both ways, as we know; so, in 1833, we find all flourishing again; grants of land, which the year before sold for twenty-five pounds, worth a hundred, and rents netting ten per cent., from the rage for sheep farming.† And so, from that day to this, has West Australia risen and fallen; at one time, men have rushed from it as from a sinking ship, and then have clustered to it again, like the wreckers round that same ship, when high and dry on the beach. Of late years, since the wild grants of land which were made in early days have ceased, and the Wakefield selling system has ruled, matters have been regularly and healthily progressive, in spite of the introduction of convicts, who now, under the modified system that is in operation, as we have stated above, are sent as laborers to the Swan with their "tickets of leave." About six thousand acres of land are now cultivated; the vine and olive have been introduced, and the exportation of sandal-wood, which is found some sixty miles inland, promises to open a profitable trade with China. Coal has been discovered; specimens of mercurial ores have been met with; and the mineral world may come to the aid of Western Australia, as it has to that of her southern and eastern sisters. The shore, however, of the west of New Holland is sadly unproductive and dry. The expedition of Capt. George Gray, in 1840, from Shark

* Breton's Excursions, 30, 31. Breton went to Swan River in the autumn of 1829.

† Letter of January 27th, 1833, appended to Sir James Stirling's Journals.

Bay to Perth, disclosed a region which none but an Australian, who can live on "fragrant grubs" and raw roots, could inhabit. In the interior, the lands are better; well fitted in many parts for pasturage, and swarming already with half-wild bullocks and unconquerable cows.*

The third colony of Australia in point of seniority, and the second certainly, if not the first, in respect to wealth and progress, is that of which we have already said a few words in connection with "the Wakefield." "South Australia" was suggested in 1831, established by Parliament in 1834, and settled at the close of 1836. But to follow its varying fates from that time to the present would require not so much an article as a volume; and we must refer all curious readers to the works of Wilkinson, Stephens, Torrens, &c., and the various reports made from time to time to Parliament. We must notice, however, the main source of the adversity which tried the founders of South Australia, and that of the prosperity which has since raised her to preëminence again. The plan of the colony was this; it was from the outset to support itself; not, however, by the sale of lands, for all the proceeds of the territorial sales were to be applied to emigration, in accordance with Wakefield's principles, — but by borrowing money to be repaid out of the future revenue; this was one peculiarity; a second was, that the Governor, instead of being sent out by the powers in England, in the usual way, was to be appointed by a board of commissioners, residing in London,† and named principally by the association which had brought about the formation of the colony. The result of these two peculiarities was a series of misunderstandings, mismanagements, and reckless expenditures, which plunged the colony in debt, perplexed and discouraged the settlers, and held out such visions of high taxes in future as effectually scared away all emigrants.‡ The expenses of the colonial government, in 1839, rose to £140,000, with a revenue of £20,000; an income one seventh of the outlay.

Such was the source of the troubles which, for a while,

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* See Landor's account of a cow-hunt, in his "Bushman, or Life in a New Country."

† One commisioner resided in the Colony and overlooked matters.

‡ The land sales fell from 17,000 acres to 600 in one year. In 1842, the emigrants were not more than 150 in number.

beset South Australia. But her fertile soil, her excellent climate, one of the most healthy in the world, and above all, the discovery of immense mineral treasures, copper, lead, iron, silver, gold even, have again made her popular and prosperous. The copper mines are among the richest in the world;* and the iron is said to be remarkably pure. Agriculture is also flourishing in spite of the high minimum price of public lands, which so long prevailed, five dollars an acre.† Sixty thousand acres are actually cultivated, and three years ago, 620,000 sheep and 38,000 cattle rejoiced in the luxuriant pastures which stretch from Adelaide inward.

Upon the higher branches of the same river, which discharges the waters of Southeastern Australia near Adelaide, lie the pleasant and fertile lands of that happy region which we have mentioned as having been partially explored by Messrs. Hovel and Hume in 1824, and as having been more fully surveyed by Mitchell in 1836. The "Port Phillip" country, the southern portion, politically, of New South Wales, is, next to South Australia, the most popular portion of the southern continent; and for agricultural purposes, whether tillage or grazing, is the most popular and promising of all. There has been, thus far, but one serious drawback, apparently, to its prosperity; although it is to be apprehended that the existing system of transportation will prove injurious in the end to Australia Felix, which is receiving largely of the "exiles," young and old;— the drawback to which we refer is the system of land-selling and renting. Under this system, such high prices were asked for land, and permits for grazing granted so low,‡ that dispersion was inevitable, settlers were discouraged, squatters became more numerous than ever,§

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* The value of ore exported in 1845-6 was £140,000, or $700,000; in 1847, it was £180,000.

† The folly of such a price is well put by Strzelecki, page 459; it requires seven acres, worth thirty-four dollars, to feed a sheep worth fifty or seventy-five cents, and producing two and a half pounds of wool! The interest alone would make the wool cost eighty cents a pound.

‡ A section, or square mile, 640 acres, was sold by government for 3,200 dollars, (£640) but rented for 25 dollars a year! See Howitt's Impressions of Australia Felix, pp. 99-213. Mr. Howitt was a sufferer, and his impressions are very unfavorable; too much so, we judge.

§ In October, 1843, there were in New South Wales, 879 squatters' stations, with a population of 800 souls, and containing 11,796 horses, 491,000 horned cattle, and 1,000,800 sheep.

and civilization was needlessly delayed. Nor was this all; the course pursued by the government led to speculations of the most extravagant character, and these were followed by almost universal bankruptcy. But this portion of New Holland, like our own western country, which but a few years since went through a similar series of revulsions, contains the essential elements of prosperity, and must, at some future time, become the most densely peopled part of the island that has yet been entered. In 1847, indeed, the effects of the earlier convulsions had in a great degree passed away.*

One other point alone remains to be mentioned, — Northern Australia, or the north province of New South Wales; the site of Port Essington and Victoria.

In 1813, Capt. King explored the strait which divides the two islands, named by him Melville and Bathurst. As the reports which he made proved the neighborhood to be well suited for a settlement, and as the British ministry desired to take formal possession of the coast which King had examined, an expedition was sent out in 1824, under Capt. Bremer, which founded a fort upon the western side of Melville Island, and there commenced a colony. The fort was named Dundas, and the harbor Port Cockburn; and one hundred and twenty-six persons, of whom forty-five were convicts, were left as the germ of the new province. This position, however, was abandoned in 1828 for Raffles' Bay, on Coborg peninsula, near to Port Essington. The object of this change was to secure the trade with the Malays, who come in large numbers yearly to this coast to take the Trepang or *Bêche de mer.* This point was soon left uninhabited, however, in consequence of the incompetence of the commanding officer, and from that time till 1839, the northern coast was left to the natives and the Malays. In the year last named, Capt. Bremer, who had meantime become "Sir Gordon Bremer," was again commissioned to colonize the desert "Arnheimland," and in due season founded at Port Essington the third infant settlement of the north; a settlement which, in so far as we are informed, yet remains in an infantile state. Leichhardt found it, in 1845–6, a mere military station.

And now we have briefly, dryly, most imperfectly, sketched

* See a letter in Douglas Jerrold's paper, October 14, 1848.

the history of discovery and colonization in the great unknown Southern land. We have seen it visited by the Spanish, Dutch, and French, without an effort on the part of either at colonization. We have pointed to the voyages of Dampier, Cook, Flinders, King, and Stokes, under the authority of Great Britain, by whose efforts the coast has been gradually brought to light with great distinctness, although not a year passes without some farther additions to the perfectness of the surveys thus made, and even to the discoveries of river-mouths of importance ; — as, for instance, the discovery lately made, or certainly about to be made, of the mouth of the river Boyne, which discharges its waters on the eastern coast not far from the Tropic of Capricorn, probably into Harvey Bay. We have briefly reported the passage of the Blue Mountains, the expeditions of Oxley, Sturt, Hume, Mitchell, Eyre, Sturt again, and Leichhardt, which have made known to us the great valley of the Murray, the Victoria of Central Australia, the coast of the northeast, the region of the Austral Alps and Pyrenees, the slope towards Bass's Straits, Lake Torrens, and the deserts which lie between the gulfs of Spencer and Carpentaria. We have mentioned, for we could do no more, the problems as to convict labor, emigration, the price of land, and the dispersion of the settlers, which have arisen from time to time into prominence in the progress of New South Wales more especially, but which in some degree have been sources of disquiet in Western and Southern Australia as well. We have attempted to convey to our readers an idea of the fitness of this New Holland world more particularly for grazing; of the advantages for tillage that distinguish the southern district of New South Wales, "Australia the Blessed"; of the metallic wealth of the "Wakefield" colony ; of the comparative barrenness, as far as we yet know, of the western and northwestern shores; and of the regular progress that is taking place in the region that reaches from Swan River to King George's Sound, and which is nearly equal in size to the State of Georgia, and about as far from the equator.

Two subjects alone remain for us to speak of, the geological and meteorological views which have been proposed to account for the peculiar soil and condition of Central Aus-

tralia, and the character and situation of the natives. Of both we must speak very briefly.

A favorite theory for explaining the flatness, the barrenness, and the salt pools of the vast regions which stretch from the western slope of the Blue Mountains and Australian Alps to the eastern declivities of the Stanley range of hills beyond the river Darling, has been its recent rise from the ocean. According to this view, the fertile lands along the eastern coast were not long since (in a geological estimate of long and short) bounded on the west by a bay or gulf, which stretched from the neighborhood of Adelaide, along the course of the Darling, to the region beyond the marshes of the Lachlan and Macquarie, where those rivers make a descent of 1,800 feet in from one to two hundred miles. As the whole continent rose above the ocean level, the bottom of this vast gulf became that plain which is now alternately flooded and scorched to dust. Hence its barren character, for as yet the influence of the ocean salt is felt, and only salsolaceous plants grow plentifully; and time has not yet brought from the uplands that vegetable mould which is essential to fertility; indeed, the uplands have not much to spare, for the evergreens that cover them afford but a short supply of leaves, and those fall so gradually as to lose most of their enriching virtues from the absence of a proper fermentation. When, in addition to this ocean origin of the interior, its flatness, the imperfect formation of its river channels, the absence of vegetable mould, and the frequent droughts, we consider the denuding effects of the floods which from time to time sweep portions of it, — its want of fertility is explained. But, according to this view, nature by these very floods is preparing these plains for the habitation of man; she is deepening the river channels, is manuring the soil, is changing the worthless ocean bed into a land fit for cultivation. Such, very briefly stated, is the view (as we understand it,) of Sturt, of Mitchell, of M'Culloch and others.*

Another theory, and one to our mind far better supported by facts, is ably stated, though in a somewhat scattered form, by Strzelecki, who has done more to make New South Wales

* See M'Culloch's Gazetteer, art. "Australia," and references there given.

and Tasmania scientifically intelligible than all other inquirers. He has done so much, indeed, that before speaking of his views in relation to the subject before us, we must say a few words of the Count himself. He is a Pole, exiled, or self-exiled probably, because he would not renounce that nationality which he estimates so well.* For twelve years previous to 1845, he was engaged in wandering through North and South America, the West Indies, the South Sea islands, New Zealand, New South Wales, Van Diemen's land, the islands near Java, China, Hindostan, Egypt, and Europe. That he did not fail to use his eyes, his ears, and his mind, during these varied travels, is amply proved by the work before us, and by the extracts from his unpublished journals, which he here and there gives by way of illustration. If these are fair specimens of his manuscripts, no traveller since Humboldt (if "since" is applicable to that wonderful man) so well deserves to have his writings published and illustrated at large.†

Strzelecki's view of New South Wales, — for of New Holland as a whole no sane man would say any thing in our present state of ignorance, — is this: the geology, or rather the mineral character, of the rocks which prevail determines the vegetation, the temperature, the moisture, and the fertility of that strange land, whose lightnings even are so often thunderless.‡

The rocks of New South Wales are excessively silicious; the proportion of those containing more than sixty per cent. of silex to those containing less being as four to one; and so far as the country west of the Blue Mountains is known, this flinty formation almost universally prevails. Now the soil formed by the disintegration of such rocks is very unfavorable to vegetation, and especially to that kind of vegetation which causes *the earth readily to imbibe moisture from the air, and slowly to part with it;* in other words, such a soil, independent of rains, will always be dry, and rains will

* See the note from his Manuscript Journal, page 380.

† It was Strzelecki who discovered "Gipp's land," back of Cape Howe, a very valuable region, — to him almost a rat-trap, (page 460,) as he had to work four weeks, going three miles a day, and leaving every thing, in order to get out!

‡ Strzelecki, 190; McCulloch's Gazetteer, 215, (Am. Ed.) Lightning without thunder has been witnessed on the Atlantic; men have been killed on board ship, when no other sound accompanied the electricity than a hiss. This we have from the commander of the ship, a man of the highest character.

always run through it, or be shed by its surface. In addition to this, it is found, that the silicious soils absorb solar heat, but do not retain it after the sun has passed away, a circumstance uniformly connected with non-productiveness. The amount of rain which falls in Australia was, for the years 1838 to 1842, both included, more than double that which falls in London; while the evaporation was not one third more. It is not, therefore, a dry climate. Neither is it a hot one, upon the whole; an average of three years does not show a summer heat above 90°, or an annual mean above 68°. The peculiar character of New South Wales, in short, is not to be traced to its climate, or its rains, although they fall unequally and often in torrents, so much as to its peculiar soil growing out of the minerals which compose the mass of its rocks. If this view be correct, nature must not be left to turn the Macquarie into a Nile, but wise irrigation and wise planting must cure what nature cannot; and, after all, the time may never come when the valley of the Darling and its tributaries can be other than a thinly peopled, pastoral land.*

In reference to the aborigines of Australia, who are decreasing with truly frightful rapidity, Strzelecki states, as a fact based upon very extensive and varied observation among the natives of America, the South Sea islanders, and Australians, that, by a law of nature, the aboriginal female, after having once borne children to a European, is barren to men of her own race.† In addition to this cause of decrease, the prevalence among the New Hollanders of the most poisonous complaints, as attested by Sturt‡ and others, may be mentioned. Nor is there in the Australian nearly as much as in the Iroquois, the Delaware, the Huron, and the Black-foot, to make us regret this God-directed, — for such it seems to be, — wasting away. Civilization and Christianity seem even less adapted to him than to our own red man. The British government, and especially the colony of South Australia, have favored the natives as far as the white man in this century can be expected to favor the brown. But it is all in vain. The New Hollander is not wanting in intelligence or good feeling. He is kind, forbearing, not devoid of ingenuity,

* Strzelecki, from one end to the other.

† Page 346.

‡ Sturt, II. 124, 126, 148.

not unworthy of sympathy ; but he can no more live where the Anglo-Saxon once plants his foot, than his aboriginal weeds can where the plough, and harrow, and hoe are at their mission. The negro has a permanence ; he fits into the white, and in one relation or another, the two can and do live together. But the North American Indian and the Australian fill no crevice in the absorbing nature of the Caucasian ; they cannot be slaves, they cannot be equals, of course they cannot be masters ; and so, while might practically makes right, they die, or their race is lost by admixture with the race of their conquerors. It is not now, indeed, a question of right, but a question of fact ; and before it can be made a question of right in practice, the sufferers will be gone from earth.

And here we must close. This topic of the natives, taken in connection with the aborigines of the Pacific islands and Africa, we may return to again. We might also fill another article as long, though perhaps not as tedious, as this, with sketches of Anglo-Australian life ; but we prefer to turn the attention of such readers as may follow us thus far to some of the various English works, which relate to this subject, — especially to those of Landor, Sidney, Howitt, Wilkinson, and Westgarth.*

ART. VII. — *Discourses on the Christian Spirit and Life.* By C. A. BARTOL, Junior Minister of the West Church, Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1850. 12mo. pp. 344.

IN spite of the common prejudice upon the subject, we maintain that theology, considered as a department of literature, is no more under the dominion of dulness than any other department. Books, viewed apart from their subjects, may be divided into two classes, and when subjected to analysis, they exhibit widely different mental processes according as they fall within one division or the other. The first class is composed of works which proceed from self-acting minds,

* Landor on Western Australia ; Sidney on Botany Bay and its Backgrounds ; Howitt and Westgarth on Australia Felix ; Wilkinson on Australia of the South.

gifted with a vivid conception of the objects of thought; the other, of the productions of mechanical minds, having no conception of the spirit of things, but only a perception of their forms and empirical relations. Books which fall under the latter division are as apt to be tiresome when they pass under the name of poems or novels, as when they take the graver appellation of sermons; and though capable of conveying information, they never succeed in communicating any moral or mental energy. The difference between the two classes is as radical as the difference between organic life and mechanical contrivance.

Now, theological works, like all others, are interesting or dull, they fix or stupefy attention, according to the character of the minds whence they proceed; and it is no more appropriate to call Hooker, Taylor, South, or Bunyan tiresome, than it would be to apply this epithet to Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, or Dryden. There is, it must be admitted, a great difficulty in the way of the preacher, arising from the triteness of his topics as contrasted with the grandeur of his sphere of thought; and he will most certainly lack the power of pleasing unless he resolutely seizes and vividly presents the all-important and all-inclusive truths which are buried in our trite forms of speech. In order that he may communicate the spiritual life inherent in religious facts and ideas, he must possess a strong and vivid conception, amounting to practical realization, of spiritual things in their essential nature, and a power of expression which pierces through the crust of worldliness and touches the inmost nerve of the moral being. But almost every community has made an apotheosis of common sense, and in regard to religious matters, has reduced the most awful realities the mind can contemplate into neat and portable propositions, destitute of all living force and influence, equally self-evident and unmeaning, and which everybody theoretically assents to and practically disregards. This passage of truths into truisms, this conversion of spiritual facts into spiritless abstractions, is the great crime for which mediocrity is to be held responsible; and it fairly exceeds in turpitude all the minor peccadilloes which it is common to lay to the charge of genius. The clergyman is under the strongest temptations to slide into these commonplace phrases and opinions, — to pass off a series of wearisome moralities,

undisputed doctrines, and dead didactics for the Christian religion, — and, therefore, though during his ministry, birth preaches, and calamity preaches, and death preaches, he never preaches. Compared with this smooth formality, fanaticism itself may be called wholesome, and we hardly know of any check which can be given to the practice until dulness is promoted from a misfortune into a sin. One curious result of this substitution of religious maxims for religious life, is its development in society of a peculiar form of mental rebellion, the characteristic expression of which is an inversion of truisms into paradoxes, a denial of all the commonplaces of morality and religion, and an escape from opinions tediously true into opinions racily false. On no other principle than that of reaction against dulness, can we account for the custom which now obtains among certain metaphysical reformers and men of wit and displeasure about town, of calling evil good and sin experience, of eliminating responsibility and retribution from the system of life, and of considering all the excellence there is in society to be monopolized by its outcasts.

The leading characteristic of the volume of sermons before us is the comparative absence of all the cant phraseology and formal rhetorical arrangement, which are so apt to vitiate the compositions of the pulpit, and the continual presence of a living and inspiring mind, which, while it conceives spiritual things in the concrete, generally observes their mutual relations, avoids apathy as well as fanaticism, and frequently presents that fine combination of vitality with moderation which constitutes repose. The sermons are in a high degree intellectual. By this we do not mean that they indicate more learning and logic than sensibility; but that they exhibit that union of reason and imagination which is the condition of spiritual insight, as distinguished from mere spiritual feeling; emotions not being substituted for conceptions, but accompanying or pervading them. In speaking of a great religious truth, having its root and substance in the invisible realities of another world, we have a right to demand that the preacher should spiritually discern it, not as an opinion or proposition, but as a fact; assert its existence with as much confidence as though it were perceptible to sense; see, feel, and believe it; and in reference to its reality, record on his page the

testimony of a witness, not the mere hearsay of a repeater of another's contemplations. There are many sermons in the present volume in which much of this "gift of genuine insight" is displayed, and we could especially mention those on Spiritual Peace, Faith the Substance and Evidence, The Dead Speaking, Eternal Life, and The Spiritual Mind. In these, a calm, clear, inward vision of spiritual facts is combined with a quiet religious ecstacy awakened by their contemplation; and so intense is the realization, that the diction at times becomes rhythmical, and discourse almost melts into a rapturous hymn. The might as well as the peace of Christian truths, their capacity equally to animate and to tranquillize, are represented with lyrical beauty and force, and the style loses all the formality of preaching, as interrogations, exclamations, images, and illustrations flash up from its even and melodious movement. The author seems really to feel what deep and momentous truths lie entombed in topics and maxims which appear to common minds hopelessly trite; and if resurrection implies as much power as creation, we are compelled to award the praise of vital imagination to a mind which can thus call back the life departed out of common forms, and animate them anew.

Connected with this clear inward vision of supersensual realities, is the unconscious felicity with which the author associates all the phenomena of nature and society with religious ideas and sentiments, and views every thing in relation to God. His mind is eminently interpretative, perceiving the spiritual significance of the meanest visible object, and solicitous to assign it a place and a purpose in the Divine economy. This is not merely an imaginative discernment of the life inherent in all things, but a perception of the meaning and relations of things considered as objects of religious contemplation, and as having a practical bearing upon spiritual culture. The author, as far as his perceptions extend, makes a translation of nature and character into the language of piety. The hardest and most resisting materials melt at once into religious significance, and become occasions for cheerful hope, as they pass through the crucible of his baptized imagination. We cannot detect a trace of that misanthropy, either in statement or tone, which usually comes from a vivid conception of the spiritual world as contrasted with the actual.

There is enough of indignation at cruelty, iniquity, and baseness, enough of holy passion directed against bad passion; but no morbid hatred of imperfection, no scorn and contempt, none of the language either of despair or sarcasm, no use of the devil's weapons to overturn the devil's legions. It is much easier to hate the sinner than to make the sinner hate his sin; and this abstinence from the luxury of invective and satire would alone indicate depth of nature, even if the sermons did not furnish other and sufficient proofs of it.

This tenderness, humility, and cheerful trust in God are apt, in minds of great religious sensitiveness, to degenerate into mere amiability or weakness of heart, and interfere with breadth and robustness of thinking. We do not perceive that Mr. Bartol ever puts on the sentimentalist, or even the mystic, in representing these finer qualities of Christian faith. There are no two sermons in the volume more diverse in their subjects than those entitled, Business and Religion, and Death is Yours; but in each, the facts are fairly and boldly met, without any yielding to expediency in the former case, or to sentimentality in the latter; and both are excellent for the sturdy piety with which Christian principles are opposed to the strongest temptation and the most bewildering fear to which mankind are subject. The discourse on death, especially, is a very striking expression of spiritual faith. There is something sublime in the mere statement of the subject, in the courage with which the extreme case of mortal agony is taken at the commencement, all moralizing remoteness of thought discarded, and the seeming curse pronounced a blessing in the full view of the pall and the coffin. "Strange, indeed," he says, "if it were an evil, happening universally, as it does, to intelligent creatures under the government of a benevolent God. No: Death is yours. I would fain say it to you, my friends, not in the spirit of melancholy, uncertain doubt, but of cheerful assurance and hope. I come from the funeral company, from the coffin and the grave, to say it; and many of you have come from the burial of loved and pure ones to hear, Death is yours."

Besides this spirituality of vision, this view of all things in relation to God and another world, Mr. Bartol is further distinguished by force, clearness, and precision in the reflective action of his mind. His general views of the subjects he

treats are broad and comprehensive, equally marked by sagacity in the discernment of strong points and judgment in limiting their applications. As his discourses are practical, they exhibit, of course, no long trains of argumentation, but the arrangement of the matter ever indicates logical method, and he has much of that power of rapid intellectual analysis by which arguments are condensed into statements. This is well illustrated in the sermons on Human Nature, Now I Know in Part, and Change and Growth. The reasoning in these loses none of its force by its admirable compression. Perhaps, however, the philosophical capacity of his intellect is best displayed in those sermons in which he develops and applies a principle after the deductive method. The finest example of this in the book is the discourse entitled, Putting on the Lord Jesus Christ, which is not only original in its conception, but, if we mistake not, is a new contribution to the metaphysics of theology. The Song of the Redeemed, one of the mellowest and most melodious compositions in the book, presents a singular combination of the lyrical and the logical, — a principle being developed in a series of vivid pictures, addressing at once the reason, imagination, and heart. Considered merely as a theological disquisition, the sermon on "Nature, Conscience, and Revelation as declaring God, Duty, and Destiny," has very striking merits, the movement of the thought being as sure and orderly, as the eloquence which urges it on is rich and forcible.

Another characteristic of this volume is the power with which the author grasps the Christian sentiments and virtues, penetrating as he does into their substance, and exhibiting their reasonableness as well as their beauty and might. These virtues and sentiments are too commonly expressed with a distressing formality and an apologetic air, as though the preacher himself considered them only proper for weaklings, and hesitated to thrust them impertinently upon men who "know the world." Mr. Bartol ever views them as vital forces, pointing to the highest ideal of manliness. Humility, forbearance, forgiveness, love, meekness, veneration, self-devotion, he treats as the most resolute, courageous, and bracing of qualities; and he probes to the core the weakness, hollowness, cowardice, or unreasonableness of their opposites. It is no little task thus to show the meanness and impotence

which are really at the foundation of sin, selfishness, and the "pagan virtues"; for they have an imposing march and a valorous outside which are not without their effect even upon the imaginations of the good. We have rarely seen a more eloquent representation of a Christian excellence, one written more closely to the heart of the subject, than the sermon on Forbearance. "The undiscerning," he says, "may mistake it for dulness, and want of becoming chivalry. But to the all-seeing God there is beauty in such repose, beyond the exploits of strength and bravery. In the finest statues of ancient art, the last perfection is a calmness of posture, seeming to embosom unbounded power."

The style of pulpit discourses of the present day betrays the influence of the established dictator of diction at our colleges. There is a formal neatness and pharisaic precision of expression common to most preachers who are rhetoricians by the grace of Dr. Blair, which appear to us ingeniously infelicitous as channels of spiritual thought and emotion. We have seen many sermons, written by men who felt warmly and conceived vividly, in which piety was strangled in the process of putting it into sentences and paragraphs. Style should follow, not determine, the action of the mind; and clearness of expression will be more likely to spring from clear conceptions, than from following rules which mangle the thought in the very act of setting it in clear light. Mr. Bartol's style is free from all blemishes of smartness, crispiness, and merely mechanical precision; but it offends occasionally in the opposite extreme of sedateness, fulness, and luxuriant excess of ornament and illustration. Its characteristic merit is a grave energy of movement, which often rises into majesty, and never sinks into feebleness, with little to disturb the harmony of its motion but a too frequent use of interrogations. This form of speech, from its snapping and trampling character, is felt at times as a harsh intruder into the author's melodious paragraphs; but in a majority of instances, it is almost concealed by the rich and flowing drapery in which the author clothes it; and there are numerous sentences in which the reader hardly knows he is committing himself to such a perilous companion, until he obtains a distant view of the "little crooked thing that asks questions," posted truculently at the end of the period. In

one great merit of a preacher's style, that of shedding over the composition a light caught from the stainless beauty of the Christian ideas it conveys, Mr. Bartol is commonly successful; but even the purity of this effect is lessened by the bewildering abundance of images and comparisons which he pours over every page, until the thing illustrated is in danger of being lost in the splendor of the illustrations. Nothing but the firmness of his hold upon central principles prevents his style from being, in this way, altogether overloaded, losing all consistency of purpose, and becoming confused and disjointed.

It is difficult to cull passages from the volume for quotation, as there are no paragraphs deliberately eloquent, and set as traps to catch the reader's admiration. The following may be given as a specimen of the author's plain speaking: —

"Are you nominal Christians or real Christians? We are all one or the other. Suppose the angel of God should descend, and, breaking up the decent and orderly ranks as they now appear, classify us; how many would be on the one side, and how many on the other? — on your own conscience, my friend, where would *you* be? It is said that there are in Boston more than twelve thousand communicants professing their love for Christ in the ordinance of his supper? Are they all real Christians? They would shake this city from the centre to the circumference, if they were. Not a sin, public or private, could dare long to stand unabashed before their searching gaze and spotless example. For virtue, religious character, is influential. It is not to be altogether withstood, any more than gravitation or the tides. A healing and reforming power will go out of it (for this is God's ordination) wherever it moves. We talk of reform and reformers. A good, virtuous, Christian character is the only real, effectual, lasting reformer in the world. And before twelve thousand real Christians, these vile deceptions in trade, — these social pollutions, the horror of which we are just beginning to see, — these evil customs, that exist only by compliance and sufferance, — these traps and temptations, now set without a blush to take captive men's honor and virtue, would flee away with a brand of intolerable ignominy from our sight. The existence of bad habit and bold iniquity is, rightly viewed, a reproach to the church; for, were the church really what it is in name, the habit and the iniquity could not so quietly endure."

The sermon entitled, The Spiritual Mind, is one long strain of devotional eloquence. The passages which more espe-

cially refer to the spiritual world, — "in which God presides, and Christ intercedes, and bands of elder and younger angels minister," — are very grand and inspiring. We can only extract a couple of paragraphs.

"But the spiritual mind, while opposed to what is carnal, completing what is moral, and discerning the significance of what is formal, has, of course, a positive and intrinsic quality of its own, which we must go beyond all terms of negation and comparison to set forth. To be spiritually-minded, then, is to have a sense, a conviction, and inward knowledge of the reality, solidity, and permanent security of spiritual things. It is to believe and see that there is something more in God's universe than outwardly appears; something more than this richly compounded order of material elements, with all its beauty and lustre; something beyond the sharply-defined glittering objects that crowd the landscape. It is to understand that day and night, seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, are not the only facts possibly subject to the notice of the undying soul. It is to be aware that even the broad streets and mighty pathways which the astronomer descries, laid out from globe to globe, do not embrace the whole or highest survey of God's creation. But beyond, within, or above all, there verily is a scene, a society of lofty, intelligent existence, where are brighter displays of God's nearness and love; a company of immortals, escaped from this empire of change; a circle of children in harmonious ranks about the infinite Father, on whose forms, "vital in every part," death comes not to lay his finger, and whose feet no sorrow or disappointment can clog or trip, as they run in endless pursuit of truth and goodness.

"The spiritual mind not only sees, as in cold vision, this inner or upper world gloriously triumphing in its stability over the passing kingdom of earth and sense, but enters into relation with it, feels surrounded by it, bows to it, and realizes an inspection from the living firmament of its power. It repeats, indeed, in the chambers of its own hidden life, the experience of the great spiritually-minded writer to the Hebrews, when, after enumerating a long list of ancient worthies, who had died in the faith many centuries before, their names rising up like ranges of mountains on the horizon of history, he represents them as actually present, like the amphitheatre of witnesses at the Grecian stadium, and says to his fellow-believers, 'Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking

unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith;' a passage of stirring power, which no literature out of the Bible can match. And even such a holy, unseen environment the spiritually-minded man walks in the midst of, or, with a forthrunning and believing imagination, draws around him, and feels its potent virtue. He beholds vividly beside him their bright examples; for they have finished the race before him. He hears them, from their seats of bliss, with united cry cheer him on; and his feet gain swiftness in the way of all honor and well-doing. The rays from their crowns of glory are concentrated from the whole canopy of heaven into the little earthly space over which he speeds to do God's bidding; and he heeds not the ephemeral allurements of earthly pleasure, or the side-lights of human fame."

In the sermon on Belshazzar's Feast, there is much picturesque imagery and vivid description; but perhaps the most striking exhibition of the author's power of painting with words, is in The Song of the Redeemed. The principle illustrated is that by which "toil, pain, and trial, however hard and sharp and grievous in the experience, turn to comfort and delight in the retrospect;" and the following passage exquisitely pictures the sailor.

"The same principle operates in the hardships of peaceful life. The sailor has a like gladness from the dangers with which he has been environed on the stormy deep. His rough and flinty experience, too, melts in this crucible of inward recollection, by some wondrous alchemy changed to gold. He would not lose now from mind the rough winter, the perilous voyage, the tempestuous Cape, in doubling which, the biting frost and the bitter wind did their worst upon him, and his bark wellnigh foundered in the trough of the sea. Not a hurricane, or season of scant allowance, or exposure to deadly disease, would he part from. Sweeter than the music of harps and organs, the breezes whistle and the billows rage from afar; and more beautiful than the calm inland lake, reflecting the wood and the verdant hill-top near which he was born, that foam still sparkles, and those breakers swell and gleam, into which, as he clomb the giddy mast and grasped the frozen rigging, he had wellnigh been plunged. The gloomy patches of the scene charm him more than any spots of sunshine. He interprets the almost intolerable accidents that overtook him into a good and gracious Providence, and sings of his calamity, privation, and fear."

We must close our extracts with one passage from a ser-

mon replete with meditative beauty and a still searching pathos, entitled, The Record of the Year. It refers to the good ministries of sickness and death.

"I have seen too much the gracious work that sickness, with all her sharp instrumentalities, does, to wish to close my eyes on, or pass slightly over, her entries in the book of life. She is the angel who comes not alone and unattended to the body and soul of man. Herself dark, she comes with a bright retinue. Patience, resignation, spiritual thoughts of God and of futurity, come with her. Penitence, flying back over the past, yet the pardoning mercy of the gospel flying with her, and shedding rays of heaven on her mournful way; resolution, pluming herself for a better course; good affections to the Father above, and the brethren around, often unfolding more strong and tender than they had ever done before in health; — these are the attendant spirits and close companions of sickness, to whose presence and precious agency we can all testify. And so this page of our record shall be to us no page of fell chance or dark misfortune, but written with the finger of God, not in the train of outward circumstances merely, but for enduring instruction, on the tables of the heart. For as the most blazing effulgence of heaven sleeps within the black cloud, so in this lowering darkness and eclipse of bodily suffering often lies the very brilliance of a spiritual and divine glory.

. . . . . .

"God, my friends, by his Son Jesus Christ lifts up even this burden of death. He lifts it up in the assurance that they are not dead, though their mortal frames are dissolved; that they are not silent, though by our dull ears their voices are unheard. They praise him still, though not in the faint tones of this our humble worship. Their virtues live and grow, still sacred in his care, though canonized in no human calendar. Nay, they are not only themselves immortal, but they keep alive, or create, the faith and sense of immortality in our hearts. They have made a path with their feet into the blessed land; they have filled up and bridged over with their hallowed dust the separating gulf from time into eternity. To the meditative and prayerful soul, they send back their appeal. Being dead in the body, they yet speak for truth and goodness with louder tone and more persuasive pathos than when their words fell on our outward hearing. They have gone, that they might awaken our virtue. They have gone, that they might chill and discourage our worldly lusts. They have gone, that, from their purer, spiritualized being they might sanctify our motives, and touch with a thrilling and arousing,

though invisible, hand our better nature. Like the mysterious stars, though with a warmer attraction, they lift and beckon us up. The light still burns, the fountain flows, the music sounds for us."

We have considered at some length this volume of sermons, because it appears to us to have its foundation deep in religious ideas and sentiments, to present much of the rich substance of religious thought, to evince more than common power in evolving the real soul of religion from religious maxims, and to indicate a mind which, in the region of spiritual meditation, moves with certainty and ease while it moves with becoming humility and awe. As a contribution to literature, we think it worthy of consideration for the beauty of its style and the nourishing quality of its thoughts; and though we would speak less confidently of it as a contribution to theology, it certainly possesses some rare qualities, which give it no mean station among the compositions of religious and contemplative minds.

ART. VIII. — *Memorials of* JOHN BARTRAM *and* HUMPHRY MARSHALL, *with Notices of their Botanical Contemporaries.* By WILLIAM DARLINGTON, M. D., LL. D., &c. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1849. 8vo. pp. 585.

THE name of John Bartram stands first on the long list of eminent men who have enwreathed their names with trophies from our North American Flora. He was the earliest explorer of the botanical wonders of the New World, from the then continuously wooded shores of Ontario and Cayuga to the source of the San Juan in Florida. The meagre sketches of his life, which have appeared in encyclopedias and biographical dictionaries, have made his name but lightly known to the public, though he has long been honored by the scientific world as the patriarch of botany in America. He was the contemporary of Linnæus, who considered him the best practical botanist of the age; and while monuments have

been erected, medals struck, and memoirs written in commemoration of the Swedish naturalist, three quarters of a century elapsed after the death of Bartram before he found a biographer. When standing under the splendid cypress planted by the patriarch's own hands in the garden which, had it been duly preserved, would be his best monument, we hoped that some other memorial of him, equally interesting and more generally known, might yet appear and keep his memory green. This wish has now been fulfilled by the publication of his correspondence in a far more perfect form than could have been expected after the lapse of so many years. His letters are quaint and characteristic, and are written with delightful simplicity and frankness; apart from their value as contributions to the history of natural science in this country, they throw more light upon the manners of the times and the character of the man, than could be derived from any formally prepared biography.

The Bartram and Marshall Memorial is a handsomely printed octavo volume, with engraved illustrations representing the houses of both botanists, fac-similes of their handwriting, and the cup and gold medal that were presented to Bartram, the former by Sir Hans Sloane, and the other by a society of gentlemen at Edinburgh. It is edited by an enthusiastic botanist, now nearly the Nestor of his brethren, who has passed his life near the locality where these pioneers of American botany lived and died. Dr. Darlington is already favorably known to the public as the compiler of *Reliquiæ Baldwinianæ*, and of a Flora of his own town and county. He has never lost sight of his favorite study amid the din and bustle of the other avocations in which he has been actively engaged; and it is honorable to his feelings that he has given so much time to commemorating the services of those who preceded him in devotion to this delightful science.

It is well that these papers came into the hands of one so able and desirous to do honor to the memory of the writers of them; for if a few years more had passed, it seems that the curious might have sought in vain for any relics of them. The editor tells us that, —

"These ancient manuscripts were not only jumbled together in a chaotic mass, but were generally much injured by time, and many of them scarcely legible; so that it required no little care

and patient perseverance, to decipher and arrange them. This was especially the case with the letters from JOHN BARTRAM to his friends, of which letters he seems to have been in the habit of retaining the original rough draughts. It is, in fact, too probable, that if the opportunity thus kindly afforded by Colonel CARR and his lady had not been embraced, the portion of the correspondence here preserved would, ere long, have been scattered among the various branches of the family, and the recovery of it rendered wholly impracticable."

Dr. Darlington has performed his task with ability. The biographical notes are interesting, and though shorter than we could wish, are sufficiently explicit to give the reader a fair knowledge of the character and station of the persons to whom they relate. We think the harmony of the different portions of the book would have been better preserved, if the correspondence had been arranged in chronological order throughout; as it is, the letters which passed between Collinson and Bartram, extending from 1734 to 1768, are placed first, and occupy about half of the volume. Bartram's other correspondents were many of the most celebrated men of the last century, among whom may be mentioned Gronovius, Dillenius, Kalm, Sir Hans Sloane, Dr. Franklin, Dr. Fothergill, Miller, Catesby, and Wilson. We regret that none of Linnæus's letters have been preserved in the collection, although there are allusions to them by the other correspondents. Bartram says, "Linnæus hath sent me the second edition of his *Characteres Plantarum* with a very loving letter, desiring my correspondence, to furnish him with some natural curiosities of our country. I hope by next ship to send him some." The Swedish naturalist was delighted with the plants he received from America, and often regretted that he could never visit this country, which then, in its vast unexplored regions, contained such treasures of natural history; and he imposed upon all his friends who came hither the obligation of sending him specimens.

John Bartram, the subject of these memoirs, was born in Darby, Pennsylvania, on the 23d of March, 1699. He was the son of William Bartram, whose father, following the fortunes of William Penn, removed from Derbyshire, England, in 1682. John Bartram inherited a farm near Darby from his uncle, and was bred a husbandman; but he evinced in

early life an inclination for the study of physic and surgery, and as his biographer relates, "he even acquired so much knowledge in the practice of this latter science as to be very useful, and in many instances to give great relief, to his poorer neighbors, who were unable to apply for medicine and assistance to physicians of the city. It is extremely probable that, as most of his medicines were derived from the vegetable kingdom, this circumstance might point out to him the necessity of, and excite a desire for, the study of botany." He was the first American who conceived the idea of establishing a botanic garden, for which purpose, in 1728, he bought five acres of land having a favorable soil and exposure, on the banks of the Schuylkill, three miles from Philadelphia. Here he built with his own hands a comfortable house of hewn stone. This house and garden are still in existence, although modern innovation threatens their destruction. A railroad runs through the garden, and there is some danger that it will be converted into a coal and lumber yard.

Of the five botanic gardens mentioned as established in the United States before 1806, two have wholly disappeared, and only one, that at Cambridge, is still used for its original purpose. Dr. Darlington observes, "the last named, now under the skilful supervision of Professor A. Gray, is in a flourishing condition, and bids fair, if supported by an adequate endowment, to be a perennial monument of the liberality and love of science of those who projected it." The adequate endowment, of which it stands sadly in need, we hope may soon be supplied. Three years ago, the greenhouse in the garden had become so dilapidated from the want of funds for making the necessary repairs, that the plants were taken out of it, and distributed through the grounds. Some, too large to be removed, were left to await the chance of being killed by the cold; among these was an enormous Camelia, fifty years old, the first that was brought to this country. Last winter, a small sum was spared from the funds to fit up temporarily one of the compartments of the greenhouse; but the whole building is so much out of repair, that it would be better economy to erect a new one than to spend any more money upon the old edifice. The garden is kept in as good order as the trifling sum appropriated to it will admit; but even now, with the utmost frugality, the annual expenses exceed the interest

of the fund. The establishment cannot support itself, because it cannot be devoted to any great extent to the cultivation of flowers for sale; its objects are to bring together the vegetable productions of our own country and of other lands, to acclimate the foreign trees and shrubs which may prove useful or ornamental, and to distribute abroad the most curious of our indigenous plants. These purposes cannot be answered without incurring considerable expense; and we know of no worthier object to which the liberality of the patrons of science can be directed, than to the restoration and support of the garden at Cambridge.

But we return to the history of our botanical patriarch. John Bartram, from the time he was ten years old, evinced a great inclination for plants, and as he says in one of his letters, he could recognize at sight all that he had once observed, though he knew not their proper names, having had no person or books to instruct him. He received the usual education which in those days could be acquired in country schools; and he acquired also some knowledge of Greek and Latin, though probably not much, as he requests Gronovius to write to him in English, because he cannot easily make out his Latin. He was about thirty years old when he laid out his botanic garden, and filled it with the curious trees and flowers he had found in his various excursions; it soon attracted the attention of many persons, who encouraged him to persist in his labors. His particular friend, Joseph Breintnall, a merchant of Philadelphia, undertook to convey some of his collections and observations on natural history to Peter Collinson, in London, and thus laid the foundation of a friendship and correspondence which continued for fifty years. Bartram and Collinson both were Quakers, and both were passionately fond of botanical pursuits; the latter accumulated a large fortune, and was rather generous in the use of it, though his benevolence was somewhat tinctured by the peculiar straitness and precision of his sect. He writes to his American friend with a rather paternal and patronizing air, but with great cordiality and frankness. From a life of Collinson, published in the University Magazine of 1795, we extract the following: — "John Bartram may almost be said to have been created an eminent naturalist by Mr. P. Collinson's assistance. He it was who first recommended to him

the collecting of seeds, and afterwards aiding him in disposing of them in this country; animated by his friend, Mr. Bartram persevered in investigating the plants of America with indefatigable labor, and with a success which rendered his name illustrious."

At first, Bartram received from his English patrons, in return for his plants and seeds, presents of money, clothes, and books; but as their demands for new plants became greater, and he was obliged to extend his excursions beyond the district of Eastern Pennsylvania, Delaware, and the Jerseys, he very properly hinted to them that his journeys were not profitable to him, as his expenses in travelling were considerable, and his farm was neglected in his absence. Collinson's reply is an amusing specimen of Broadbrim's dictatorial disposition in small things.

"As Lord PETRE desired to see thy letters, they are all there. He admires thy plain natural way of writing, and thy observations and descriptions of several plants. For want of them, I shall only take notice of thy proposal, in one of them, for an annual allowance to encourage and enable thee to prosecute further discoveries. Lord PETRE is very willing to contribute very handsomely towards it. He will give ten guineas, and we are in hopes to raise ten more. This, we think, will enable thee to set apart a month, two, or three, to make an excursion on the banks of the Schuylkill, to trace it to its fountain. But as so great an undertaking may require two or three years, and as many journeys, to effect it, so we must leave that wholly to thee. But we do expect, that after harvest, and when the season is that all the seeds of trees and shrubs are ripe, thou will set out; and them that happen not to be ripe when thou goes, they may have attained to maturity when thou comes back. We shall send thee paper for specimens and writing, and a pocket compass, — expect thee 'll keep a regular journal of what occurs every day; and an exact observation of the course of the river, which, with a compass, thee may easily do.

"It will, we apprehend, be necessary to take a servant with thee, and two horses for yourselves, and a spare one to carry linen, provisions, and all other necessaries. If the spare horse, and the man's horse, had two panniers or large baskets on each side, they will be very convenient to carry paper, to take specimens by the way, and to bring back the seeds; thee may make a good many little, middling, and large paper bags to put the seeds in; and be sure have some good covering of skins over

the baskets, to keep out the rain, &c. Take some boxes for insects of all sorts, with the nets; and on thy return, some particular plants, that thee most fancies, may be brought in the baskets if there is room."

An annual stipend of twenty guineas was finally promised, and paid for a long series of years, the two other subscribers being Philip Miller and the Duke of Richmond; but Collinson often complains of the difficulty of obtaining the money from "great folks." With this encouragement, Bartram every year undertook long journeys for the benefit of his foreign correspondents. He travelled over the Blue Ridge, and explored Virginia; he made various excursions through New York, and several times climbed the Catskills; he crossed the Alleghanies, and traced the Monongahela and Ohio for a great distance; he visited the Carolinas twice; and, at the age of sixty-seven, being appointed botanist to the King, he went to Florida, and ascended the river San Juan for four hundred miles from its mouth. All these expeditions in a wild and unsettled country were not unattended with risk. He writes to a friend, "thee may suppose I am often exposed to solitary and difficult travelling, beyond our inhabitants, in passing over rivers, climbing over mountains and precipices, amongst the rattlesnakes, and often obliged to follow the track or path of wild beasts for my guide through the desolate and gloomy thickets." And again, — "when I am travelling on the mountains or in the valleys, I chiefly search out the most desolate, craggy, dismal places I can find, where no mortal ever trod; — not that I naturally delight in such solitudes, but entirely to observe the wonderful productions of nature." It is evident that he richly earned his twenty guineas. The following shows how modest his expectations were, and throws a fine light on his kindly and simple disposition.

"I have received the nails, calico, Russia linen, and the clothes for my boys; all which are very good and well chosen, and give great satisfaction. The only thing that gives me any uneasiness is, that thee hath sent more than what is my due.

"Now, though oracles be ceased, and thee hath not the spirit of divination, — yet according to our friend Doctor Witt, we friends that love one another sincerely may, by an extraordinary spirit of sympathy, not only know each other's desires, but may

have a spiritual conversation at great distances one from another. Now, if this be truly so, — if I love thee sincerely — and thy love and friendship be so to me — thee must have a spiritual feeling and sense of what particular sorts of things will give satisfaction; and doth not thy actions make it manifest? for, what I send to thee for, thee hath chosen of just such sorts and colors as I wanted. Nay, as my wife and I are one, so she is initiated into this spiritual union; for thee has sent her a piece of calico so directly to her mind, that she saith that if she had been there herself, she could not have pleased her fancy better."

In the year 1743, Conrad Weiser, the general Indian interpreter, was despatched by government to Onondaga, to settle some differences with the Indians which originated in a skirmish, in the wilds of Virginia, between some of the Six Nations and the whites. Bartram did not let this opportunity pass unimproved, and on the 3d of July, he started on horseback to join Weiser's party, accompanied also by Lewis Evans, a skilful physician of that period, who afterwards published a map of the Middle States. Bartram's Journal during this expedition was published by his friends in London, in 1751, without his knowledge; and we refer the curious reader to it who is not satisfied with our slight sketch. The Journal treats of the soil, climate, productions, and natural curiosities of the rich hills and valleys of the interior of Pennsylvania. The course of the travellers lay through the vale of Wiomic, or Wyoming, since so celebrated as the scene of Campbell's poem, who doubtless gleaned material for his descriptions of natural objects from this work. The journey was not without its perils, for the route lay through the heart of the wilderness occupied by the Indians, who were not considered altogether friendly; the party were obliged to sleep upon the ground, to live on Indian fare, and there was often a scarcity even of that. They were so fortunate as to obtain the services, as guides through the forest, of an Indian chief and his son, who seem to have discharged the trust with fidelity, as they were everywhere received with marks of honor by the natives.

At one of the villages, a feast was given to Weiser in his character of peacemaker; on such solemn occasions, Indian etiquette enjoins that every morsel be eaten. Weiser, not being well, obtained permission to eat by proxy, and called

in his *compagnons de voyage* to aid him; but even their united forces were not sufficient to dispose of the neck of venison set before them, and one of them took up what was left to throw it to the dog. But before he could accomplish his design, an Indian seized it, and placing it on the fire, religiously covered it up with ashes. Bartram supposed this was done to appease the god of the chase; but it seems more probable that, in the opinion of the savages, the food which had once been touched by their guests became too sacred to be applied to vile uses.

After a journey of nineteen days, the party reached Onondaga, where the council with the Six Nations was held, which terminated amicably. Leaving Weiser to settle the diplomatic affairs, Bartram and his friend procured guides and continued their journey to the trading post of Oswego, on Lake Ontario, where they obtained provisions for their journey home. He remarks that the waters of this lake had considerably diminished in the course of years, and offers several conjectures on the cause of the phenomenon, which he finally leaves for abler naturalists than himself to determine. The travellers were kindly entertained by the traders and Indians at the Castle, and were fully equipped for their journey home, which they accomplished without difficulty.

The correspondence of Bartram and his friends was interrupted during the war of 1745, and some of their collections, which had been sent by sea, were seized by the French and Spanish cruisers. He writes to Gronovius, in December of this year: —

"I have sent thee many curiosities in a box directed to thee; which I hope our worthy friend, Peter Collinson, will send to thee according to my direction, — if the French and Spaniards don't hinder him from the opportunity of obliging us. Indeed, it is very discouraging to think that all my labor and charges may very likely fall into such hands as will take no farther care of them, than to heave them overboard into the sea, as I suppose they did all that I sent last year, by the Queen of Hungaria. If I could know that they fell into the hands of men of learning and curiosity, I should be more easy about them. Though they are what is commonly called our enemies, yet, if they make proper use of what I have labored for, let them enjoy it with the blessing of God.

"I have sent a variety of the clay-cells, which the singing Wasps

built last summer; but the wasps were gone, or dead, before thy instructions came to my hands. I believe we have a great variety of these kinds. I design, next summer, (if my affairs go on pretty well,) to make a fine collection of insects and fishes for thee."

In 1765, Collinson writes to his friend, "I have the pleasure to inform my good friend, that my repeated solicitations have not been in vain. For this day I received certain intelligence from our gracious king, that he had appointed thee his botanist, with a salary of 50 pounds a year; and in pursuance thereof, I received thy first half year's payment of the salary." In the autumn of that year, Bartram set off for Florida, going by sea to Carolina, and thence by land to St. Augustine. Collinson speaks of this journey as dangerous, and laments that it was undertaken at so unfavorable a season, for Bartram suffered much from seasickness and the "southward fever." His son William took a fancy to settle in Florida, a determination which cost his father much money and caused him great uneasiness. Their voyage up the San Juan was made in an open boat, and occupied nearly two months. The journal kept during the expedition was sent to London and published with notes by William Stork, M. D., who thus presents it to his readers: — "Mr. John Bartram, a native of Pennsylvania, the author of this journal, is well known and well respected in the learned world, as an able naturalist; his knowledge in botany recommended him to the esteem and patronage of the great, and procured him the honor of being botanist to His Majesty for both the Floridas. The usefulness of his journal, in making early known to the world what are the natural productions of the country to which it relates, is a sufficient proof of the usefulness of his appointment."

Friend Collinson likens himself to "the Parson's barn which refuses nothing;" others might class him with the horseleech's daughter, whose continual cry is, Give! give! Bartram sometimes grows a little pettish under these repeated calls, and says, "Do they think I can make new ones? I have sent them seeds of almost every tree and shrub from Nova Scotia to Carolina; very few are wanting, and from the sea across the continent to the lakes." "My correspondents near London write to me as freely for Carolina plants, as if they thought I could get them as easily as they do the

plants in the European gardens; that is, to walk at their leisure along the alleys, and dig what they please out of the beds, without the danger of life or limb." Collinson had a perfectly boyish fancy for turtles, and is never weary of sending for all the varieties of that class of animals, until he finds that the fish in his pond were rapidly diminishing, and at last discovers an enormous snapping turtle to be the depredator, when he forthwith prohibits the importation of any more. Yet the worthy Quaker expressed great delight when the formidable creature was first sent to him.

"My son and I were both surprised at the sight of the great Mud Turtle. It is really a formidable animal. He bit very fierce at a stick. He had near bit my finger. Thy former description is very good, excepting his sharp hook at the point of its bill, and his shell being very jagged or notched near his tail. It made an uncouth noise, I can't say barking; but what a full-grown one might do, I can't say. It is really a curiosity, and we are obliged to thee for sending it; for we had no notion of such an animal, for writers, in general, content themselves by saying there 's terrapins, or land and water turtles, &c.

"I wish Billy could get one of this size, and draw it, in its natural dress; but pray let the shell be well washed, that the sutures of the shell may be well expressed. What eye it has, we can't well say, for they seem closed up, as if asleep.

"All the species of turtles, drawn as they come in your way, with some account of them, would prove a new piece of natural history, well worth knowing.

"The pretty Frog came safe and well, and very brisk: more of these innocent creatures would not be amiss. But pray send no more Mud Turtle. One is enough. The other Water Turtle is a pretty species; came very well."

Our countrymen travelling in England are often astonished by the great number of American plants which adorn the parks and gardens of the nobility, — plants considered rare even here, and proving by their size and vigor, that they must have been cultivated in English soil for many years. But after reading the letters of Bartram to his English correspondents, with the long list of seeds and plants constantly sent over the Atlantic, it ceases to be a matter of wonder that, in many gardens, a place is set apart as the American ground, whither our native woods appear to have been transplanted root and branch, from the magnificent White Pine to the

delicate Linnæa creeping at its foot. Plants and trees growing within the borders of our own State can now be procured from England at a cheaper rate, and with less risk, than from their original locality. We receive the vegetable savages, civilized by their sojourn abroad, and fitted to become very ornamental, and (what cannot be said of all travellers) very useful and contented, when returned to their native air.

These letters introduce us familiarly into the home and private life of Bartram. Collinson advises and corrects him in regard to his reading, and even in the matter of dress.

"One thing I must desire of thee, and do insist that thee oblige me therein: that thou make up that drugget clothes, to go to Virginia in, and not appear to disgrace thyself or me; for though I should not esteem thee the less, to come to me in what dress thou will, — yet these Virginians are a very gentle, well-dressed people — and look, perhaps, more at a man's outside than his inside. For these and other reasons, pray go very clean, neat, and handsomely dressed, to Virginia. Never mind thy clothes: I will send more another year."

Shortly afterwards, he writes again to say that he had sent a parcel of seeds "to your proprietor, Thomas Penn. Dress thyself neatly in thy best habits, and wait on him for them; for I have in a particular manner recommended thee to him." But the good Quaker forgets not to teach economy as well as neatness.

"One thing I forgot to mention before, and what very much surprises me, to find thee, who art a philosopher, prouder than I am. My cap, it is true, had a small hole or two on the border; but the lining was new. Instead of giving it away, I wish thee had sent it me back again. It would have served me two or three years, to have worn in the country, in rainy weather."

Bartram wishes his friend to buy Tournefort's book for him, which Collinson is unwilling to do on account of the cost, and he even misquotes Scripture to reprove him for his prodigality.

"I shall first take notice of thy request to buy Tournefort. I have inquired, and there are so many books, or parts, done, as come to fifty shillings. The first part may be got, perhaps, second-hand; but the others are not yet to be expected. Now I shall be so friendly to tell thee, I think this is too much to lay out. Besides, now thee has got Parkinson and Miller, I would not have thee

puzzle thyself with others; for they contain the ancient and modern knowledge of Botany. Remember SOLOMON's advice; in reading (?) of books, there is no end."

Bartram wittily replies "I take thy advice about books very kindly, although I love such reading dearly; and I believe if Solomon had loved women less, and books more, he would have been a wiser and happier man than he was."

The following enables us to picture to ourselves very distinctly the Quaker botanist as he appeared when arrayed in the clothes that were sent to him.

"In the trunk of the Library Company, thee 'll find a suit of clothes for thyself. This may serve to protect thy outward man, — being a drugget coat, black waistcoat, and shagg breeches. And now, that thou may see that I am not thoughtless of thy better part, I send thee R. BARCLAY's *Apology*, to replenish thy inward man. So farewell. Success attend thee in all thy expeditions."

Bartram's reply is quite characteristic, and does honor to his feelings.

"I am greatly obliged to thee for thy necessary present of a suit of clothes, which just came in the right time; and BARCLAY's Apology *I shall take care of*, for thy sake. It answers thy advice much better than if thee had sent me one of Natural History, or Botany, which I should have spent ten times the hours in reading of, while I might have labored for the maintenance of my family. Indeed, I have little respect to *apologies* and disputes about the ceremonial parts of religion, which often introduce animosities, confusion, and disorders in the mind — and sometimes body too: but, dear PETER, let us worship the one Almighty Power, in sincerity of heart, with resignation to His divine will, — doing to others as we would have them do to us, if we were in their circumstances. Living in love and innocency, we may die in hope."

Bartram engraved with his own hands, on a stone in the wall of his house, above the window of his own apartment, where it may still be seen, the following lines: —

"'T is God alone, the Almighty Lord,
The Holy One, by me adored."

In the selection of a distich for the door of his greenhouse, he does not seem to have been equally fortunate; since the well known lines,

"Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God,"

gave offence to some of his staid Quaker brethren; and there is a tradition, that this public avowal of the liberality of his religious opinions caused him to be "read out of meeting."

We have quoted liberally from this entertaining volume, and find that we have no room left for extracts from the letters of Bartram's numerous other correspondents besides Collinson. Among them were many well known to fame, from Dr. Franklin down to an honest *savant*, whose Yankee origin is pretty clearly betrayed by the multifarious character of his employments, as the editor says that "he invented the drill plough, wrote a Dissertation on the Prophecies, and published a treatise on Inoculation for the Small Pox." We must find space, however, for an extract from a very characteristic epistle of Dr. Franklin's, dated at London, July 9, 1769; it shows Poor Richard's peculiar vein of opinion very clearly.

"Although it may not now be suitable for you to make such wide excursions as heretofore, you may yet be very useful to your country, and to mankind, if you sit down quietly at home, digest the knowledge you have acquired, compile and publish the many observations you have made, and point out the advantages that may be drawn from the whole, in public undertakings, or particular private practice.

"It is true, many people are fond of accounts of old buildings, monuments, &c.; but there is a number, who would be much better pleased with such accounts as you could afford them; and for one, I confess, that if I could find in any Italian travels a receipt for making Parmesan cheese, it would give me more satisfaction than a transcript of any inscription from any old stone whatever."

On the 22d of September, 1777, Bartram closed his eyes upon the world whose natural beauties had so long engaged his devout attention. His illness was short, and about half an hour before he expired, he seemed to be in considerable agony, and pronounced these words, "I want to die." One of his granddaughters, who recollects him distinctly, says, "he was exceedingly annoyed and agitated, (and she thinks his days were shortened,) by the approach of the royal army after the battle of Brandywine. As that army had been ravaging various portions of the revolted Colonies, he was apprehensive it might also lay waste his darling garden, the cherished nursling of almost half a century."

The two journals to which we have already alluded are all the writings of John Bartram which were given to the public, excepting some articles on Natural History in the Philosophical Transactions, between the years 1740 and 1750, and the notes and appendix to the American edition of Short's *Medicina Britannica*, published by B. Franklin and D. Hall.

His son, William, published his own travels in Carolina and the Floridas at a much later date; and the two Bartrams, as the mantle of the father descended upon the son, are often confounded. William, in his earlier years, led rather a roving life, to the great scandal of his father's mentor, Collinson, who constantly exhorts him to marry and settle, the good Quaker being strongly impressed with the divine truth, that it is not good for man to be alone. But William, satisfied with his pencil and specimens, lived and died a bachelor. He was the friend and constant assistant of Wilson the ornithologist, whose premature death science still deplores, and whose last wish, so strangely disregarded, has become familiar to us in the lines of M'Lellan: —

> "In some wild forest shade,
> Under some spreading oak or waving pine,
> Or old elm festooned with the gadding vine,
> Let me be laid."

After Mount Auburn was consecrated, some gentlemen applied to his only surviving relative in this country for leave to remove his remains from under the brick Presbyterian church in Philadelphia, where they were buried, to that beautiful resting place for the dead. But his sister, with the feelings of a true Scotch Presbyterian, replied; "Ye shall not disturb the bones of the dead; let them aye rest in peace where the prayer was first spoken over them."

The last hundred pages of this volume are devoted to the life and correspondence of Humphrey Marshall. He was born in 1722, at West Bradford, Penn., his mother and the mother of John Bartram being sisters. The editor remarks, "It is altogether probable that Humphry Marshall's taste for horticulture and botany may have been awakened and promoted by a familiar intercourse with his cousin John Bartram, and by the attractions of that cousin's interesting garden. Enjoying such privileges, he would at once catch the spirit, and profit by the skill and experience, of his enthusiastic rela-

tive." Marshall was apprenticed to a stonemason, whose trade he followed for many years; yet at the same time he showed his love of plants by embellishing his father's farm at the Forks of the Brandywine. In 1773, he built his own house, and planned and commenced the botanic garden at Marshallton, which he filled with curious plants, many of which, especially the noble oaks, pines, and magnolias, still survive, although the garden from neglect has become a mere wilderness. In 1780, Marshall began to prepare an account of the forest trees and shrubs of this country, which was published about five years afterwards, in a duodecimo volume of about two hundred pages. This was the first truly indigenous botanical essay published in the western hemisphere; it was in advance of the times, for it excited little interest in the community, and the publisher writes, "I have had accounts from Trenton and New York, but there is not one subscriber in either place; they sell but slow. I think we have not sold a dozen beside those to the subscribers." This book, the expense of the publication of which Marshall was obliged to defray for himself, was appreciated abroad, and translated into most of the languages of Europe.

In the latter part of his life, Marshall's eyesight was impaired by a cataract, and the operation of couching was performed with only partial success; but he was never entirely blind, and to the last enjoyed walking about his garden and examining the trees and plants. He died in 1801, aged 79. We have not room to make any extracts from his correspondence, although there are many interesting letters in it, particularly those written during the Revolution, which show the state of feeling on both sides of the Atlantic.

Art. IX.—*Lady Alice; or the New Una. A Novel.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849. 8vo. pp. 152.

"Of the bad preacher," says a recent writer, "it could not be told from his sermon, what age of the world he fell in;

whether he had a father or a child; whether he was a freeholder or a pauper; whether he was a citizen or a countryman; or any other fact of his biography." This sentence embodies a truth wellnigh universal. All the higher forms of literature are indeed cosmopolitan in their currency and their acceptance; but it is because, with incontestable marks of their birthplace, they are adopted to citizenship everywhere else. A sophomore's theme or a school-girl's lyric suggests no reason why it should have been written in New England rather than in Kamtschatka. Stupidity, sciolism, and those ambitious forms of composition for which neither consciousness nor experience furnishes material, are of no soil or zone. The man, who lacks a heart, or who claps an extinguisher upon it when he writes, may succeed in denationalizing himself. But not a strophe of the Hebrew poets could have been written out of Palestine. Shakspeare by the walls of Troy, and Milton in Pandemonium, are Englishmen still; and Dante no more sinks the Florentine in Purgatory than in exile. The aroma of Scottish heather would have belied the London imprint, had Burns made an anonymous *début* under the auspices of a metropolitan publisher; and, had the Waverley novels first appeared in Boston, no American would ever have been suspected of their authorship.

We regard it, therefore, as an equivocal compliment to the Lady Alice, that, on its publication in England, it should have been without question received, read, reviewed, ("highly reviewed," we are told in an advertisement to the edition before us,) as an English book. And, frequent as have been the instances of literary "conveyance" with which we have had reason to charge our trans-Atlantic brethren, we most cordially enter for them the plea of "not guilty" in the present instance. Had we not heard the author's name on the most trustworthy testimony, we should distrust the strongest array of title-page evidence to the cis-Atlantic origin of a work, of which the author evidently deems his own fatherland "not worthy." We have looked through it in vain for a single trace of American culture, sentiments, or sympathies, — for a single recognition of the liberal ideas and feelings as to religion, politics, or the distinctions of society, which are supposed to pervade all classes and sects in our republic. The only circumstance which might betray the

secret of its authorship to an English critic is the intense over-working of the aristocratic and hierarchical elements, the more than homage, the utter prostration of soul alike before coronets and liveries, and the unreasoning adulation of inveterate absurdities and abuses which, though tolerated, have grown intolerable in the land of their nativity.

The story has its first scene laid in the luxurious valley of Cava, between the Gulfs of Naples and Salerno, where Augustus and Frederic Clifford, Englishmen by birth, Romanists in faith, have fixed their residence for a season. They are possessed of ample wealth, and belong to a family which dates its patent of nobility from the Norman conquest. And, as regards pedigree, to avoid the necessity of farther detail, we will say once for all, that an ancestral tree of at least eight centuries' growth is an indispensable qualification, not only for a prominent actor, but almost for an interlocutor or a marplot, in this novel; while, from the author's abhorrence for the slightest plebeian stain, we cannot conceive of his characters as offshoots, however remote, from that primitive family in which "Adam delved and Eve span." To return to our story, Frederic saves the life of a beautiful girl, who is bathing a little apart from her companions; and, at the moment of her awakening to consciousness, they find themselves mutually in love. He ascertains that she is Alice Stuart, youngest daughter of the Duke of Lennox, himself originally a Presbyterian, but whose whole family, through the influence of his second wife, are devotedly attached to that phasis of religious belief and worship, which abjures the taint of Protestantism and begs to be called Anglo-Catholic. Her elder sister, Edith, a model of formalistic piety, has signalized herself by a clandestine marriage, a subsequent elopement, and then a wedding in full pomp ecclesiastic, having maintained her principle unimpaired through the whole transaction; for the Eucharist has hallowed what else might have been folly, and the confessional has at once smothered and sanctified the great secret of her girlhood. The dearest hope of her household circle is that Alice may grow up like her, and the maiden gives the most ample promise of emulating in manifold excellencies the sister whom she already surpasses in personal beauty.

After their hydropathic experiences, Frederic and Alice

next meet and interchange greetings at the Cathedral service in Milan; and their unaccountable intimacy at a ball the same evening obliges her to disclose to her mother the secret of their first acquaintance. Her parents intend that she shall marry the Marquis of Wessex, a *superannuated roué* of twenty-seven, whose leaden stupidity and stolid jealousy are excessively annoying, till toward the close of the story, he develops an heroic type of rascality, of which we were not prepared to find him capable. This worthy is one of the family party, in which Alice crosses the Alps. On this journey, she is thrown by a series of accidents into close intimacy with a certain Countess de Schönberg, who purports to be the wife of a distinguished continental diplomatist. Wessex is led by this lady to profess a guilty passion for her, while Alice's waiting-maid is so concealed, that she may see and hear what passes, and report it to her mistress. She afterwards relates to Alice the story of her life; and the author more than intimates that she thus, (and not unconsciously,) lays upon Alice's shoulders the expiation of her own follies and sins, so that an innocent person "paid the debt of personal humiliation, social banishment, and soul-piercing shame, owed by another." Nor is this vicarious expiation a mere freak of fortune, but "the genuine idea which, in the contemplation of faith, replaces the destiny that pursued the house of Atreus," and replaces it very much for the worse.

It seems that Madame de Schönberg was the second cousin of the Cliffords, but by a mother and grandmother who had not found it convenient to sanction their maternity by the rights of wedlock. She herself has been an unwedded mother, and Augustus Clifford her partner in guilt, or more properly her dupe. After the death of her child, and a variety of adventures in which she seems to have been perpetually dogged by a bad reputation, she had put herself in readiness to marry Count Schönberg, an old man of seventy; but, for some reason which she declines explaining, she had changed her mind; yet, to spare his feelings, had consented to bear his name and pass as his wife before the world. This disgusting recital concluded, "Alice laughed outright," and said, "then you are really an unmarried girl, like myself!"

The next important incident is the marriage of Augustus, now Lord Beauchamp, in Venice, to a masked woman, who

invites him to two successive nocturnal interviews in her gondola, with the purpose, as she says, of asking him to marry her; but whom he, captivated at first hearing, anticipates by proposing to her. Immediately after the nuptial ceremony, she, still unseen, leaves him, "it may be for years," as she says; and, though a reader of the bluntest perception sees at once through the sham, he does not know whom he has married till after the lapse of some months, and on the very evening of the opportune death of Count Schönberg, whose Protean widow thenceforward appears as Lady Beauchamp.

Prior to this fatal event, the *dramatis personæ* are all spending the fashionable season in London, and in their mutual proximity the plot thickens. At a ball given at Lennox house, to celebrate Alice's birthday, she invites Frederic to waltz with her, and then leads him to the conservatory for a mutual declaration of love in full form. To discuss the matter still farther, she takes him into the chapel, and there tells him that she will not marry a Romanist, expounding to him with rather more frankness than delicacy some of her reasons, and for others referring him to her uncle, the Reverend Herbert Courtenay. After parting with him, she falls asleep on a sofa, and, on being awakened by a kiss from her waiting maid, (transformed into a companion and friend by the discovery that she is half-sister of the apocryphal Madame de Schönberg,) she exclaims, "Frederic still here!" Only confidential persons, it is supposed, are present; yet this *piquant* bit of scandal transpires through the gay world, and finds its way into the public prints, leading shortly to the discovery of the traitor in the person of the butler Matson, who is in fact the elder, though unacknowledged, brother of Wessex, and plays a prominent part in the sequel of the story. Meanwhile Wessex has abandoned the pursuit of Alice, has become affianced to the sister of the Cliffords, and is exposed as a false and worthless man at the very ball at his own house, given for the express purpose of announcing his matrimonial arrangements.

Herbert Courtenay now undertakes the conversion of Frederic, who, finding that he can carry all his idols with him into the Anglican church, is easily reconciled to the change, and of course is cordially recognized as the future husband of Alice.

The Lennox family are now residing at their seat on the coast of Devonshire. An early day is assigned for the nuptials, — the earlier, because Alice has almost become the victim of an inexplicable plot for her abduction. In the very presence of Frederic, she is soon afterwards really carried off in a boat, which evades pursuit, and thence transferred to a yacht, which stands out for the French coast, and is foundered at sea the following night. No doubt remains that she has perished.

A few years after these events, the Cliffords and Lord Stratherne, Alice's brother, who is a suitor for the hand of their sister Grace, are at Rome, and are attracted by a magnificent picture of St. Cecilia,— the work of Fitzalan, a young English artist, who now distances all competitors alike in artistical fame and in those personal qualities which befit and adorn a creative genius of the first order. Frederic buys the picture, and contracts so close an intimacy with the painter, as to take possession of an apartment adjacent to his, and to become his inseparable companion except during working hours and the time necessarily given to repose. On Fitzalan's first introduction to the Clifford family circle, Grace discovers that he is Alice in disguise; and, being accidentally prevented egress, he finds his way to her private apartment, where he passes the greater part of the night, and narrates the circumstances and sequel of the abduction. In this affair, Wessex had been the principal, Matson the agent. Matson had compelled her at once to put on boy's apparel, and was attempting to force her to go through the marriage ceremony with him under the auspices of an infamous priest in his service, when the gale first struck the yacht, and threw her on her beam ends. He had then consented to save her in the boat, on her oath to retain her disguise, keep his secret, and obey him in every thing but dishonor, till he released her. Taken up by a ship after many days of exposure and suffering, she had been consigned to the keeping and the persecution of Wessex, from which Matson had at length delivered her, and left her free to pursue the path to artistical eminence, which she had so successfully trodden.

Fitzalan's sex remains unsuspected by the rest of the family; for Grace cannot persuade him, or her, to become accessory to the violation of the sworn covenant with Matson. But, by some strange caprice on the part of the captors, the

disguise is sometimes dropped. Frederic one day sees a female form strangely like Alice on horseback with Wessex, and again faints at St. Peter's before a like apparition, purporting to be a Russian princess, under the protection of her uncle, Prince Michael Galitzin, — an *alias* suitably sustained by Matson. On the night after this, Alice has a private interview with Matson, who gives her the alternative, to profess Romanism and resume the insignia of her rank and sex, or to retain her masculine disguise and depart the next morning for Naples, — a change of residence for which she has previously been bidden to prepare. She prefers Fitzalanhood to apostacy. She returns late. Frederic, aware of her intended departure, has been awaiting her return, has fallen asleep in a little terrace communicating with her apartment, and remains there till she has retired for the night. As he passes through her bedchamber the recognition takes place, and he posts himself as sentinel over her remaining hours of repose, with the avowed purpose of not losing sight of her again till she is free and his bride. When she next awakes he is delirious. His sleep in the open air had induced "the malaria fever," and for many days no hope is entertained of his recovery. Alice, now *in propriâ personâ*, watches perpetually by his bedside, and, by administering certain prescriptions of his own, given in a lucid interval, she saves a life which the most skilful physicians profess themselves unable to rescue. While Frederic lies at the point of death, Lord Stratherne wounds Wessex in a duel. Wessex discharges his pistol, with fatal aim, at his second, Baron Schwartzthal, under which title the ubiquitous Matson receives his death-wound. Wessex is not fatally injured, but commits suicide by tearing off his bandages. Nothing now remains but the double marriage of Alice Stuart and Grace Clifford, — "a ceremony such as has not been witnessed in England, since the early and unspotted reign of the sixth Edward, — such a service as Cranmer was wont to celebrate, which it would have gladdened the heart of Ridley to witness, and which exhibited the purified Church of England as she was in the beauty and love of her espousals, before an adulterous tampering with the foreign reformation had led her to prevaricate in her fidelity to the Eternal Bridegroom, and to hide under a bushel the hallowed light which once burned so clear on the altars of the Lord."

An author always furnishes, in his implied or avowed aim, the true standard of judgment for his work. A literary production should be criticized according to its kind, and with reference to the ends which it was designed to answer. Had the Lady Alice been thrown upon the public merely as an amusing tale, we might have pronounced it heavy in some parts, absurd in others, yet on the whole rather entertaining; or more probably, we should have said nothing about it. Had it issued from an avowed disciple of the Eugene Sue school, we should certainly have praised it as among the least bad of its class. But it has all the marks and numbers of a religious novel. There is no room for doubt that the author intended it as an instrument of religious instruction, impression, and proselytism. Of what religious system, then, is it to be regarded as the type? We reply, of no recognized or conceivable form of Christianity; and, in saying this, we have the highest authority in the church of which the author is a clergyman, and are assured that the sentiments of this book are in general disavowed, abjured, and condemned by intelligent and devout members of that very portion of the Episcopal body, with which, if with any, he would claim affinity. The theology of this story in doctrine symbolizes closely with the lowest type of fetichism, while in form it approaches the dignity of art-worship. There is nothing in it, which would indicate the existence of a spiritual divinity, or the possibility of spiritual worship, — no recognition of our Saviour as an object of faith, or as standing in any definite relation to the human race as Teacher, Exemplar, or Redeemer, — no acknowledgment of an unvarying standard of duty, whether in the inward law or the written Word. We can name no classic writer who did not anticipate much more of Christian sentiment than our author seems to have apprehended. We could point to unnumbered instances in which the nature, prerogative, and obligations of the spiritual life are more adequately perceived and more justly defined in connection with the ancient mythology, than they are in the book now under review. It makes a nearer approach indeed, to Romanism than to any other modification of Christianity; but it would be read with unmingled reprobation by an enlightened Romanist, while it represents just about the modicum of religious apprehension and Christian belief, which characterizes the most ignorant and priest-ridden of our Hibernian immigrants.

It is sufficiently evident that the writer of this story regards the ritual of religion not only as important, but as the only thing important. If there are only wax-candles and holy water, all is right. On a journey in Switzerland, performed on mules, the Lennox family are highly applauded for having brought with them "lights, and crucifix, and chalice, and all other decencies of worship;" though on the Sunday when these things were used, there must have been lacking on the part of the heroine that prepared heart which we have been wont to class among the "decencies of worship;" for she had sat up till midnight to finish Consuelo, which she had been reading by her clerical uncle's special advice. Great stress is laid on the "chanting" of praises and "intoning" of prayers, and on the use of the greater part of the service in Latin as "more edifying," — in fine, on whatever can detract from the intelligibleness of Christian worship, and transform it into a mere perfunctory recitative with appropriate modulations and genuflections. The leading personages of the novel are kept from yielding to temptation, not by religious faith or principle, but by the presence of influential symbols. Alice's purity under her masculine attire is ascribed chiefly to her keeping a crucifix on her bed, when she does not occupy it in person. The power of the Eucharist is not that which it exerts over the hearts of penitent and praying communicants; but whenever the sacrifice is offered, "*somewhere* the bonds of the afflicted are loosed, the strength of fainting virtue is revived, or (for this glorious communication between heaven and earth flies on the equal wings of mercy and judgment) the wicked are suffered to fill up the measure of their crimes, and seal themselves for perdition;" — by which we are to understand, that the celebration of the Eucharist is an efficient means of evil influence in the community, rendering the miasma of vice fouler and more deadly. What, then, are we to think of the philanthropy of those who would have this "sacrifice offered" daily on every altar?

Another noteworthy feature of this book is the irreverent flippancy with which things sacred and secular are constantly intermingled. Thus, Edith's birthday is celebrated by a "communion" and a ball; and she invites her lover to the former in the same loose, school-girl style of chit-chat, in which we should expect her to talk about the latter. In the same chap-

ter, there is an attempt made to establish an analogy between these two forms of the "joy of a mysterious commemoration," and to claim for dancing something of the sanctity of worship. We would quote the paragraph, did we suppose that our readers could understand it better than we do. No inconsiderable portion of the courtship between Frederic and Alice is performed in sundry churches and chapels, and consecrated emblems are repeatedly made the vehicles of love-passages. Thus, "at the *bénetier*, Frederic dipped the tip of his fingers and offered them to his companion. She touched them with a smile." But the most offensive specification to be made under this head is when, on the Sunday in Switzerland already referred to, immediately after the performance of divine service, Herbert Courtenay is told that Alice has just finished Consuelo; and he enters upon a monologue, of which that vile fiction and the Holy Supper furnish the double text and the blended theme.

Lady Alice and all the *good* personages in this novel belong to the same school in theology with those Syrians, who said, "Jehovah is God of the hills, but he is not God of the valleys." Their religion changes with their residence. Entire conformity to the worship of the country where they happen to be is spoken of as a sacred duty. Alice, while in Italy, complies with every portion of the Romish ritual, and in the latter part of the story has a Romish priest for her confessor, which may account for the morbid tenderness of her conscience as regards her forced oath, and its unfeminine supineness as to the amount of suffering perpetuated for others, and of moral exposure incurred by herself under her unnatural disguise. She is ready to promise Matson never to be present at any other than Romish worship, except in England, or on board a British ship. Indeed, long before she had attained to man's estate, she is specially commended for her habit of leaving the English chapel at Rome "immediately after Even Song, without waiting for afternoon sermon," to attend Vespers at the Romish church hard by. It is this pliancy of the Anglican religion which wins Frederic over to its communion. In a letter announcing his conversion, he intimates that there is much more of truth in the doctrine, and fitness in the ritual, of the church which he leaves than in that which he enters; but he abjures Romanism solely

because it does not suffer its disciple to coquet with Protestantism in a Protestant country.

Yet we ought not to deem this *indifferentism* a matter for surprise. Our author endorses all the peculiarities of Romanism, except the universal jurisdiction of the Pope. Latin chants, holy water, candles, and crucifixes, are employed as means of grace in those private chapels of the nobility, in which alone "is realized that divine idea of visible and audible worship, which gathered the thoughts of Israel around the ancient temple." The Eucharist is spoken of as a sacrifice, and its celebration as the commutation of the elements into the body and blood of Christ. The practice of auricular confession is said to be necessary in order to restore the lost dignity of the pastoral office in the English church. Herbert Courtenay, the religious hero of the tale, calls the worship of the virgin "a beautiful and poetical feature of mediæval Christianity with which he is not inclined to meddle," "a part of natural piety." We are not skilled in raiment, which throughout this book is made of more consequence than doctrine; but if Courtenay and his six assistant chaplains at Alice's wedding, did not devise their own dresses, their "chasuble and dalmatic of white silk and gold, albes of lace, like bridal veils, and richly broidered stoles" must have been borrowed from Rome. There is but one characteristic of Romanism that we miss, — its spirit of humane and tender regard for the poor and lowly. Our author makes religion a perquisite of the aristocracy. Plebeian worship and piety are beyond his conception; and, while the New Testament speaks of some difficulty on the part of the rich in entering heaven, a plurality of estates and titles, with an infusion of Plantagenet or Stuart blood, can alone give entrance to his paradise.

But follies of this class are a slight blemish compared with the thoroughly licentious character of the novel before us. Our reading in this department of literature is, indeed, very limited, both in extent and kind; but we doubt whether, in the whole of it, we have found so much that seems adapted to minister to the lowest passions, and to justify the loosest style of manners and opinions, as in this single volume. Every opportunity for a voluptuous picture of personal charms is eagerly embraced. The details of seduction and concubinage

for three generations are described in Madame de Schönberg's narrative with a minuteness of indecency, for which we know not how to give expression to our abhorrence. The immaculate Edith and Alice, too, are presented, the latter we can hardly say how often, in circumstances utterly revolting to delicacy; and infinite merit is claimed for them, because they can linger long on the border ground of vice, and at the last moment escape unharmed. The author, in repeated instances, attempts to reason away the prejudices of scrupulous moralists on subjects connected with personal purity. The waltz is his favorite dance, and, in describing it, he takes good care to group around it every association of sensuality that can appertain to it. Promiscuous public bathing of both sexes is represented as offensive only to a taste not sufficiently catholic; and "Clifford, who knew the customs of all countries, and had reasoned on all with the calmness of philosophy, thought not the worse of the modesty" of the Italian women for their attachment to this custom. The use of the "nude model" by artists is a favorite topic, to which the author often recurs argumentatively, with the evident purpose of making the imagined exigencies of art paramount to considerations of intrinsic propriety, and of doing away the prudish prejudice in favor of apparel; for, "in the eye of art, clothes are only drapery, and the artist sees, mentally, every one undressed, as God sees us all." In accordance with the pervading spirit of the tale, Alice's masculine attire is managed, not as a mere emergency of the plot, but so as to make the most of every exposure and liability connected with her disguise, and to render its indelicacy gratuitously glaring and incongruous.

Nor are the outrages on morality confined to this one favorite department. When we consider the sacred profession of the reputed author, we cannot repress our indignation at the apology for duelling conveyed in the paragraph, which, that we may not be suspected of unfairness, we quote entire.

"Whether the removal of one of the grave responsibilities which have hitherto attached to the actions of the higher classes in Christendom, can take place without endangering a principle that has hitherto separated the Gothic civilization from that of the East, and of pagan antiquity — the principle, namely, that the individual, though subject to the state, is never resolved into it — merits the consideration of moralists and students of the higher politics.

The reconciliation of the law of chivalry with the law of Christian love, is so little difficult that they may indeed be said so to oppose as mutually to sustain each other — that is to say, they are, as it were, the polar manifestations of one living principle, now exhibiting itself as meekness, and now as self-denying courage; here showing the lamblike nature, and here the lion heart; prompting, in the same individual, forgiveness of injuries and generosity to foes, and resistance to oppression, the defence of the oppressed. And, without confounding in this vindication of the knightly character (traditional though now it be,) any apology for the false code of honor and the miserable custom of modern duelling, it may be affirmed, unhesitatingly, that *God gave not men swords in vain*, and that he meant them to be so used as to secure the awful seriousness of our life in this world, militant from the beginning to the end." pp. 149, 150.

The style of the "Lady Alice" is ambitious and gorgeous, yet marvellously free from sustained rhetorical merit of any kind. It would be impossible to quote from it a single gem-like sentence, or a paragraph which exhibits peculiar felicity of thought, conception, or expression. The richest passages remind us of the forms and lines of the kaleidoscope; and are made imposing by the accumulation and juxtaposition of cheap and paltry gaudinesses. The descriptions of architecture and painting, which are very numerous, are confused and incongruous, in no instance presenting a clear and symmetrical conception of the object, but overwhelming the fancy by minute and often incompatible details.

But we have already given the work more space than it merits. We have extended our jurisdiction over it, not for its worth, but for its pretending worthlessness, and to enter our solemn protest against the intrusion upon English literature, under the garb of religious purism, of the vilest forms and worst features of modern French fiction, of which the flood that of late set in upon us is just beginning to ebb. The Lady Alice is the "New Una." In the name of decency let her remain "*Una*," and be the *Prima* to no successor of her kith and kin.

Art. X. — *Histoire Philosophique du Regne de Louis XV.* Par le Compte de Tocqueville. Paris: D'Amyot. 1847. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Count de Tocqueville is, we believe, the father of M. de Tocqueville, the distinguished writer on Democracy in America, and recently the Minister of Foreign Affairs in the French Republic. We learn from the preface to this history, that it is written by one in the decline of life, whose sympathies are with the principles and institutions of a former age, with an order of things that has almost wholly passed away. The history itself is an epitaph engraved on the tomb of monarchy in France, — an epitaph written, not indeed to eulogize the departed, but to point out the errors and the crimes which dimmed the glory of royalty, and finally brought down its grandeur and power to the dust. The author has evidently formed his style and sentiments upon those of Tacitus, and labors effectually to give a gloomy and tragic interest to his narrative. He is a Christian moralist, and his task is to describe sin and its consequences. He deplores the fall of the monarchy, but he shows that it was the inevitable result of the dissoluteness, corruption, and impiety, the wasteful and inglorious character of the reign of Louis XV. The results were slow in unfolding themselves; but few of them were visible during the lifetime of the depraved monarch. Still there was a general foreboding that such a state of things could not last, that a crisis was at hand, when so rotten a social edifice could no longer sustain itself, but with a fearful crash would plunge into ruin. It is reported that Louis himself said, "this thing will last as long as I shall; my successor may get out of it as he can." He did "get out of it" by the way of the scaffold. Voltaire was still more explicit: — "All around me, they are sowing the seeds of a revolution, which will inevitably happen, though I shall not have the pleasure of beholding it. The French are late in coming to their object, but they arrive at last. The light has gradually diffused itself so far, that an explosion will take place on the first opportunity, and then there will be a fine hubbub. The young folks are lucky; they will see great things." The

remark was characteristic ; the old mocking infidel hugs himself at the prospect of the completion of his work. The National Convention did well to install his image with all the honors in their pantheon, just as they were beginning the excesses of the Reign of Terror.

The Count de Tocqueville calls his work a philosophical history, as his object is to trace the connection of cause and effect between the errors and the crimes of the period which he describes, and the fearful scenes of the revolution which followed it. He reflects the light of subsequent events upon the reign of Louis XV., and thus determines its true character and influence. The contemporary historian is a mere chronicler, who can only describe scenes and narrate events, without any clear perception of their consequences. Posterity alone can read the whole lesson, for in their eyes alone the tree is known by its fruits. This is the true idea of the philosophy of history, — to develop the consequences of actions, and to point out the bearings of events upon each other ; for in this manner, the great laws of political economy and morality are shown to be exemplified in history, and the ways of God with man are justified.

There is a spurious philosophy of the subject, much in vogue with historians of the present day, which is a mere development of the doctrine of fatalism ; it teaches, that men are not responsible for their conduct, as they act only under an overruling necessity, which controls the whole course of events, the human agents in them being merely unconscious puppets, and the issues of things being determined by fate without regard either to their strivings, their merits, or their crimes. Philosophers of this school waste no words upon the moral character of the events which they narrate ; they survey with equal composure the unmerited sufferings of a Louis XVI., and the crimes of his murderers. The actors in history are estimated by the quantity, not the quality, of the effects produced by them ; the power which they exercised, instead of the moral or immoral use which they made of it, is the standard by which they are judged. Viewed in this manner, Mirabeau towers over Lafayette, and Bailly appears insignificant by the side of Danton. Carlyle is almost the only English historian of this class ; while Thiers, Michelet, Mignet, Lamartine, and a host of others, are its representatives

in France. Picturesque narrative, exaggerated description, startling contrasts, and a pointed and epigrammatic style are the qualities upon which such writers depend for success. They aim only at immediate effect, and care nothing about tracing actions to their causes and consequences, if they can only hurry the reader away by the brilliancy of their coloring, and by the absorbing interest of their narrative. History is thus degraded to a level with fiction; it ceases to instruct, and labors only to astonish or amuse. It borrows the vivid colors of romance, and the imagination is invoked to supply the deficiencies of the story, and to fill up the picture. By thus gradually losing a strict regard for truth, it ceases to be trustworthy as a whole, and no longer affords even the materials for instruction. Lamartine's History of the Girondists, apart from its moral taint, its affected and sentimental style, and its utter disregard of the requisitions of humanity and justice, is a mere historical romance; minute particulars and long conversations are reported in it which could not by any possibility have come to the knowledge of the narrator. No authorities are cited, and no credit can be given to the writer's blank assertion, that he has had access to unpublished documents and original sources of information, of which he may perhaps give some account at a future day. We cannot allow the evidence of historical events to depend upon M. Lamartine's reputation for carefulness and veracity. We seek more direct testimony, more definite citations of proof.

The shortest method of characterizing the Count de Tocqueville's work is to say, that in style and sentiment, in the opinions avowed, and the mode of narrating the facts, in all the essential qualities of a history, it is the very opposite of the class of books just described. It is addressed to a different class of readers; it is an appeal to the thoughtful, cultivated, and religious student of human affairs; to the philosophical statesman and the earnest and patient seeker after truth. He has none of the artifices of style, the affected smartness and exaggerated manner, or the appeals to national vanity and the flattery of popular prejudices, by which such writers as Michelet and Lamartine have sought to gain the applause of the multitude. His manner is rather formed upon that of Tacitus and Montesquieu; it is concise, sententious, sometimes abrupt, and shows more of the spirit of the philosophical moralist

than of the suitor for popular favor. Far from pandering to the diseased appetite for national glory, which is the most salient trait of French character, he labors to reprove and subdue it, by exhibiting the decline of monarchy in France as leading to the extinction of the political influence of the country and the loss of its power and renown. In his eyes, the glory of France culminated under Louis XIV., and then passed rapidly through all the stages of decay, till it was lost in the horrors of the first Revolution. The saturnalia which then prevailed, the destruction of the monarchy, the nobility, and the church, and the triumph of irreligion and Jacobinism, was the just punishment of the disorders and wickedness of the court and the people under Louis XV. This is the grand but gloomy moral of his work, which the writer inculcates with the fervid indignation of an ancient prophet. He appears sincerely attached to the Roman Catholic church and to the cause of royalty; and he regards the decayed condition of religion in France and the extinction of the sentiment of loyalty as the greatest misfortunes which could befall his countrymen. He engages in no labored defence of his opinions against the democratic spirit of his age; he merely narrates the facts from his own point of view, and leaves it for others to view them under a different aspect, if they can. The lesson that he draws from them is a stern and sad one, like that which was uttered by the miserable Phlegyas from the darkness of his place of punishment: —

"Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos."

It is a little singular that, while the son has gained so much distinction as the philosophical observer and analyst of the spirit of democracy and the progress of democratic institutions, the father should have occupied himself with tracing the last lines of the history of royalty, and expounding the causes of its decay. Both are men of marked abilities and cultivated tastes; they are quick and accurate observers, and their speculations are both original and profound. Their writings are addressed to thinkers, and are not designed to please the multitude. They come nearer to the English than to the French school of philosophy; though the son shows something of the fondness for rapid and sweeping generalizations which has usually characterized the speculations of his

countrymen. But neither of them indulges in the vague and sentimental declamations, the tinsel ornaments, the appeals to popular prejudices, and the shallow profundity of such writers as Lamartine and Cousin. With them, rhetoric never assumes the place of logic, and their weight of thought seeks no aid from brilliancy of expression. If affectation is ever visible in their writings, it is when they attempt to philosophize on too slight occasions, and seek to render some very profound reason for that the cause of which lies upon the surface. The son, we believe, has never attempted to write history; and the father certainly does not excel as a narrator of events or a delineator of characters, though he gives a very clear, neat, and concise summary of facts, and arranges his materials with admirable method. His work will be a classic in French history long after the more showy productions of many of his contemporaries are forgotten.

We give an extract from the preface, that shows with great clearness the purpose which the writer has had in view, and the general character of his work.

"When the tomb received the remains of Louis XV., the old French monarchy was interred in it along with him. The acts of this king, his faults and his vices, gave a great impulse to the movement which was urging the nation forward to a new order of things. The principles both of religious belief and political opinion underwent a severe investigation; and when, guided by false lights, men strove eagerly to annihilate all religious faith, did they not thereby exalt human pride beyond all limit?

"The philosophical inquiry into the causes, which, during a great part of the eighteenth century, prepared the minds of people for the great revolution which marked the end of it, is worthy of our serious attention. I have undertaken it with the more ardor, because it appears to me that hitherto it has been hardly commenced. In order to understand the origin of the prodigious changes which have taken place in our day, it is a useful, I may say almost a necessary, condition to have seen something of the old *régime*, and thus to be able to compare the causes with the effects which they have produced. After a revolution which has reversed so many fortunes, and kindled so many passions, old age is not a bad period in which to write the history of the times that are not yet remote from our own; the years, as they accumulate, complete our knowledge of the human heart. Having become a stranger to the affairs that agitate the world, the writer looks upon them dispassionately; the rude shock of events has

worn away his prejudices; and in taking the pen, he has no other attraction than the truth, no other object than to instruct mankind.

"The book which I offer to the public is not a metaphysical work. In it the facts are narrated in detail; but I have endeavored to group them in such a manner that their consequences may be very obvious."

Monarchy never seemed more firmly established than it was in France at the death of Louis XIV. In spite of the reverses which clouded the later days of the Great Monarch's career, the people had been dazzled by the factitious splendors of his reign, and by his absorption of all the powers of government into himself. He had scattered all obstacles to the unlimited domination of the crown; he had exiled the Huguenots, had forced the great nobles to become supple courtiers, had compelled the parliaments to be merely the declaratory organs of his will and pleasure, and had caused nearly every country in Europe to tremble at the success of his arms. His noted boast, *l'état, c'est moi*, was a truth which his people were as proud to acknowledge, as he was to utter; they had learned to identify the national glory with the absolute dominion and personal renown of the king. They were as proud of the despotism of the monarch as the English were of the freedom of the people. Louis XIV. had given unity to the kingdom of France, and had gilded it over with foreign conquests and alliances, with the glory of letters and the arts, and with every form and attribute of splendor at home. The national vanity was satisfied, and the French people have never asked for any thing more.

Unfortunately, the crown passed from the head of Louis to that of an infant; and the dying monarch himself, as if a long minority were not fraught with hazards enough for royalty, increased the danger by attempting to extend his power beyond the limits of his own life, and to regulate the manner in which France should be governed till his great grandson should come of age. His will directed that a council of regency should be established, of which the Duke of Orleans should be the head, though he should have but one vote in it, and of which two of his natural children, whom he had legitimated, were to be members. This delegation of royal power to a numerous committee, instead of an individual, would

have been fatal to the promptness and energy of the government, and was consequently so unpopular, that the Duke of Orleans easily persuaded the parliament to set the will aside, and to appoint him sole regent. This step was perhaps necessary for the tranquillity of the kingdom; but it had the effect to persuade the people, that there existed in the state a power which was above the throne, and which had authority to annul the expressed wish of the king. It was so far unfavorable to royalty. It had a similar, though not an equal, effect with the act of the British parliament which, after the revolution of 1688, altered the succession to the throne.

The Regent Duke of Orleans was an abler statesman than Charles II. of England, whom in other respects he greatly resembled. He was a good-natured, indolent debauchee, riotous and extravagant in his pleasures, but having sense enough to prevent his boon companions and his mistresses from exercising any influence over him in matters of state. He was attached to peace, because he dreaded the troubles and expenses of a war; he loved to see France quiet and prosperous, both because he was naturally amiable and kind-hearted, and because the tranquillity of the kingdom allowed him more leisure for his private amusements. But he was careless and prodigal, and his facile disposition yielded to the importunity of suitors what his better judgment denied. The finances consequently fell into great disorder, and as the Regent had an inquiring and speculative turn of mind, and was fond of experiments, chemistry or alchemy being one of his private amusements, he naturally lent a ready ear to the wild financial projects of John Law.

This was the age of commercial bubbles and stockjobbing; the temporary success of the Mississippi scheme in France favored the inflation of the South Sea bubble in England, and the explosion which soon followed spread almost universal bankruptcy through the two kingdoms, and ruined the reputations as well as the fortunes of many of their leading statesmen and nobles. And the governments did not escape; the impoverished and exasperated people imputed all the blame to their rulers, who, in truth, had only shared the delusion with themselves. The practical talents and financial sagacity of Sir Robert Walpole broke the force of the blow in England; warned by him, the ministry did not get

deeply implicated in the affair, and the Bank of England stood entirely aloof. But in France, Law's schemes were adopted at an early day by the Regent, and the whole force of the government was exerted to carry them through. The sufferers, consequently, had a right to impute their ruin in some degree to the state, and to look to it for indemnification and for the punishment of the guilty. The Duke was both too good-natured and too just to punish when he had himself been an accomplice in the crime, if it was one; for the more lenient will call it nothing but insanity. He protected Law, or allowed him to escape, and bore with his usual thoughtless indifference the reproaches which were showered upon his administration. The lustre of the crown which he represented had been stained by his meddling at all in such transactions; and after the bubble burst, his refusal or inability to relieve the sufferers covered it with ignominy. The thirst for gain, when it rises to fever height, levels all distinctions of rank; during the prevalence of the mania, princes of the blood, nobles, ladies of rank, ministers of state and the church, had mingled with the crowd in the Rue Quincampoix, and chaffered eagerly with stockjobbers and swindlers. The material advantages of wealth came to be prized more highly than the factitious differences resting on prescription, or created by the favor of the crown. Hereditary rank and inherited honors lost ground in public estimation; opulent bankers began to vie with the proudest nobles, not only in the sumptuousness of their style of living, but in direct influence at court. As the power of the aristocracy declined, that of the crown, which was dependent upon it, was also diminished; the people ceased to respect their rulers, and the *prestige* of the monarchy in their eyes was gradually effaced.

The gross and dissolute conduct of the Regent and his court, moreover, did much to wean the affections of the nation from the constituted authorities of the state, and to prepare the way for the fall of royalty. Every form of vice and impiety was practised by them without restraint and without concealment. The libertinism of Louis XIV. and his courtiers was veiled by the strictness of etiquette and by a decent regard for the forms of morality and religion, even after their spirit had departed. Under this covering, it might truly be said that "vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its gross-

ness." The Duke of Orleans rudely tore down this veil, for he was by nature no hypocrite, and his frank and affable disposition was impatient of the restraints of etiquette. He threw open to the public gaze the penetralia of royalty, and exposed every act of debauchery and excess by which they were profaned. The gross and shameless violation of all the laws of morals and decency soon created weariness and disgust; ordinary pleasures, common vices, ceased to allure or to charm, and the means of stimulating the jaded appetites were eagerly sought in the refinements and extravagancies of debauch. Those who had ceased to respect themselves had no fear of the judgment of others, and the publicity of their wickedness increased their enjoyment of it, and inspired them with an ambition to startle the multitude by fresh enormities. The orgies of the Regent and his low companions, his mistresses and his daughters, were so frequent and shameless that men ceased to wonder at them; and the habit of regarding vice with callous indifference was soon established even among those whose temperaments did not incline to licentiousness, or who were shielded by avarice or ambition from other and more degrading vices. As is usual when the debasing influences proceed from a licentious court, the upper classes of society were the first corrupted; the middle ranks as yet preserved their purity of life, and therefore could not fail to regard with disgust and abhorrence the practices of their superiors.

Foremost in these licentious courses and most abandoned in his profligacy was the instructor and prime minister of the Regent, the infamous Cardinal Dubois. This wretch, of low origin, being the son of a poor apothecary, was endowed with consummate tact, activity, shrewdness, and matchless effrontery. Hypocrisy was the only vice that could not be imputed to him; he paraded the scandals of his life with as much pride as other men show in displaying their virtues. Having first corrupted the mind of his princely pupil by instruction in every species of wickedness, and made himself necessary to him both in the conduct of state affairs and in the procurement of pleasures, he demanded as the price of his services to be elevated to the highest honors of the church. While he had yet a wife, before he had taken priest's orders, or made any effort to conceal the turpitude of his life, he was nomi-

nated by his shameless master to be the successor of the saintly Fenelon in the archbishopric of Cambrai. This was an insult to religion, and the archbishop of Paris, resenting it as such, nobly refused to consecrate him. More supple bishops, among whom we grieve to find the illustrious Massillon, were persuaded to assist at the ceremony; and the newly constituted archbishop immediately began his intrigues to obtain a cardinal's hat. The diplomacy of France, as he was now minister of foreign affairs, was conducted by him for some years solely with a view to this end; and he at length succeeded, though the life of Pope Innocent III. is said to have been shortened by the remorse which he felt for having elevated Dubois to this dignity. But the French clergy were not ashamed to prostrate themselves before the new cardinal, who was now prime minister of the kingdom. In one of their assemblies, which took place in 1723, he was unanimously chosen their president; and thus the "severity of Christianity bowed down before the splendor of the dignities with which successful vice had clothed itself." Religion itself received a fatal blow through the dishonor of its ministers; and the people were encouraged to doubt or despise all that they had hitherto held most sacred.

The opportunity being so favorable, the champions of infidelity began to distinguish themselves by the boldness and rancor with which they assailed the faith of the common people. Their doctrines were no longer insinuated with some reserve, but were openly avowed, and defended with all the arms of sophistry and ridicule. Impiety became the fashion; it was vulgar to preserve any respect either for morality or Christianity. To undermine the doctrines of natural religion and to mock at revelation was the shortest and easiest mode of obtaining the appellation of a philosopher. But the glory of emancipating one's own mind from the prejudices of the age would be imperfect if the freedom were not shared with others, as the teacher's fame is often measured by the number of his disciples. Hence the free thinkers and free livers showed themselves as eager to make proselytes to their opinions, and converts to their mode of life, as if they had been partisans of opposing sects in religion. The clergy, who should have resisted their attacks, were wholly occupied with the miserable disputes between the Jesuits and the Jansenists,

a controversy which paralyzed the efforts of Catholicism in France for more than a century. The powers of the civil magistrate, the terrors of the law, were directed rather against heretics than unbelievers; the writings of Voltaire and the earlier productions of Montesquieu remained unanswered, while the press teemed with confutations of Arnaud and Quesnel. Cardinal Noailles was persecuted, while Cardinal Dubois held the highest office in the kingdom.

The Regency foreshadowed the character of the reign which it introduced; it was the evening that ushered in the night. Louis XV. had all the faults of the Duke of Orleans without any of his virtues. He was an indolent, feeble, and selfish voluptuary, without energy enough to become a tyrant, and without the firmness of purpose and belief which is the only redeeming quality of the bigot. His vices were of that mean and scandalous character on which indignation seems wasted; the meanest of his subjects could only despise them. No thought for the honor of his throne or the happiness of his people seems ever to have disturbed him in the midst of his debaucheries. He was incapable of real attachment even to the companions and ministers of his pleasures; he tolerated them only because they catered skilfully to his appetites, and surrendered into their hands the reins of government only because he had not spirit and energy enough to retain them in his own grasp. His listless temperament and feeble intellect sought nothing but repose and sensual gratification. During the whole of his long reign, the destinies of France were swayed entirely by the abandoned females who were successively raised to the post of the king's mistress. Most of these women came from so low a condition in life, that they did not represent any party or interest in the state, and never became connected with one; their influence, consequently, was not exerted with a steady purpose of raising or depressing one of the dominant factions at court, or of favoring one line of policy in preference to another. It was directed exclusively by the caprice of the moment, a view to the favorite's immediate advantage, or by her personal preferences or dislikes. The king disappeared behind his mistress. The history of Louis XV. is a history of the successive reigns of Madame de Mailly, the Duchess de Châteauroux, Madame de Pompadour, and Madame du Barri.

An administration so conducted could not but be productive of tumult and disorder at home, and of defeat and disgrace in its foreign relations. The policy of the Regent, as we have seen, had been pacific; a cordial understanding existed between him and the English ministry, represented successively by Stanhope and Walpole, both of whom were eager to preserve peace in Europe, as the surest means of strengthening the house of Hanover in its yet insecure possession of the British throne. A short and unnatural war with Spain, that grew out of the frantic projects of Alberoni and the foolish conspiracy of Cellamare, was the only contest in which France was engaged under the Duke of Orleans. The influence of Fleury, bishop of Fréjus, then became predominant in the kingdom, and fortunately he was like his predecessor in the love of peace. He had been the king's tutor during the minority, and was accused of favoring the natural timidity, irresolution, and indolence of Louis, in order to keep him in a state of perpetual tutelage. However this may be, the king seemed to think it was quite right that his sagacious old instructor should become his first minister, and in fact should govern France without interference or control for the remainder of his life, which was prolonged far beyond the period usually allotted to man. He made a wise and temperate use of his power, almost the only charges brought against him being the artifices through which he acquired and retained his station. Thus, he chose a mistress for the king with the same coolness with which he had just before selected a wife for him, his only object being to find one whose gentle and unambitious character promised to give no trouble to the administration. Maria Leczinska was a mild and uncomplaining wife, and Madame de Mailly, the king's first mistress, was probably the only one who loved him for his own sake, and was content to share his affection without grasping at his power. Fleury was prudent, shrewd, simple in his tastes, and economical in the management of the finances; and his administration, on the whole, was the most prosperous portion of his sovereign's reign. But he had no generous impulses, no regard for the honor of the king, or the glory of the kingdom. He did nothing to retrieve the reputation of the monarchy, which had been tarnished by the excesses of the Regency and by the virtual bankruptcy of the government. Despising

all pomp and show for himself, he forgot to secure the affections of his countrymen through their vanity by increasing the magnificence of the court, adding to the personal reputation of the king, or pursuing a brilliant and aggressive foreign policy. He was pleased rather to reduce monarch and courtiers, generals and statesmen, into comparative insignificance by the side of his own quiet and unobtrusive, but all-including and resistless influence. At the age of eighty-seven, to prevent his star from being eclipsed by the rising popularity of the brothers Belle-Isle, whose rash but chivalrous schemes had awakened the martial spirit of France, he allowed his country to be drawn into the unnecessary and disastrous war of the Austrian Succession; and three years afterwards, he died, chief minister to the last, as he had wished, but leaving the kingdom with disordered finances, defeated armies, and a feeble and debauched sovereign, tottering upon the brink of the precipice over which it was soon to fall.

Soon after the death of Fleury, Madame de Pompadour became in fact prime minister of France; wars were made, generals and ambassadors appointed, and treaties signed, only to gratify her jealousy and caprice. Even the haughty Maria Theresa, at other times so punctilious in her notions of female propriety and imperial etiquette, stooped to write letters with her own hand to this worthless courtesan, in which she addressed her as "my sister." And the other powers of Europe soon came to understand that, in negotiating with France, every thing might be gained by acquiring the goodwill of the reigning favorite. The king's subjects were doubly mortified by the loss of all the advantages which had fairly been won for them through the splendid military talents of Marshal Saxe, and by the ignominy which covered the private character of Louis. The peace of Aix la Chapelle was in every respect inglorious for the French; having engaged in the war without any motive of sound policy, they came out of it with the loss of national honor, as they were compelled by the secret articles to destroy the fortifications of Dunkirk, and to banish the Pretender from their territory, to which he had been welcomed by the magnanimity of Louis XIV. They came out of it, also, with burdened finances, a ruined navy, and an enfeebled and dispirited population. One other such war, it was apparent, would destroy whatever

influence France might yet possess among the powers of Europe; and unfortunately another was near at hand, the Seven Years' war, the most disastrous and humiliating contest in which the country was ever engaged. The degrading concessions which were made at the close of it destroyed the last hold which royalty had over the affections of the people.

"A desire for liberty began to get possession of the minds of men. The French with difficulty adapt themselves to free institutions, but they will not long endure despotism, especially when it is not attended by national glory. The royal authority had been surrounded with splendor, under Louis XIV.; the people saw the whole state concentrated in the king, who gave to it magnificence and renown. But under Louis XV., arbitrary power showed symptoms of decline; and when the English form of government was compared with our own, the advantages of the former excited a sort of passionate admiration.

"The state of society in France already announced that the crisis would be a violent one. A perfect contrast existed between the two extremes of this society. At the summit was civilization carried to excess, and the improvidence and effeminacy which are the necessary consequences of such excess; at the bottom was barbarism and its fierce instincts; and barbarians have always conquered nations that were worn out and enervated by excessive civilization.

"One other cause of dissolution was added to that which we have just described. The vast conspiracy against Christianity, of which Voltaire was the chief, acquired fresh strength every day. Men who pretended to be reformers of the human race called themselves *philosophers*, — that is, lovers of wisdom, foes to prejudices. These men are constantly repeating the words of humanity and philanthropy; they wish, they say, to elevate the dignity of human nature, and to this end they substitute arbitrary and conventional virtues for Christian duties. They preach up toleration, and soon become themselves intolerant. Misfortune excites their pity; they will even undertake its defence, if they should be able by so doing to create an excitement and to acquire celebrity; for thus they obtain a great influence. *Philosophy* is a word continually in their mouths and in their writings; for to philosophize is to brave received opinions, and to crush them, if possible, under the weight of public contempt; it is also to attack fanaticism, the assailants of which do not perceive that the fury which is directed against religion becomes itself a species of fanaticism."

Our author distinguishes four different forms or types of

infidelity, which prevailed during the period to which his book relates. The first was the licentious impiety, founded upon the general corruption of morals which existed under the Regency; the second was the mocking and scoffing spirit that was introduced by Voltaire; the third was the sentimental deism of Rousseau; and the last was the fierce and sanguinary impiety, which prevailed at the first establishment of a French republic. The Count de Tocqueville has supplied some valuable materials for the history of these several forms of unbelief, and has speculated with much acumen upon their causes and consequences. We cannot follow him through the whole of this discussion, but we translate his lucid and concise account of the effect of Rousseau's writings upon the religious and political opinions of his contemporaries.

"The philosophers had injured their own cause by their universal skepticism, by outraging the inmost and surest convictions of the soul through their denial even of the being of a God and the reality of a conscience. Rousseau came to their support by advocating the spiritualism which Diderot and his school, Helvetius, and sometimes Voltaire himself, had affected to despise. As Voltaire had succeeded in rendering religion ridiculous, any belief in it was out of the question; but materialism was repugnant to the understandings of men, and so a compromise was made on the ground of the spiritualism of Rousseau. He admitted a belief in God, conscience, the immortality of the soul, and natural religion, but rejected all positive doctrines, all worship, all observances. The *Émile* was published in 1759. This book was in itself a revolution. In it, all the usages of society were attacked by paradoxes, but with that ravishing eloquence which has placed the author at the head of the writers of the eighteenth century. He taught fathers of families that they ought not to speak of religion to their children till they had reached that age when the passions begin to render its yoke a heavy one. He puts into the mouth of a priest the noblest eulogy upon the Gospel; and a few lines farther down, he states the most captious arguments against the doctrines of the religion of Jesus Christ. This tissue of sophistries and contradictions had the honor of being burnt by the hand of the executioner, — a condemnation rather useful than injurious to the success of the work. Who could suppose that the barbarous spite evinced by this sentence would cause the eloquent pages of Rousseau to create nothing but disgust?

"In 1762, the *Social Contract* was published, in which Rousseau compares all religions with each other, and gives polytheism

the preference over catholicism. The latter is incompatible, as he thinks, with the unity which is essential to every form of government. But he becomes ashamed of this doctrine, and returns from it to natural religion, which he covers up with the name of the Gospel. 'Religion,' he says, 'considered in relation to society, may also be divided into two kinds; namely, the religion of the man and that of the citizen; the former, without temples, without altars, without rites, confined altogether to internal worship of the Supreme Being and to the eternal duties of morality, is the pure and holy religion of the Gospel.'

"But what he says upon this subject is only the complement of his political system, which was the boldest that had yet been developed. In the *Émile*, he had already proclaimed the uselessness of kings, and combated the institution of privileged classes. 'Remember that the human race is essentially composed of bodies of private individuals; and even if all the kings should be taken away, the loss would not be a sensible one, and things would go on just as well as ever. . . . . The multitude will always be sacrificed to the few, and public interests to private interests. The specious names of justice and subordination will always serve as means of violence and arms to iniquity; whence it follows, that the higher orders, which pretend to be useful to those which are beneath them, are in truth useful only to themselves, and at the expense of the others.' He goes still farther in the *Social Contract*. The forms of government of the republics of antiquity are the models proposed to modern nations. Rousseau lays down in an absolute manner the principle of the sovereignty of the people, and that of the dependence of its chiefs. 'The sovereignty of the people is anterior to the institutions which regulate it, and these institutions are not obligatory till they have been established by the people's own choice. Thus the people choose the government which pleases them, and change it when they please.'

"The principle of the sovereignty of the people, laid down peremptorily, in the hearing of a vain, frivolous, and discontented nation, could not but seduce many. Every Frenchman, delighted to be sovereign, believed himself the master of the person who had so long boasted of being his ruler. This pleasant illusion made him overlook the fantastic ideas, the impracticable schemes, and the contradictions with which the work abounds. The *Social Contract* became the Gospel of the unfledged politicians who are so numerous in all the classes of society. The errors of this book have passed away and are forgotten; but the doctrines of equality and the sovereignty of the people have remained."

It is evident that the Count de Tocqueville takes a very

different view of the revolution that began in 1789 from that which has long been common among his countrymen. In his eyes, it was the inevitable and deplorable conclusion of a long course of national disaster and crime. It was a grand convulsion which engulfed alike the monarchy, the nobility, and the church, — the punishment which all had merited and brought upon themselves by persistence in licentiousness, frivolity, and impiety. The people of France were no longer proud of their government, they were even disgusted with it, and were strongly desirous of a change; but the ground of their discontent was not political oppression or religious persecution. They were themselves nearly as much demoralized as their rulers, and though weary of an inglorious despotism, they had no rational desire or conception of freedom. Accordingly, when the evils of the state had reached a crisis, and could no longer be endured, the people became frantic, and tore down the whole edifice of the constitution and the laws, without any distinct conception of what was to be erected in its place. The king, the nobles, and the clergy became alike the objects of their insane fury, which was restrained by no prudential regard for their own welfare, no idea of political principle, and no sense of religious obligation. They had no definite object in view, such as guided the efforts of the English patriots in the rebellion against Charles I., and in the revolution of 1688. The freedom which they vindicated for themselves, at the cost of so much blood and treasure, was gladly relinquished only fifteen years afterwards, when the people almost with one voice made Napoleon emperor with absolute power. Three and a half millions of votes were given in favor of this change, and only about twenty-five hundred were opposed to it. The remark of the historian is perfectly just, that there is no other example recorded in the annals of the world of so unanimous an approbation of the foundation of a dynasty, no instance of a nation so joyfully taking refuge in the stillness of despotism.

Art. XI. — CRITICAL NOTICE.

Memoirs of the Life of William Wirt, Attorney General of the United States. By John P. Kennedy. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1849. 2 vols. 8vo.

The late John Foster, in the course of his large experience as a reviewer, had frequent occasion to express an earnest wish "that the present epidemical disease in literature, the custom of making very large books about individuals, may in due time find, like other diseases, some limit to its prevalence, and at length decline and disappear. What is to become of readers, if the exit of every man of some literary eminence is thus to be followed by a long array of publications, beginning with duodecimos, extending into octavos, and expanded at last into a battalion of magnificent quartos! This swelling fungous kind of biography confounds all the right proportions in which the claims and the importance of individuals should be arranged and exhibited to the attention of the public." Had Foster lived and written in America, he would certainly have uttered this complaint in still louder and more indignant tones. Our bookshelves already bend and creak under the ponderous mass of "Lives" and "Memoirs," with which they are oppressed; and we begin to calculate with dismay how many tons will they have to bear in those glorious days, when, as the statisticians love to tell us, our population shall amount to a hundred millions, and our great men shall lie around us as thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa? The state of biographical literature in this country reminds one of the cemetery of Père La Chaise; the visitor to that marble city of the illustrious dead is provoked to find the most conspicuous and stately monuments in it erected to the memory of persons whom he never heard of, while he can with difficulty find the modest stone which is placed over all that was mortal of some world-renowned author, hero, or statesman. The length of the elegiac inscription, also, is most frequently in an inverse proportion to the fame of the deceased.

Mr. Kennedy's Life of Wirt is ably written, and portions of it are very interesting; but it is much too long. He has almost crushed the reputation of his hero by the formidable dimensions of what was intended to magnify and perpetuate it. He has published to all the world many letters which Mr. Wirt himself would have shrunk from writing to any but his most intimate friends. Not that there are any indiscreet disclosures in them; they contain nothing of which the writer would be ashamed. But

he certainly would not have deemed the larger portion of them important enough to be placed before the public. They are the careless effusions of a few leisure minutes of the day, when he sought relief from the irksome perusal or inditing of legal documents by scribbling nonsense to an old associate. The following is a fair specimen, though a short one, of the epistolary trifling of which Mr. Wirt was very fond, and by the aid of which his biography has been swelled to the compass of two large octavo volumes.

"My ink was rather too thick to write with pleasure, so I have thinned it, and mended my pen; — and now, sir, here 's at you.

"Why yes, sir, as you say, it is a pleasant thing to lead the life of a county court lawyer; but yet (as one of Congreve's wittol squires said, when his guardian bully suffered himself to be kicked, and called it pleasant) 'it is a pleasure I would as soon be without.' Yet I doubt not that your sum of happiness is as great, if not greater, than if you were a 'general court lawyer,' as the phrase used to be

"Those same *returns* that you speak of. — My God! Does not a man, at such times, live as much in a minute as, in ordinary times, he does in an hour or a day? These are the breezes of which poets and orators sing and say, that they shake the atmosphere of life, and keep it from stagnation and pestilence. I know that *your* life would be in no danger of stagnation or pestilence, even if you were to live forever at home: yet, I imagine that there is no man, however happy in the circle of his family, who does not find himself made more conscious of that happiness, and his feelings of enjoyment quickened by these occasional separations. This is the way in which I reconcile myself to them; since, although not a county court lawyer, *at this present*, I am doomed to these separations as well as you.

"As to the labor and fatigue which you undergo, — look at the health which you derive from it, and the consequent clearness of brain, and capacity for happiness. Besides, mark the majestic *obesity* which you exhibit, in spite of all your exercise, and consider 'what a thing you would be if you were bloated,' as Falstaff says, — by inactivity."

We object further to the very *lengthy* quotations from Mr. Wirt's speeches on the trial of Aaron Burr, one remarkable passage in which is familiar to every school-boy in the land, and to copious extracts from a political pamphlet, that was written for a temporary purpose, and has very properly been forgotten.

And now, having discharged our conscience as reviewers by reprehending in very plain terms a most pernicious practice in biography, we are free to express our obligations to Mr. Kennedy for what is, on the whole, an excellent memoir of his friend, alike candid, faithful, and elegant. The materials appear to have been collected with great care, from a variety of sources, and they throw ample light upon the whole history and character of the person to whom they relate. Mr. Wirt's abilities as an advocate, a lawyer, and an author, are set forth with fulness and discrimi-

nation, while his very amiable and attractive character in private life is portrayed in pleasing colors. The difficulties of the subject are confessed, and they are quite skilfully obviated.

"A life confined to the pursuits indicated in this sketch, may not be expected to charm the reader by the significance of its events. It is much more a life of reflection than of action; more a life of character than of incident. I have to present to the world a man greatly beloved for his social virtues, the illustrations of which are daily fading away with the fading memories of contemporary friends, now reduced to a few survivors: a man of letters and strong literary ambition, but who had not the leisure to gratify a taste in the indulgence of which he might have attained to high renown: a public functionary, who had no relish for politics, and who was, consequently, but little identified with that public history which so often imparts the only value to biography: a lawyer who, with a full measure of contemporary fame, has left but little on record by which the justice of that fame might be estimated."

William Wirt was born in Bladensburg, Maryland, November 8th, 1772. When he was but two years old, his father died, leaving but a very small property to the widowed mother for the support and education of a family of six children. William was a handsome and spirited boy, whose engaging manners, quick wit, and frolicsome disposition, gained for him many friends, by whose aid he pursued his studies without suffering much inconvenience from the smallness of his patrimony. Yet his education was a desultory one, obtained by snatches, as it were, from several classical schools, and lacking the finish and precision which can be acquired only at college. Ninian Edwards, afterwards Governor of Illinois, was a schoolfellow of Wirt, whom he introduced to his father, Benjamin Edwards, Esq., a gentleman of fortune and influence in Maryland. He invited young Wirt to become a member of his family, as a teacher for the boys, with the use of an excellent private library for the prosecution of his own studies. The offer was accepted, and the twenty months passed in Mr. Edwards's house formed the most agreeable and useful portion of Wirt's youthful career. Here he had books, judicious advice and example, and pleasant domestic influences, to aid in the formation of his character at what is the most critical period of a young man's life. Leaving this happy home for the purpose of beginning his professional studies, he spent a year or two in an attorney's office, and then began the practice of law in Culpepper and Albemarle counties, Virginia, where he had Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, and Mr. Munroe as near neighbors, and very soon as kind friends. The library of the young lawyer consisted of a copy of Blackstone, two volumes of Don Quixote, and a volume of Tristram Shandy,—forming a significant indication of his tastes and the completeness of his professional training. Frank and joyous in his disposition,

a favorite with all from his winning manners and sportive humor, he participated with keen enjoyment in all the pranks of his young associates at the bar, and in the festive meetings of the neighborhood, and was for a time in imminent peril of becoming a victim to dissipation and excess. But an early marriage saved him from the snares of the tempter, and supplied a motive for the exertion of the brilliant talents with which he was endowed. He soon became distinguished as an eloquent advocate, and slowly laid the foundations of his fame as a sound lawyer. His companionable qualities secured for him a large circle of friends, and business flowed in apace.

Mr. Kennedy has given many pleasant sketches of the leading members of the bar, the distinguished politicians, and "the first families of Virginia," at this epoch, which was about the commencement of the present century. He does not wholly avoid the temptation of painting them in too flattering colors; living in the immediate vicinity, and writing about a generation that has not yet wholly passed away, many of whom, probably, were his own early friends, it was natural that he should be more eager to praise than to discriminate. Excessive laudation is the great vice of contemporary biography; it is favorable to the first success of a book, but lessens its chance of going down with honor to posterity. Distance in space produces about the same effect on the judgment as the lapse of time; and, under the cold climate of New England, we may be excused for thinking that our author has showered his compliments rather too freely to make them of much value.

We cannot follow the story of Mr. Wirt's rapid and brilliant success at the bar. At the early age of thirty-five, he was employed for the government on the important case of Aaron Burr's trial for treason; and though some of the oldest and most eminent lawyers in the United States were his associates, he equalled, if he did not surpass, them all in the display of forensic talent. A severe taste might condemn his speeches as too rhetorical and ambitious, and his flights of imagination as too frequent, for the sober purposes of legal discussion; but he showed also so much argumentative power, knowledge of law, and sagacity in the conduct of the case, as to win the grave approbation of the bench, no less than the applause of the bar, and the shouts of the multitude. The distinction which he acquired in this cause attended him through life, and was fully justified by his subsequent efforts. The politicians endeavored to make a prize of him; he was once chosen, almost without his knowledge, to the legislature of Virginia, and Mr. Jefferson urged him strongly to enter Congress. But fortunately, he had little taste for the wrang-

lings and cabals of the aspirants for popular favor; he preferred to give the little leisure that was allowed to him by his profession to the seductive pursuits of literature. There was a period in the history of letters in America, when The British Spy, The Old Bachelor, and The Life of Patrick Henry were among the first books mentioned as proofs that our countrymen were fit for something else than money-making and felling forests; and even now, though their reputation has been eclipsed by the more showy productions of a later day, they are not forgotten. The description of the blind preacher in the British Spy is almost as great a favorite in collections of "elegant extracts," as the account of Blennerhasset's retreat. Mr. Wirt's writings indicate very clearly, that if he had devoted himself exclusively to literary pursuits, he might have stood among the very first upon the list of American authors. But the demands of a large family and the want of inherited fortune kept him a prisoner to the courts.

Mr. Kennedy's second volume, containing the history of Mr. Wirt's life after he became Attorney General of the United States, abounds with interesting matter upon which we should be glad to comment at length; especially as the writer throws down the gauntlet to us in reference to a criticism which appeared in one of the earlier numbers of this Journal upon the life of Patrick Henry. But there is no room for the consideration of them in a mere critical notice, which was begun only because the work was received too late to allow the preparation of an article upon it in the present number. We may return to the subject hereafter, and meanwhile we would commend the work to our readers as an able and interesting memoir of one whose life belongs to the history of our country.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Clarence, or a Tale of Our Own Times. By Miss C. M. Sedgwick. Author's Revised Edition. New York: George P. Putnam. 1849. 12mo. pp. 515.

The Neighbours, a Story of Every Day Life. By Fredrika Bremer. Translated from the Swedish by Mary Howitt. Author's Edition, with a New Preface. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 439.

Half Hours with the Best Authors; selected and arranged, with short Biographical and Critical Notices. By Charles Knight. Vols. III. & IV. New York: John Wiley. 1849. 12mo.

The Miscellaneous Works of Oliver Goldsmith, including a Variety of Pieces now first collected. By James Prior. In Four Volumes. Vol. I. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 586.

Poems by Robert Browning. A New Edition. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1850. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Poetical and Prose Writings of Charles Sprague. New and Revised Edition. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1850. 12mo. p.205.

Memoirs of the Life of William Wirt, Attorney General of the United States. By John P. Kennedy. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1849. 2 vols. 8vo.

The History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Abdication of James II., 1688. By David Hume, Esq. To which is prefixed a Short Account of his Life, written by himself. A New Edition, with the Author's Last Corrections and Improvements; to which is added a Complete Index of the Whole Work. Vols. III., IV. & V. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1849. 12mo.

The Monuments of Egypt; or, Egypt a Witness for the Bible. By Francis L. Hawks, D. D., LL. D. With Notes of a Voyage up the Nile, by an American. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1850. 8vo. pp 256 & 162.

History of the French Revolution of 1848. By A. de Lamartine. Translated by Francis A. Durivage and William S. Chase. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 245 & 270.

Greenwood Leaves; a Collection of Sketches and Letters. By Grace Greenwood. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1850. 12mo. pp. 406.

Windings of the River of the Water of Life, in the Development, Discipline, and Fruits of Faith. By George B. Cheever, D. D. New York: John Wiley. 1849. 12mo. pp. 384.

Orations and Occasional Discourses, by George W. Bethune, D. D. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 428.

The Canton Chinese, or the American's Sojourn in the Celestial Empire. By Osmond Tiffany, Jr. 1850. 12mo. pp. 271.

History of the Siege of Boston, and of the Battles of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill; also, an Account of Bunker Hill Monument; with Illustrative Documents. By Richard Frothingham, Jr. Boston: Little & Brown. 1849. 8vo. pp. 420.

Journals of the Rev. Thomas Smith and the Rev. Samuel Deane, Pastors of the first Church in Portland; with Notes and Biographical Notices, and a Summary History of Portland. By William Willis. Portland: Joseph S. Bailey. 1849. 8vo. pp. 483.

The Poetical Works of William Motherwell; with a Memoir by James M'Conechy, Esq. Third Edition, greatly enlarged. Glasgow: David Robertson. 1849. 16mo. pp. 433.

The Laird of Logan; or Anecdotes and Tales Illustrative of the Wit and Humor of Scotland. Seventh Thousand. Glasgow: David Robertson. 1845. 16mo. pp. 528.

Whistle-Binkie: a Collection of Songs for the Social Circle. Glasgow: David Robertson. 1846. 24mo. pp. 640.

Songs for the Nursery. Glasgow. David Robertson. 1846. 12mo. pp. 128.

Elements of Moral Science. By Francis Wayland, D. D., President of Brown University. Abridged, and adapted to the Use of Schools and Academies, by the Author. Twenty-sixth Thousand, Revised. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1849. 18mo. pp. 212.

Exercises in Greek Prose Composition, adapted to the First Book of Xenophon's Anabasis. By James R. Boise, Professor of Greek in Brown University. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 185.

The Old World, or Scenes and Cities in Foreign Lands. By William Furniss. Accompanied with a Map and Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 290.

Quotations of Humor, Wit, and Wisdom. Boston: Nathaniel Dearborn. 1849. 18mo. pp. 280.

The Practical French Teacher; or a New Method of learning to write, read, and speak the French Language. By Norman Pinney, A. M. New York: Huntington & Savage. 1849. 12mo. pp. 400.

Boston Notions; being an Authentic and Concise Account of "that Village" from 1630 to 1837. By Nathaniel Dearborn. Boston: Nathaniel Dearborn. 1848. 16mo. pp. 426.

Reviews and Essays. By E. G. Holland. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1849. 12mo. pp. 400.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

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ART. I.— *The Life of Oliver Goldsmith.* By WASHINGTON IRVING. New York: George P. Putnam. 1849. 12mo. pp. 382.

2. *The Miscellaneous Works of Oliver Goldsmith, including a Variety of Pieces, now first published.* By JAMES PRIOR. In Four Volumes. Vols. I. & II. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo.

IT is pleasant, in these clanging days, when even our Reviews resound with the din of arms, to be recalled to a calmer sphere by such a book as that whose title graces the head of our article; to turn from Kossuth and Pio Nono, the Sikhs and the Mexicans, to Goldsmith, whose very name transports us at once into the midst of an age which seems to the readers of Boswell to have been more occupied with Dr. Johnson and the club than with any thing else. So adverse is the spirit of our time to the deification of literary heroes, that even Shakspeare has had to be brought into fashion; and it would require more than the genius of Fanny Kemble to procure an apotheosis for any name less eminent. Indeed, we feel sincerely grateful to Mr. Irving for reminding his countrymen of Goldsmith, and thus rescuing one great light, at least, from the eclipse of "illustrations" and gorgeous binding. The rising generation are in danger of considering the works of Johnson and his compeers as "books that no gentleman's library should

be without," and which no gentleman thinks of reading; and of failing entirely to recognize in them the fountains whence came much of the inspiration of the present day. We who were brought up on Addison, his contemporaries and successors, awaken to a most unpleasant surprise, when we find these names are strange in our children's ears. As we seem to ourselves to have imbibed our knowledge of them with our mother's milk, we are quietly expecting that our successors will do the same. But we have only to examine the "reading-books" scattered broadcast among our young people, from Maine to Mexico, to discover the fallacy of any such notion. These manuals are carefully weeded of all extracts from the standards of the language, and filled only with specimens of *American* literature, under some delusion of patriotism; as if it were not rank treason thus to confess that we have no share in the glory of our ancestors. Whoever, therefore, calls up vividly to the public recollection a true model, must be reckoned a benefactor, and we are always happy to be obliged to Mr. Irving. He has, we think, a peculiar fitness for the present gracious task. Mr. Prior was a laborious collector of facts, who, by dint of patient research, and nothing else, made a book as little attractive as a life of Goldsmith could well be. Mr. Forster drew from the distaff thus carefully stored with raw material a smooth thread, around which he allowed all the characteristic circumstances and associations of the time to crystallize, forming a mass at once solid and transparent, but not without, now and then, a little superfluous glitter. Mr. Irving, selecting at will from the whole, has, with his usual taste, presented us with "gems in order, fitly set," from whose shifting and delicate hues flashes forth a portrait, possessing the accuracy without the hardness of the daguerreotype, though not, like that, made of sunshine.

Why is it that the saddest books in the whole world are those which give us the lives of men of genius? Is it only that the realities of life — its imperfections, disappointments, follies, and mistakes — loom out terrifically from a background of splendid possibilities? Is it the apprehension of power, with which we set out, that makes natural weaknesses seem so piteous — the notion of greatness that renders littleness unpardonable? What do we expect of authors, and what ought we to expect? Why should they be less happy

than other men, and why should we imagine them to be happier? In short, what is practically the connection or opposition between genius and the common affairs of life?

Our readers will hardly be disposed to dispute the proposition, that we rise from the perusal of the biographies of men of high genius sadder as well as wiser. We feel as we do after life's hardest personal lessons. We are conscious of the same chastening effect as that produced by the ill result of some blunder or misconduct of our own. Our hearts fail us; we are discouraged as to ourselves, our past and our future. If the inspired, the far-seeing, the "god-like in faculties," succeed so ill in making their powers subserve the ends of life, with what hope can we take another step?

The deep and tender sympathy with which we study the characters and follow the fortunes of the gifted is hardly to be accounted for without tracing its origin farther back than might at first glance seem necessary. Admiration, indeed, begets a sort of enthusiasm; but it expends itself upon the thing admired, unless that be of the nature of a direct communication of the spirit of the author to our spirit. He who works well in pure abstractions may excite our intellect to the uttermost — move our wonder, perhaps, and even win our gratitude in a certain sense; — but we shall have no affectionate interest in him personally. If we care to know who he is, where he was born, and under what influences trained, it will be rather from curiosity than any feeling nearer the heart; more as we study a phenomenon than as we indulge in a pleasure. If our chief pursuit be consonant with his own, there will, indeed, be a superadded interest; but even this may, perhaps, be in part traceable to a secret feeling of competition, emulation, or jealousy; the head will still be the moving power, not the heart. A botanist wishes to learn the scientific name and history of a plant, which, to the observer of another class, is a source of pleasure for its beauty and the associations that hang about it; and there is quite as great a difference between the pleasure we feel in tracing out the shaping circumstances in the history of two men, one of whom has only improved our intellect, while the other has delighted our imagination and proved his sympathy with our common experience.

The law of sympathy is, indeed, universal; and print and paper make little difference in the *rapport*. If we care to

analyze and compare our interest in different authors — in themselves as well as their works — we shall find that we love best those who seem most nearly acquainted with our common, daily life, and most warmly concerned in it; those who express this sympathy and concern with the least reserve, and who count most securely on the universality of human hopes and wishes, passions and accidents. There is a secret solicitude in every breast on this subject of life; it is of the intensest importance to us — an overshadowing thought, indeed, which insensibly colors all our other thoughts, while we are fancying ourselves very philosophical about the world and its affairs. It is in vain that we seek to reduce the importance of this life, or to moderate our concern in it, by considerations connected with another; those very considerations do but add dignity to a period which is so intimately connected with an unimaginable eternity. The greater our anxiety, or the stronger our hope in the future, the more intense is, and ought to be, the interest of a healthful mind in the present, and what ever tends to unfold, disentangle, or illuminate that puzzling, but most precious, present. Writings which do this, live in every heart and forever; their fiction becomes as much a part of our stock of experience as the occurrences of yesterday, and their authors are as really our personal friends as if we had looked from time to time into their answering eyes during the whole progress of the events they describe. We are even more sure of their sympathy than we can always be of that of people into whose eyes we do look; for how many things are there that interfere between us and those about us! The limitations of merely human intercourse are mortifying and disappointing; and we turn with the keenest pleasure to an intercourse equally connected with our daily experience, and at the same time relieved from the restraint of provoking barriers of pride, jealousy, fear, disdain, and apathy. If we had full consciousness and enjoyment of the inner sense and highest meaning of things around us, we should need neither novels nor poetry. Heaven has in all ages sent among men angels of different degrees, whose office it is to give us this insight, with power not only to show us the secret beauty of life, but to endow us at the same time with new capacity of perception. The higher of these are called poets; perhaps this were a fitting name for all.

The poet, then, — the maker, the inspired of whatever rank, — is associated with our notions of life in such a sense that we consider him its exponent. We trust his pictures because, in some respects at least, they favor our beloved ideal. We are willing to believe that he has seen further into the truth of things than we; we endow him unconsciously with all insight into human springs, means, and motives, because we perceive in him an insight beyond our own. He can show us the subtlest workings of thought in others; can he ever be deceived? He discerns unerringly the consequences of every vice and every folly; — how wise and blameless must be his own walk! Compassion, in one who understands so well the nature of compassion, can never be a mere weakness; unthrift can hardly be the fault of him who has so often contrasted its curse with the blessings of regularity and self-command. Must not he who exhibits so much sagacity in one direction have the full use of it in all? He seems to have life completely in his power; is it likely to prove too much for him practically?

It may be said we are not so romantic as this. We need not, in this age of the world, be told that poets are men like ourselves, at least as prone to error, at least as subject to passion; as weak, as variable, and even more at the mercy of the delusions of vanity. It is true, reason assures us of all this; yet to expect more of men whose works have delighted us is a natural consequence of the illusion of that delight. The light that shone about us while we were in their company was a supernatural radiance; and when we try to look at such men by the common day in which we behold others, the glamour is still hanging about our eyes. So we read their lives with a disappointment which reason disowns, but which yet does us honor. It has a generous source; it evinces a willingness that there should be some of our kind above us in fortune, as we feel them to be in power; it is the result of uncalculating gratitude for unpurchasable benefit. We would fain see them freed even from the inexorable law of cause and effect. There is something like an idea that they have earned happiness by bestowing it; and that, even if they fall into weakness, they have a claim to be invalided on full pay.

There is a consoling doubt that suggests itself sometimes,

when we leave the perusal of biography with this heavy sense of sadness and blank disappointment weighing upon our hearts. It regards the correctness of the view which the biographer has been able to give of the whole life and being of his hero. The world has seen but one man daguerreotyped by his friend, or rather by himself; for Boswell only adjusted the lens by means of which Johnson drew his own picture. All other mind-portraits depend largely upon the skill, and still more upon the idiosyncrasy, of the painter; as witness the fact, that if one life be written by two or more people, of distinct and peculiar minds, we shall hardly recognize the character as the same. The life of Byron, as written by Moore, and by Hunt, and others, is an instance of this kind. We have therefore a good right to suppose, that, to our own immediate observation, the reality might have appeared different from either or all, and that a career which, even under the pen of friendship shows as a terrible failure, would very possibly have escaped our personal concern as wearing a general aspect of at least ordinary prosperity. We need some such consoling thought, to keep up our faith in the promise, "he that watereth shall himself be watered," as we read the lives of those who have bestowed upon us the highest and most blameless of all the pleasures of earth; and the life of Oliver Goldsmith, written out once more, and by one perhaps as worthy as any man living to write it, is no exception to the remark.

We remember receiving a painful and half-indignant impression of the position of Goldsmith among the friends of Johnson, when we first read Boswell, more years ago than we care to remember. Boswell's evident desire to depreciate him was not the sole source of this, for the motive was too patent to excite any thing but contempt. But there was an obvious insolence habitual in that circle when Goldsmith was in company, which implied a want of any proper sense of the power to which we owe the Vicar of Wakefield and the Deserted Village, and which was inexplicable without some further insight into Goldsmith's character and manners than could be gleaned from the big book devoted to the big man. Johnson himself, more discerning, more generous, and also less fastidious, reproved this insolence at times; yet even he was not always above the weakness of countenancing it, especially when under the influence of the homage rendered to

himself, which he loved to find exclusive as well as supreme. He was ever Goldsmith's best friend, but even his friendship had a certain admixture of contempt. It was "poor Goldy," in his best humor; and in his worst, Goldsmith is "a fool! he knows nothing." This tone was more than imitated throughout the sphere of which Johnson was the centre, and which constituted the literary world of that day. Boswell's mental universe admitted but one sun, and the grand business of his life was the exclusion of whatever might intervene between himself and the rays which glorified his insignificance. To disparage Goldsmith, to set his failings in the worst light, and to flatter Johnson by contrasts and comparisons, was, therefore, the care of this prince of toadies; and as Goldsmith's disposition was averse to the very shadow of toadyism, he was peculiarly at the mercy of a man in whom it was an instinct. Johnson loved flattery as only persons whose early circumstances have been such as to exclude flattery can love it; and Goldsmith was of a nature to repress even the gushing tribute of his own affectionate and generous heart, lest it should be mistaken for flattery. It is easy to see what was Boswell's advantage; while in the splendid Beauclerc, and the classic Langton, and the other distinguished persons who circulated about the great Cham, we can pardon some little genuine distaste of manners formed in the course of rambles almost on the footing of mendicancy, and of a style of dress which would have been much improved by being exchanged for any cast-off clothing that had once belonged to a gentleman. The more we study the accounts of Goldsmith, the more we become convinced that the unfavorable impression made by his manners was inevitable, and that we ought not to blame too indignantly a want of personal respect to which his writings would seem to prove his triumphant claim. We cannot deny the truth of the proverb, that "manners make the man;" although something very different is required to make the writer whose memory shall be regarded with honor and affection wherever his language is spoken. It is we who see and know Goldsmith — the essential Goldsmith. Those about him could not see him among the disguising, deforming, distressing accidents through which this clear, radiant soul was trying to make itself known, and which it at length burst from, in disappointment and despair.

If he could have been hammered into hardness, Goldsmith would not have carried through life with him the sweet, tender, and genial spirit for which he was so remarkable. At school, he was considered "a stupid, heavy blockhead, little better than a fool." "When do you mean to get handsome again?" was the sneering question, after the smallpox had hideously scarred his face. If he dances, he is called by some would-be wit, "Ugly Æsop;" and what would have aroused enmity in a less amiable temper generated only despair in his. If he sometimes retorted, it was but to hide the arrow which he had no means of extracting. When he went to college, it was not as his elder brother had gone, but in a menial capacity; and this on no more sensible account than a piece of truly Irish generosity on the part of his father; who, when his daughter married clandestinely a wealthy young man who had been his pupil, to clear himself from the imputation of having furthered the match, saddled himself and his family with an engagement to pay a marriage portion of four hundred pounds, entailing thereby hopeless poverty on all his other children! Men have been placed under guardianship sometimes for acts less declarative of inability to transact ordinary affairs; yet one of Goldsmith's biographers considers the deed as proving "a high sense of honor"! If this be indeed a specimen of honor, give us rather the old-fashioned, Bible principle of justice, though it may show homely in comparison.

At college, he had, says Mr. Forster, "a menial position, a savage brute for a tutor, and few inclinations to the study exacted." Here the iron of poverty entered his soul, for where is poverty more bitterly felt than in college? A bare support, mean and precarious at best, was rendered still narrower by the death of his father; and he learned to save himself from actual starvation by writing street-ballads, which he would steal out at night to hear sung. Yet even in this "lowest depth," he could feel for a fellow-creature in a "lower deep," and give, with that uncalculating and inconsistent benevolence which continued to the last so striking a feature of his character. This was bred in him by the father, whose "sense of honor" brought him to this pass of misery. "He wound us up," said the Man in Black, "to be mere machines of pity, and rendered us incapable of withstanding

the slightest impulse made either by real or fictitious distress; in a word, we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away thousands, before we were taught the more necessary qualifications of getting a farthing."

Miserably unsuccessful in college, — for what does or can despair bring but failure? — Goldsmith crept back to Lissoy, to his mother, and for two years taught the village school, as aid to his brother Henry, besides being a sort of man-of-all-work for the family in general. Certain convivial meetings, of no very high character, cheered this period, from which the hapless poet used in after years to date his "unaccountable fondness" for Ireland. At the end of the two rather jolly, if not very dignified, years, during which the faint sun of a questionable prosperity did perhaps something towards clarifying the future diamond, he applied for orders, but unsuccessfully. The cause of his failure can only be conjectured; but at least one inquirer will have it something ludicrously like that which made the unyielding John Foster unacceptable in his first pulpit, — a preference for that color in costume which turkey-cocks and sober people hate. Foster's offence was a scarlet waistcoat; Goldsmith's a pair of scarlet breeches. It does not increase one's respect for the world to find its important affairs turning on points like this; so we may as well hope the Bishop of Elphin had a better reason for rejecting a candidate whose college irregularities had very probably been exaggerated to him. The law was now proposed, and the kindest of uncles advanced money for a beginning in this new study; but here we stumble at once upon one of the sources of poor Goldsmith's "ill-luck" in the world. He lost the money at the gaming-table, and returned to his friends plucked and humbled.

Destined for any thing but playing Mr. Legality in any sense, cast off in indignant despair by the mother who had built much upon his early promise, and the brother who had hitherto pardoned every thing in favor of the "good heart," which was the family cognizance, the poor pigeon found a temporary rest at the untiring uncle's, "piping and poetizing," says Mr. Irving, with his daughter. Here a grand relative — a church dignitary, much looked up to by his simple-minded kin — offered to give the unlucky student something of which grand relatives are apt to be prodigal — some advice; that

he should, in default of virtue enough for divinity and of prudence enough for law, try his hand at medicine, thinking perhaps that, in this profession, blunders would be less apt to tell tales. The readiness with which all concerned jumped at this suggestion of Dean Goldsmith's, shows that Oliver had by this time come to be considered pretty much an *enfant perdu*, with whom a sort of hit-or-miss game may be played; an impression which he characteristically favored by allowing himself to be tossed from hand to hand with complete nonchalance. A family purse sends him to Edinburgh, where he studied and starved, gambled and idled, for two years more, gnawing ever at the file which he carried with him through life. "An ugly and poor man," he writes to an Irish cousin, "is society only for himself, and such society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance." A visit to the Continent is now his great desire; and that excellent Uncle Contarine, a clergyman only moderately well-off, agrees to furnish the funds for the experiment. Surely, if there be any merit in hoping against hope, that kind soul should be canonized for his adherence to his scape-grace nephew!

Bound for Leyden, where he intended to study under "the great Albinus," Goldsmith characteristically shipped for *Bordeaux*, rather than part from half a dozen boon companions whom he had fallen in with at the inn at Leith. Driven by stress of weather into Newcastle-upon-Tyne, he was arrested as a Jacobite, his new friends proving to be Scotchmen in the French service, who had been enlisting recruits for the French army. He lay in prison a fortnight; meanwhile the ship sailed without him, and was wrecked and lost, with every soul on board.

His European adventures may be gathered from his works; for there was not an emergency or an incident of his whole life which he did not turn to everybody's advantage but his own. The story of the *Philosophic Vagabond*, in the Vicar of Wakefield, gives an idea of the reckless, rollicking humor in which he travelled in foreign countries, without the usual resources, relying often upon his flute for supper and lodging, and throwing up a disagreeable tutorship which afforded him a support, as readily as if he had been possessed of an independence. But in France, "he looked upon the state of society with the eye of a philosopher, and read the signs of

the times with the prophetic eye of a poet," says Mr. Irving; and his biographers concur in thinking, that his estimate of the terrible issue of the *ancien régime* evinced remarkable political sagacity. From France he visited Piedmont, and appears to have seen several of the Italian cities, and in Carinthia to have found by some chance, what it is perhaps not easy to find in any part of Italy, —

> "The boor
> Who on the houseless stranger shuts the door;"—

"An incident," says Mr. Forster, "with which his famous couplet has too hastily reproached a people." All this time "pursuing novelty and losing content," as he says himself, generally pennyless and often desponding, no thought of a sober and regular practice of the profession, which so many sacrifices had been made to obtain, seems to have presented itself to his mind. He "fought his way" to England, — for what? To "throw himself upon the world of London!" He tried the stage of a country town; he implored employment behind the counter of a petty village apothecary. But left, as he says, "without friends, recommendations, money, or impudence, and that in a country where being born an Irishman was sufficient to keep him unemployed," it remains a mystery how he reached London, where we find him in February, 1756, with a few half-pence in his pocket. Here, after horrible sufferings both mental and bodily, he procured somehow a miserable ushership, to which probably we owe the half-bitter, half-humorous picture he has drawn of such a position. This proving intolerable, even as the refuge from starvation, he tried a chemist's shop; and after a few months, by the advice and assistance of Dr. Sleigh, one of his Edinburgh fellow-students, he attempted the practice of medicine. With this he was able to combine some literary efforts, and for a while was corrector of the press for Samuel Richardson, who, though he failed to recognize in his subordinate a rival novelist, introduced him to Dr. Young, the author of the Night Thoughts, then much in vogue, and allowed him sometimes to sit as a guest in his parlor, where literary conversation served to give some little stimulus to his depressed mind.

But starvation still threatened, and the offer of decent employment and tolerable living at a school at Peckham, to which he was invited through the kindness of another of his

Edinburgh medical friends, drew Goldsmith once more into a position for which he was especially ill-fitted. Hating continuous employment, particularly open to ridicule and sensitive to it, and too proud to conceal the resentment he felt under contumely, a subordinate situation in a school was to him a place of torture, under which all his good humor and natural lightness of heart could not sustain him. "Up early and late; browbeat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys," says his *eidolon* in the Vicar of Wakefield; "a very pretty career!" He was glad to exchange it even for Grub Street, where he became a hack-writer, undeterred by the hapless fate of some of the glorious predecessors whose names were watchwords to his still uncrushed ambition. The pen-compelling magician to whom he first sold himself soon became intolerably exacting, and, what was harder to bear, modified the productions of his *employés* according to his wife's taste and his own; so Goldsmith was before long afloat upon the world again, and passed through another of those periods of darkness which no biographer has yet been able to penetrate. He emerges in a garret, "writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk-score," and as host to his brother Charles, who had come over from Ireland for the sake of Oliver's aid and countenance! This visit must be imagined; it could never be described. Want was indeed both "Gentleman Usher and Master of the Ceremonies." We may conclude this, for Goldsmith returned to the school at Peckham, to short commons and shorter answers, drudgery and contempt.

And this brings the poet to the age of thirty, a period at which men are wont to pause and look back. Goldsmith could yet only look forward. His "knack at hoping," if it had sometimes led him into difficulties, was thus far his most valuable earthly possession. Engagements with certain periodicals now enlarged his means somewhat; enough, says Mr. Forster, "to expose his foibles, but not to protect him from their consequences;" and we may add, enough to raise up for him bitter enemies, but not enough to lift him above their malice. He changed his lodgings, and ventured somewhat into society, and the new abode was soon dignified and cheered by the presence of Johnson. But a more liberal way of life led to perilous and enslaving advances from book-

sellers, and the roses of prosperity, delicious as they were after passing the desert, could by no means cover the thorns that grew under them. Reproach, indignation, writhing, and humiliation alternated with parties of pleasure and convivial suppers; and excess after starvation soon produced its fell shadow, disease. "Vicissitudes of rapture and anguish" are no healthy exercise for any man; and we cannot resist the conclusion, that Goldsmith's life in these days partook of this perilous alternation with large preponderance of the more trying element. Ill-health drove him to country lodgings, and there, amid the then "green fields and lanes of Islington," now covered with the dense growth of London, the Vicar of Wakefield was begun. The labor for the day's necessities was in no degree interrupted by this; Mr. Newbury, who was now the taskmaster, required his sheet of copy as inexorably as the iron hand of the printing-press demands its supply; but the new task was a labor of love, pursued in secret, and doubtless shedding something of the radiance of hope on what would otherwise have been utter darkness. In this country lodging, the work-a-day life of the poet was in some small degree relieved by the visits of Hogarth and Reynolds, the latter ever after one of his kindest friends.

He was less happy in the club, of which he was proud to be admitted a member about this time. The Vicar had not appeared, and so poorly were Goldsmith's claims appreciated as yet, that even dull, penurious Hawkins argued against his admission, on the score of his being "a mere literary drudge, equal to the task of compiling and translating, but little capable of original, and still less of poetical composition." His awkward and even vulgar manners; his unprepossessing face, scarred with small-pox and hardened by many a combat with necessity and contempt; his open vanity and equally open resentment of slight; his credulity, which was too like folly to seem amiable; his anxiety to appear at ease, which confessed that want of self-respect which society never pardons; — all these disadvantages combined with an inward struggling sense of power to embitter his intercourse even with Johnson and Burke, and all the active and elegant minds they had gathered about them; so that a companionship, which would have seemed like a foretaste of heavenly communion to the Goldsmith of a few years before, now brought with it perhaps quite as

much pain as pleasure. Of the miserable and belittling nature of this gnawing discontent we get some idea from the fact, that the unhappy poet tried *dress* as a means of commanding the respect of his associates!

The story of the arrest for debt, which led to the hasty sale of the Vicar, is familiar to all, and adds yet another stroke to the picture of wretchedness. On this occasion, Goldsmith was found fortifying himself under the objurgations of his landlady by a bottle of Madeira; and this, with the violent rage in which he indulged on being prest for a debt by a poor widow, shows, as Mr. Forster suggests, "that recent gleams of success and worldly consideration had not strengthened the habits of endurance." These gleams had but helped to justify the secret sense of power which had been all along rebelling against galling disregard, without satisfying the thirst for praise, or allaying the bitter sense of poverty. How little of buoyancy had been the fruit of such scanty measure of success may be gathered from the fact, that at this very time, when Johnson was concluding a hasty bargain for the novel, the Traveller was lying finished in the author's desk, and he could form no brighter dreams upon it than these expressions bespeak: "I fear I have come too late into this world; as few at any period can possess poetical reputation, a man of genius can now hardly acquire it. . . Of all kinds of ambition, as things are now circumstanced, perhaps that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest." This despondency is explained by a thousand casual touches in the abundant biographical notices of the time. "The partiality of his friends," says Johnson, with reference to the estimate of this very poem, "was always *against* him. It was with difficulty we could give him a hearing." It must have been strange partiality, indeed, which could reward with "a roar" that savage joke of Johnson at the table of Sir Joshua Reynolds; when Miss Reynolds toasted Goldsmith as the ugliest man she knew, and Mr. Cholmondely shook hands with her across the table in token of warm assent, — "Thus," exclaimed Johnson, "the ancients, on the commencement of their friendships, used to sacrifice a *beast* betwixt them!" Such friendship as this, which reminds one of that ancient instrument of torture, made to pierce with a thousand swords the heart of him whom it offered to embrace, could have possessed but little power to ward off the attacks

of despondency which at times made a very child of the unhappy poet. Yet Johnson was the very best of his friends!

After the publication of the Traveller — the Vicar of Wakefield still lying in the bookseller's hands unheard of — the author, being now usually, in acknowledgment of an accession of esteem, called by his friends and the public Dr. Goldsmith, bethought him of his medical resources, and arraying himself with unusual splendor, made an attempt to unite two professions which have never been considered incompatible. But here disappointment and defeat awaited him. All his sagacity, all his knowledge, all his kindness and good nature, could not counterbalance his unfortunate appearance and manner. To be able to command personal respect is essential to a profession, success in which, being referable to no certain standard, must ever depend largely upon prepossession; and here Goldsmith was weakest and most unhappy. His services were undervalued, his prescriptions slighted in favor of those of a common apothecary; and when he complained, one of his elegant friends consolingly advised him to prescribe only for his enemies!

After an interval of two years, the Vicar of Wakefield was published, with a success which astonished even the admirers of the Traveller. But this very success was embittered to the author by the fact, that, though edition after edition was filling the pockets of the publisher, he himself reaped no advantage in this particular, and by the reflection that the hasty sale of the book was, in truth, the cause of this loss and vexation. "Had it been sold after the Traveller," said Johnson, "he might have had twice as much money." Pleasant thoughts these, for a needy man, whose health was failing, and whose life-toils and agonies were just beginning to tell upon his fortunes when he had nearly reached forty! The business, then, by which the author of two exquisite and most successful works continued to keep out of jail, was, "*his usual job-work for the booksellers; writing introductions, prefaces, and head and tail-pieces for new works; revising, touching-up, and modifying travels and voyages; making compilations of prose and poetry; and 'building books' as he sportively termed it.* Sportively! we have various means of knowing what were his private views of this kind of sport. Small drafts dishonored by the tradesmen, for whom he was toil-

ing, tell tales as to the spontaneousness of his labor in this direction; and small acknowledgments run thus — "Received of Mr. Newbury five guineas *for writing a short English Grammar;*" or still smaller memoranda — "*Lent* Dr. Goldsmith one pound one."

The success of the Clandestine Marriage suggested to the ever-teeming brain of the man of letters the writing of a comedy on the older English model; and in this case, as in all others, success was no security against vexation and anxiety. The Good-natured Man was placed in the hands of Garrick by the intervention of one of the best-natured men in the world, Sir Joshua Reynolds, who did his best to smooth over or send to oblivion an unlucky difficulty between the autocratic manager and the author whose fate hung on his fiat. But the two powers found no common currency, Garrick wanting a little servility, while Goldsmith chose to consider a bargain between author and manager as one intended to be mutually advantageous, and whose adjustment asked no gratitude on either side. He forgot just then that to refuse adulation to Garrick was denying pepper to the man whose palate rejects whatever lacks the stimulant; and when he angrily resisted certain alterations proposed, and even insisted on, by the experienced actor and manager, he forgot, too, that he himself was requiring an amount of deference which he disdained to accord to one of the most successful men of the day. Endless disputings and immeasurable bitterness grew out of this transaction; and after delays and vexations which drove him almost beside himself, Goldsmith withdrew from Garrick altogether, and offered his play to the manager of the rival theatre. Here, again, the fates were against him; for in the wonderful success of Kelly's insipid play of False Delicacy, the town had exhausted its theatrical sympathy for the time, leaving little interest to spare for a comedy whose forte was humor and a nice discrimination of character. The piece was at length acted, but under several disadvantages; and "Goldsmith had, meanwhile, been suffering exquisite distress; had lost all faith in his comedy and in himself;" and after the play was over, and he was alone with Johnson, and all inducement to bravado absent, he laid his head on the table and vented his disappointment in passionate tears. The play was not damned, however; and Johnson insisted

that it was the best comedy that had appeared since the Provoked Husband. It was played, with some curtailments, for ten nights, and three of these performances were appropriated to the author.

Five hundred pounds, from this and other sources, now poured in upon one who was liable to have his head turned by a tenth part of the money. We have heard of an Indian, who, having been persuaded by a good missionary to lay up a barrel of pork, at once invited the whole tribe to supply their families from this inexhaustible source. Goldsmith seems to have had a similar respect for the powers of his fund. "The first thing," says Mr. Irving, "was an entire change in his domicil. . . . The lease he purchased for £400, and then went on to furnish his rooms with mahogany sofas, card-tables, and book-cases; with curtains, mirrors, and Wilton carpets." And his tailor's bills of the period — we confess we have scruples about prying into a man's tailor's bills! — show suits of "Tyrian bloom, satin grains," and silk linings, and gold buttons, which stand out in strong relief after the "second-hand green and gold" of his early London life. Set forth "in this apparel and array," he invited his most aristocratic friends to dinner and supper, and led such a heyday life of it, that sober Blackstone, who occupied the chamber beneath his, complained of the house-shakings and junketings of his convivial neighbor.

The success of the Good-natured Man might thus be said to have been his ruin, if only there had been any thing else but ruin staring him in the face ever since he was born. "When his purse gave out, he drew upon futurity, obtaining advances from his booksellers and loans from his friends, in confident hopes of soon turning up another trump," says Mr. Irving. He took a cottage about eight miles from London, with a gentleman of the Temple as gay as himself, and passed the summer in "book-building," *en attendant* something more satisfactory. In the autumn we find him in town again, where the showiness of his attire attracted attention, even in the Strand. "Look at that fly with a long pin stuck through it!" said some vulgarian, as he passed in full dress, and decorated with a sword; and Goldsmith felt this so keenly, that he resented it by half-drawing his sword and challenging the offender to a fight, regardless of the crowd which so unusual a demonstration naturally collected.

Mr. Irving thinks an especial susceptibility on this point may have had its source in a newly-acquired intimacy with a very agreeable family, the Hornecks, to whose two lovely daughters Goldsmith was desirous of rendering himself acceptable. "For once, poor Goldsmith had met with polite society, in which he was perfectly at home; for once, he had met with lovely women to whom his ugly features were not repulsive." No wonder that the tailor's bills of these days bear testimony to unusual magnificence! The recollection of all the taunts, to which the unhappy appearance of the poet had subjected him from childhood up, must have passed before him in dread array whenever he prepared himself for this charming circle. All the praise of a circle of wits and of the reading world, all the consciousness of power, all the suggestions of good sense, were insufficient to lift him above this mean trouble. Shall we ascribe his sensitiveness to weakness? When a man of keen sensibility can live without human love and sympathy, or when the world becomes philosophical enough to accept genius alone as a substitute for attractive manners and personal graces, we may despise the sufferings of Goldsmith. How shall we dispose of the humiliating truth, that this very fastidious world would have found all its objections and disgusts neutralized, if the object of them had at any time come into possession of a handsome fortune?

So "poor, genial, generous, drudging, holiday-loving Goldsmith — toiling that he might play, earning his bread by the sweat of his brains, and then throwing it out of the window," went on, through his Roman History and his Animated Nature — "entertaining as a Persian Tale" — until he was able to present the world with the Deserted Village, the sweetest of moral poems, welcomed by the Londoners as if it had indeed transported into the dense metropolis the green fields and hedge-rows of the country, the song of birds and the sports of a rustic population. It was "a vision of trees" to the citizen;

> Bright columns of vapor through Lothbury glide,
> And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Some aspiring critics considered it inferior to the Traveller, and perhaps they were right according to the rules; but the popular voice has ever given its vote by acclamation for the later and more closely human poem. No grandeur of sentiment or felicity of expression could make up to us for the

village pastor, the schoolmaster, the "feeble, solitary thing," gathering cresses for her bread, and the places haunted by these and throngs of other living shadows. The sweet and tender seriousness of the Deserted Village is relieved by touches of humor, as well as heightened by touches of pathos; if sorrow disturb the heart, it is more than half consoled by the thought, that gentle and happy natures will find or make for themselves such simple and unexacting pleasures, wherever their lot may be cast. And then the personality which we cannot help attaching to this poem, the reflex of Goldsmith's own character, private history, cherished opinions and tastes, and secret sorrows, — what interest do they impart to every line of it! Spite of all the controversy about the identity of Auburn and Lissoy, we shall always feel that the former is the scene of the poet's early life, and the haven toward which, amid the storms of his struggling existence, his eyes were ever turned.

"In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs — and God has given my share —
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose.
I still had hopes — for pride attends us still —
Amid the swains to show my book-learn'd skill;
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And as a hare, whom horn and hounds pursue,
Pants to the place from which at first she flew,
I still had hopes — my long vexations past —
Here to return, and die at home at last!"

Truly, this was "a heart which all the trials and temptations and buffetings of the world could not render worldly!"

A six week's tour in France with Mrs. Horneck and her daughters, undertaken after the publication of the Deserted Village, seems to have been productive of little pleasure to the poet. The ladies were true Englishwomen, uncomfortable because they could not carry home with them; and Goldsmith had not *savoir faire* enough to smooth the way, and make little difficulties and disagreeables forgotten. "One of our chief amusements," he says, in a letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is scolding at every thing we meet with, and praising every thing and every person we have left at home;"

and we may add that he himself, as usual, contributed somewhat to the amusement of the less friendly of the party by certain ungainly feats and awkward speeches.

In London again — writing for Davies, and then for a while at the seat of Lord Clare, where he experienced some characteristic mortifications. The History of England, still perhaps the best compendium on the subject, was the work of this summer; and after it was published, an invitation from Mrs. Horneck to her house in the country induced him to obtain a still further advance from a publisher, on the promise of a new tale, in the style of the Vicar of Wakefield. As well promise another Pitt diamond from the mine, on the strength of having found one! The tale was, we need not say, never written, although it is said to have been attempted. She Stoops to Conquer was now on the anvil; but all that it could possibly bring was already forestalled, and the author, with his health much disordered, was continually harassed by the importunity of creditors on one side, and the equally pressing importunity of his own habits and inclinations on the other. He was "overrunning the constable, as he termed it; spending every thing in advance; working with an overtasked head and weary heart to pay for past pleasures and past extravagance, and at the same time incurring new debts, to perpetuate his struggles and darken his future prospects." And, as if this were not enough, "while the excitement of society and the excitement of composition conspire to keep up the feverishness of the system, he has incurred an unfortunate habit of quacking himself with James's powders, a fashionable panacea of the day."

More wear and tear of brain, heart, and temper about the new play; more shuffling of managers, jealousy of authors, and intrigues of actors. Universal prognostic was against it; the manager, who had written plays of his own, prophesied that it would never see a second night. The author's friends, though zealous, were not sanguine; for who can bear up against so strong an adverse tide? He himself did not venture into the theatre, but wandered in St. James's Park alone, that none might witness his agony of anxiety. But the play was received with acclamations. The jokes, which he had conned "with a most dolorous countenance," relaxed the facial muscles of everybody else. "I know of no comedy for many years," said Johnson, "that has so much exhilarated

an audience." Did the author enjoy his success to the full? Ask any man who has pledged the very embryo of his resources, how much pleasure he has derived from their development. A mind quick and sensitive as Goldsmith's is peculiarly at the mercy of the goading power of creditors; and the literary man who obliges himself to write deprives himself of the spirit necessary for writing well.

He now projected a Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, to which Burke, Reynolds, Johnson, Dr. Burney, and other of his distinguished friends consented to become contributors; but the grandeur of the scheme frightened the booksellers, who remembered the procrastinating and heedless habits of Goldsmith, who was to have been sole editor. This failure mortified as well as distressed him, and he was still more cast down by the ill-success of certain efforts made at this time towards a pension; the government having signified a readiness to extend the bounty of the crown to distinguished literary men in narrow circumstances. Unfortunately for Goldsmith's undoubted claim on these grounds, he had once indignantly refused to become a hack-writer for ministers, and this stamped him, once for all, as no proper recipient of ministerial favor. So there was nothing before him but hopeless toil and gradual decay, duns disturbing his thoughts and clouding his once joyous fancy, and disease increasing as difficulties thickened. Sick at heart, and unfitted for social pleasure, his temper grew irritable and capricious; and although he continued occasionally to seek the old scenes, it was only as an escape from himself. An invitation from his friends in the country casts a gleam upon the darkening stream of life; but in order to accept this, he borrows money of Garrick, and so goes down with an additional weight upon his heart, which not all the Christmas jollity and cordiality of the circle he loved could make him forget.

His friends knew not the extent of his difficulties, but they knew enough to make them sad at his last profuse dinner at his Temple chambers, an entertainment which seems to have been the dying effort at hilarity by a man who felt that all depended on rousing his failing spirits. So profuse was the first course at this entertainment, that Johnson and Reynolds, his most attached and most prudent friends, declined partaking of the second, and their example was followed by the other guests; — a hint which the poet did not fail to feel. He

resolved soon after to try a country life, hoping, perhaps, to escape both the temptations and the vexations of the city, and to retrieve his desperate fortunes by unremitting toil; with what result we shall presently see.

Once more the poetic fire, the wit, the humor, which had delighted the world, were to be called up from amidst the smouldering ruin of what had been Goldsmith. The poem of Retaliation, of which everybody knows the history, shows, perhaps, as much of his peculiar power as any thing he ever did. "In fact," says Mr. Irving, "the poem for its graphic truth, its nice discrimination, its terse good sense, and its shrewd knowledge of the world, must have electrified the club almost as much as the first appearance of the Traveller, and let them still deeper into the character and talents of the man they had been accustomed to consider as their butt." But it was the last. The portrait of Reynolds was left unfinished, for death came to the relief of the weary poet, and kindly spared him longer and more mortifying suffering. A few days' pain, a few nights without sleep, some anxious and some repining thoughts, and all was over. Forty-five years of struggle were "rounded with a sleep," and then Goldsmith began to be appreciated. Reynolds mourned for him as for a brother; Johnson's life felt a new shade of gloom; Burke heard of his death with a burst of tears; and every dependant he had ever had — and they were many — sorrowed as without hope. "On the stairs of his apartment there was the lamentation of the old and infirm, and the sobbing of women; poor objects of charity to whom he had never turned a deaf ear, even when himself struggling with poverty." One mourner came, after the coffin was closed, and begged for a single look at that plain, despised face, and a lock of hair from that harassed brow "with two great wrinkles." It was the younger of the Miss Hornecks, the one whom Goldsmith had long regarded with especial fondness. One can hardly help hoping that the parted spirit does, as some think, linger awhile about its earthly tenement, conscious of surviving friendship and love and sorrow.

If in this mere jotting-down of the points in Goldsmith's life we may seem to have chosen the dark side, we can but plead our inability to discover any other. Goldsmith's writings prove abundantly that he knew what life ought to afford; but how wide apart were his experience and his ideal! Con-

scious of the possession of superior ability, and goaded by an unsleeping desire for personal consideration and love, he went through life a butt to his inferiors, feeling that his society was rather suffered than sought in the circles to which his ambition led him, and keenly alive to the fact that, in moments of happiness, he was most apt to make himself ridiculous. To be too much at one with society hampers many a genius; to be wholly *at outs* with it, not through choice but necessity, is misery for the man of sensibility. Convention cramps the fingers of the author, but social contempt wrings his heart. Goldsmith's fancy found its pure, love-tinted wings among associations which to a spirit of inferior birth would have been vulgar and degrading; but he was forced to learn that those wings of heavenly potency could not sustain him in the atmosphere of common, conventional life, and his spirit sank under the conviction. "He wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll," was the sentence of Garrick's caustic wit; and Goldsmith signed his assent to it, echoed as it seemed to him to be by the general voice, when he wrote himself "magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool." However precious the results of his wayward life to posterity, he felt all through it the almost unmingled bitterness of failure. We may afford to philosophize about this; to him it was no abstraction. "Almost all those men who have thus lived long by chance," he says, "and whose every day may be considered as a happy escape from famine, are known at last to die in reality of a disorder caused by hunger, but which, in the common language, is called a broken heart." Goldsmith hungered to the last; and when his physician, hoping to minister beyond his profession, asked him in his dying hour, — "*Is your mind at ease?*" he replied, "*No — it is not,*" and spoke no more.

If it be objected, that our view of Goldsmith's career is calculated utterly to chill the ardor of genius, we reply that kindred genius, at least, will regard his whole life as the preparation for an immortality which would repay any amount of trial and suffering. If the choice had been offered to the poet himself, we can imagine few moments of his heart-wrung life, during which he would have been tempted to prefer an obscure though happy present to the affection and respect of future ages. Let this be our consolation under the somewhat oppressive weight of sympathy which the study of such a life leaves upon the heart.

He could joke about his disappointments sometimes, though the joke has always a melancholy minor tone running through it. In a letter to an Irish friend, he says, — "There will come a day — no doubt there will — I beg you will live a couple of hundred years longer to see it — when the Scaligers and the Daciers will vindicate my character, give learned editions of my labors, and bless the times with copious comments on the text. You shall see how they will fish up the heavy scoundrels that disregard me now, or will then venture to cavil at my productions. How will they then bewail the times that suffered so much genius to be neglected!" This passage gives the key-note of his entire personal history. "No one who examines the whole case," says Mr. Forster, "can doubt, I think, that Goldsmith had never cause to be really content with his position among the men of his time, or with the portion of celebrity at any period during his life assigned to him."

Considering this, which is too obvious to be argued, is not the sustained sweetness of Goldsmith's disposition almost miraculous? With a pride which prompted him to quarrel with anybody on whom his interest in any way depended, though it instantly disappeared when the aggressor was his inferior, how did love make a child of him; as in the case when Johnson, having said to him in company,— "Sir, you are impertinent," apologized, as he ought, before a numerous assemblage. "Dr. Goldsmith! I was rude to you yesterday — I beg your pardon." "It must be much from you, sir, that I take ill," said the tender heart of the poet, melted out of its seething indignation in an instant. Even what the haughty world laughs at as gullibility, loses all its meanness when we recognize its source — boundless love and confidence, unshaken by insult, poverty, and disappointment unceasing. The contrasted effect of fiery passions and inexhaustible tenderness equally exemplified in a single character was never more strikingly shown; but happily the evil was evanescent as the dew, while the benign remained ever to bless his contemporaries and the world. It is to this wealth of sympathy that Goldsmith's writings will owe their immortality. "To think like a wise man, but to speak like the common people," is, in some sense, the secret of intellectual efficacy; genius enabled Goldsmith to fulfil the first part of this direction of

sage old Ascham, love taught him the second. This was the inexpressible charm of his writings — this simplicity which was not poverty, this luminous plainness, sweetened wisdom, sympathetic satire, unvenomed humor. His readers learn such trust in him that even his praise passes uncensured; a real dogmatism in him seems wholly modest, and wins our judgment unawares. All his goodness is so evidently spontaneous, that we insensibly come to think all is good, in the face of occasional false philosophy and not quite orthodox sentiment.

Mr. Irving makes graceful acknowledgment of his obligations to this great master — to whom it has been his highest honor to be compared — in a quotation from Dante: —

> Tu se' lo mio maestro, e 'l mio autore:
> Tu sei solo colui, da cu' io tolsi
> Lo bello stile, che m'ha fatto onore.

We are proud that our country furnishes one who is in any degree worthy of wearing such a mantle; thus helping to prove our claim to direct descent from the great fathers of the language, and the folly of any attempt to sever the chain. Without being in any sense an imitator of Goldsmith, Mr. Irving partakes largely of his spirit; and the Life we have been considering, though not without occasional traces of carelessness, is a good specimen of that fascinating style to which both writers owe their great celebrity.

Art. II. — *Kisfaludi Kisfaludy Károly' Minden Munkái.* Pesten. 1843–4. (The complete works of Charles Kisfaludy, of Kisfalud. Pest.)

The language and literature of the Magyars offer a most interesting field of study. The language, viewed in its relation to the advancement of philological science alone, is well worthy the attention of the foreign student.

It has been too much the custom to take it for granted, that the languages of those nations which have attained to the greatest eminence in literature are those which are intrinsically the most beautiful and complete. We are apt to attri-

bute to the excellence of the instrument that which is due to the genius and skill of the master who handles it. The study of languages has, in conformity with this prejudice, been confined within a limited range; and from this it has resulted, that the laws of grammar have been narrowed to a degree highly unfavorable to the formation of enlarged and philosophical principles. The languages which commonly form a part of the education of the cultivated classes in England and the United States, and with whose investigation the scholars of these countries are chiefly occupied, are, indeed, those which have belonged to the most cultivated and refined nations of the earth; but they are, and even for that very reason, those which have departed the most widely from their original standard, and are the most defaced by corruptions and irregularities. The Greek, the Latin, — superior as they are in their construction to the mixed languages of modern Europe, with which we commonly compare them, — even the Sanscrit, which, beside the other languages of the same family, might almost appear a model of grammatical perfection, — cannot rival in the completeness and delicacy of their inflections, in the power of expressing concisely the nicest shades of meaning, some of those disregarded languages, that have never yet been called into the service of literature, and on which the grammarian and lexicographer have not yet expended their cares. A more enlarged acquaintance with those languages which we are pleased to term barbarous would have the effect of checking the pride of vain learning, would lead to the substitution of the study of nature for that of books, even in those pursuits which have hitherto been more especially subject to the dominion of pedantry. There are, perhaps, no languages more worthy of investigation than those of some of the rude nomade tribes from time immemorial roaming the steppes of Asia, who, placed beyond the limits of the civilized world, have made their existence known to it only when, from time to time, they have overflowed their boundaries, to pour over the cultivated plains of the West their destructive living tide. These inundations commonly subsided as suddenly as they had risen; but have left behind them two permanent monuments in Europe: the nation of the Magyars, and the empire of the Osmanlis. These last have resisted the law which commonly governs the fate of barbarian conquerors, ordaining them to be

subjugated in their turn by the civilization they have invaded; they have rejected alike the religion and the refinement of the conquered, and have remained an Asiatic people on European soil. Their barbarous creed and their debased social state have prevented the development of a literature which could attract foreigners to the study of their language. The Magyars have likewise remained a distinct people; but distinct as a European and a Christian state. Retaining many of their Asiatic characteristics, they have yet evinced nothing of the Oriental passivity and indifference to progress. They are the only nation of Tataric origin which has yet attained to a high degree of civilization. Their language is the only one of the remarkable class to which it belongs, which has become the vehicle of the literature of a cultivated people.

This language is well worthy of a larger share of attention than it has yet received, both from the philologist and the belles-lettres student. It retains its original structure almost unimpaired. It will be found to throw great light on the construction of other tongues, even of those most widely separated from it, and to furnish a guide to the original source of many of their phenomena; while, independently of its utility in this view, its singularities and beauties will amply repay the trouble bestowed on its acquisition. It is not easy for those who are familiar only with broken and irregular languages, marred and defaced in the crowded, hurried life of civilization, or originally formed by the sudden and disorderly mingling of heterogeneous materials, to conceive the charm possessed by a primitive language like the Magyar, yet fresh, as it were, from the childhood of the world. The very causes which contributed to the depression and neglect of this extraordinary language, have tended to the preservation of its purity and originality.

It is not unfrequently the case, where different languages exist side by side within the limits of the same government, that while that which, by the partiality of the rulers, is received as the recognized language of the land, undergoes continual adulteration and change, those of the less favored races, protected from many sources of corruption which assail the language which is the privileged medium of literature, of legislation, and of traffic, preserve their purity and vigor through a course of ages. Thus it has been in Spain with

the Euskara, the language of the remnant of the ancient Iberians. Thus it has been with the Welsh. The Celtic inhabitants of Great Britain are not vainly boastful, when they assert the great superiority of their language over that which has superseded it. Thus it has been to a great extent with the Magyar. Frowned upon by power and discountenanced by fashion, while the German language, favored by the government, and the French, attractive by its literature and its prestige as the language of the polite of Europe, found currency with the more artificial classes, the national tongue remained the language of the people, always the most faithful guardians of the language as of the customs of their ancestors. The Magyar was not indeed the language of a conquered people. No idea of degradation, therefore, was attached to it. Its use was never wholly abandoned by the higher ranks, except by that portion of the nobility who made their residence at the Austrian capital, and were ready completely to denationalize themselves. Those of the educated classes who still respected and retained their own language acquired the German as a matter of convenience, the French as a matter of fashion; these languages supplied their literary wants, and formed the medium of the intercourse of formal society; while the mother tongue remained the language of the home, of the affections, of the nearest and most personal cares and interests. The expression of genuine feelings, of actual wants, is always simple and direct. The household language is transmitted the same from age to age.*

It was by intention, by a patriotic movement, that, after its long depression, the national language of the Magyars became the language of a national literature.

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* We may quote, in confirmation of this, an observation of Cicero, who remarks that the purity of language is commonly better preserved by women than by men, in consequence of the greater retirement and simplicity of their lives. He instances the elegance and purity with which the Latin was spoken by his mother-in-law, Lælia. "When I listen to her," he says, "I think I hear Plautus or Nævius. Thus her father must have spoken; thus our early ancestors."

The same observation was made in regard to the Greek in the latter days of the Eastern empire. A scholar of the fifteenth century, who visited Constantinople a few years before it was taken by the Turks, writes, that notwithstanding the corruptions which had been introduced into the language in that city, by the great influx of foreign merchants, he found many persons who cherished their language with great care, and who spoke it with the ancient purity and elegance. "This," he says, "was especially the case with the noble women, who, living wholly secluded from the society of foreigners, had preserved the pure Greek language entire."

Never had the Magyar nationality been so dangerously threatened as in the time of Maria Theresa. This princess, not less determined than her predecessors to Germanize her Hungarian subjects, yet sought this end by a gentler and surer policy. She strove to undermine this obstinate nationality which defied all open attacks. She called the Hungarians to her metropolis, in order to break down the barriers between them and her Austrian subjects by the subtle influence of daily intercourse. She loaded them with honors and favors, which served her interest while they expressed her gratitude, and, in the very acknowledgment of past services, made new claims on their loyalty and devotion. She interested herself in the promotion of marriages between the Magyar nobles and Austrian ladies, thus transporting without violence German manners and the German language into the very heart of Hungary.

If the successors of Maria Theresa had maintained the same far-seeing policy, the German influence might have silently established itself, and the beautiful Magyar tongue, the language of the ascendant race in Hungary, might have shared the fate of the languages of subjected tribes, and, abandoned by the cultivated classes, have maintained its existence only among a rude peasantry; still, perhaps, for its singular beauties, to be made the theme of the foreign philologist, but destined never more to instruct in chronicle or charm in verse more dignified than the village fireside tale and rustic ballad. It was preserved from this fate, not so much by the jealous care of the people who owned it for their mother tongue, as by the imprudent aggressions of their Austrian king. The open war which Joseph II. made against the nationality of the Magyars, his violent attempts to force upon them the German language, and the illegality of the means by which he sought to bring about even salutary reforms, created a sudden reaction. The Magyars awoke to the danger of national extinction, which threatened them from the overthrow of their institutions and the suppression of their language. Every thing connected with the past now assumed a value in their eyes. Ancient customs were revived. The national costume was received once more into honor. Periodicals devoted to the national cause and to the support of the language sprang up in every part of the kingdom. The

emperor was forced to recede from his encroachments. The Magyar language superseded the German in the schools. Professorships of Magyar literature were established in the universities. Societies were formed, whose object was the preservation of the language and the promotion of a national literature. The theatre was likewise made to contribute to these patriotic ends. Translations were made of French, German, and English plays into the Magyar; and the zeal of patriotic writers supplied the stage with a great number of original pieces.

The Magyar reformers, however, found it to be a matter of less difficulty to triumph over outward obstacles than to overcome those which time and habit had been gradually raising up within themselves. The influence of foreign ideas and customs had extended itself widely over the cultivated part of the nation, and especially over the writers, who were so imbued with the spirit of foreign literature, that they could not emancipate themselves from it by an effort of will. During the first five years after the establishment of a Magyar theatre, not less than two hundred and fifty pieces were presented; but, of the original plays, which made perhaps a third of the whole number, few offered any thing in tone or spirit to distinguish them from the translated pieces, and very few enjoyed more than a transient popularity.

But these patriotic efforts were not lost; they raised the Magyar language from the neglect into which it was sinking, and prepared the way for a new and higher development of the intellectual resources of the nation. In the men who grew up under the influence of this spirit of revival, the sentiment of nationality was no longer factitious.

Among the writers who appeared immediately after this season of awakened zeal, the brothers Kisfaludy were the most distinguished. This name was first made eminent by Alexander Kisfaludy, the first Magyar poet of modern times who won for himself a national reputation. It was raised to yet higher distinction by his younger brother, Charles, in whom his countrymen recognize the founder of the Magyar drama.

Kisfaludy did not merely compose his works in the language of his country; he drew their themes from her history, and infused into them the national spirit. Every page glows

with the most ardent patriotism. His enthusiasm for his country may to American readers appear even excessive, accustomed as we are to regard displays of patriotism as mere rhetorical effusions. But those expressions of zeal and devotion, which seem but empty bombast when addressed to a country that knows no other evils than those which spring from an excess of prosperity, are dignified and made earnest by the presence of misfortune and danger. It is to be remembered that the frequent allusions which Kisfaludy makes to the former glory of his country, to Magyar magnanimity and love of freedom, appealed not to the vanity but to the hearts of his audience. The bursts of enthusiasm with which they were received were not the self-felicitations of an oversatisfied people, but the expression of the deep feeling of a nation whose history has for centuries been that of one struggle for existence, and who, by calling up the traditions of an heroic past, keep alive their patriotism and their courage for future struggles.

Before passing to the consideration of the works of the Magyar dramatist, we will give a slight sketch of his early life, and of the circumstances under which his genius was developed.

Charles Kisfaludy was born of an ancient family in the county of Györ, on the sixth of February, 1788. Adversity encountered the future poet on the very threshold of existence. The day of his birth was that of the death of his mother; and his surviving parent, instead of regarding the new claimant on his affection as the solace of his grief, saw in him only the cause and the memorial of his misfortune. At an early age, Kisfaludy was sent from home, and placed at a school in Györ. He was here submitted to the charge of a severe and pedantic tutor, who paid little regard to the diversities of character and intellect among the boys placed under his care, but urged them all alike through the same spiritless routine. This discipline was peculiarly unsuited to a boy of keen sensibility, and impetuous, independent spirit. Kisfaludy reaped but little benefit from his scholastic course; and, evincing at this period but small vocation for letters, he the more easily prevailed on his father to allow him to follow his own bent, and enter the military profession, to which he was directed by his own ardent and adventurous spirit, and by the

example of three of his elder brothers. At the age of sixteen, accordingly, he exchanged the academy for the camp. He served against the French in Italy, (1805,) and afterwards in Germany, (1809.) From the period of his entrance into the army, the choice of his studies was necessarily left to his own discretion; and now his powers, no longer trammelled by unnecessary restraints, or turned by force to uncongenial objects, began rapidly to develop, and his natural tastes to assert themselves. During his residence in Italy, he acquired a knowledge of the language and made himself familiar with the literature of that country. He had carried with him as his companion to the camp, the "Himfy" of his brother Alexander. The reading of this poem first awoke in him the poetic faculty, which was now educated and refined by the study of the Italian poets. While in Italy, he composed many fugitive pieces; a few of these were afterwards introduced with some amendments into his dramas. He attached, however, in his more mature years, but little value to the greater part of these early productions, and ever refused, though repeatedly requested, to show them to his friends.

Kisfaludy passed from the study of the Italian to that of the German literature. The works of the German dramatists inspired his earliest attempts at dramatic composition. The pieces which he wrote at this time were apparently composed for his own pleasure only, and with no view to the theatre. His first essay in this department, was "A' Gyilkos," (the murderer,) in which, as he himself says, he sought the elements of the tragic in the horrible. This play, as it stands in the collection of his works, is incomplete. It bears the date 1808, and must therefore have been written when Kisfaludy was in his twentieth year. It has the stamp of youth upon it; full of energy and freshness, but lawless and unformed. It is deeply colored with the youthful passion for the mysterious and terrible. The characters are forcibly drawn, but with somewhat exaggerated features. These first efforts of Kisfaludy in the drama bear to his after, more artistic productions, the same relation that the early landscapes of Allston, with their wild grandeur, hold to the calm and tender beauty of his later works.

After the peace of 1809, Kisfaludy left the army, and, passing through southern Germany and Switzerland, found

himself once more, after an absence of six years, in his native country. Shortly after his return, he formed an attachment which did not receive the approbation of his father. He endeavored by arguments and persuasions to overcome his father's opposition to his choice; but without effect. The elder Kisfaludy offered his son the alternative of marriage with a lady whom he had himself selected for him, or perpetual banishment from his home and the loss of his inheritance. His high sense of honor, which forbade him, as he says, "to offer this pledged hand to another," and his natural impatience of control, which had been confirmed by his early emancipation from the paternal authority, united to induce him to resist this encroachment on his independence. He announced his intention of abiding by his own choice, and received in return the sentence of disinheritance, and the command to absent himself forever from his father's presence. The object of his affection proved unworthy the sacrifice he had made to her. She had not courage to encounter the life of privation and obscurity to which an union with her disinherited lover would consign her. "It was then," wrote Kisfaludy, some years after, to a friend, "that the sacrifice I had made to love first appeared to me in all its terrible magnitude, when I found that she, the boundlessly beloved, had deserted me. I felt myself annihilated by the thought that I was henceforth alone in the world. Believing myself deceived and abandoned by all, I shrank from the world in which I could never more hope to find either faith or affection. Black hatred against every thing that surrounded me sprang up in my heart." His disposition was too good and noble to allow him to remain long a prey to gloomy and resentful feelings. His nature was not soured or perverted by his disappointment; but this bitter experience of his youth, and his subsequent trials and hardships, left an ineffaceable trace on his character. His early light-heartedness and confiding temper were never fully regained. His manners were shy and reserved, and to strangers had a tincture of distance and distrust. This, however, was only superficial. It is a result often to be observed in persons of highly sensitive nature, who having once sustained a cruel wound, stand ever after, as it were, on the defensive, and shield themselves against new aggressions by an exterior of coldness and reserve.

When he had somewhat recovered from the first stunning effects of his calamity, he recalled to mind that he could still rely on the friendship of his elder brother. From him he now solicited counsel. His brother's kindness and sympathy in some degree dissipated his gloom. The necessity of turning his thoughts to some means of procuring subsistence aided in his restoration. He had resolved never to ask pecuniary assistance of his family, but to rely henceforth wholly on his own exertions. Painting seemed, at this time, to offer him the readiest resource. He had evinced a capacity for this art in his early boyhood, and this talent had been cherished by his residence in Italy; for the painters, as well as the poets, of that country had inspired him with emulation. The thought of entering upon this new career no sooner engaged his mind, than his courage and energy returned. He looked forward to the future with confidence, and, with the enthusiasm of youth and genius, promised himself, from the practice of his favorite art, not only present independence, but future eminence. The idea of adopting literature as a profession does not appear at this period to have presented itself to him; and his name adds another to the list of those who have found fame upon a different path from that by which they have sought it.

In order to procure the means of immediate support, Kisfaludy pledged his maternal inheritance, and from this source well provided with money, he took his way to Vienna, which place he had selected as the theatre for the exercise of his talents. His inexperience, however, and easy temper soon exposed him to new embarrassments. In Vienna, he met with many old acquaintances from the army. "These," he afterwards writes, "assisted me faithfully in the spending of my money; and at the end of four weeks, six gold pieces constituting my whole possessions, I began once more to look anxiously about me. I could not go back without rendering myself contemptible. I now pondered, therefore, how I might make my way to Russia, where I might find a better field for my small talents than in Vienna." This project was, however, soon abandoned; he remained in Vienna. Here he passed seven laborious and anxious years, with fluctuating fortunes; now living in temporary comfort, now reduced to the extreme of indigence. Painting did not yield him the

delight he had promised himself from it. The artist who, instead of finding in his art the object of his devotions, is forced to make it the servant of his needs, soon finds his enthusiasm cool, and both hand and fancy fail. The necessity for rapid execution, too, and the temptation which portrait painting, from its quick and sure returns, offers to the needy painter, too often lead him to sacrifice his ideal, and to lose the artist in the mechanic. The genius of Kisfaludy demanded, above all, freedom. It was not of that sturdy but inert sort, which calls for some outward pressure; it rather shrank and withered from the harsh grasp of necessity. In his after years of happier fortune, painting became once more his delight. On a beautiful May afternoon, in this more prosperous period of his life, one of his friends having called upon him to urge him to enjoy the fine weather in the open air, found him engaged in painting a shipwreck. "What is fine weather to me?" said Kisfaludy. "There was a time, indeed, when a single ray of sunshine awoke in me a desire to live among the pleasures of inviting nature. But, no; I must finish some ordered ugly face, because — money was wanting. Now I love this half-finished picture better than any other landscape, because I am working at it of my own free will."

As painting made the recreation of his after days of successful authorship, so the chief pleasures of the straitened years of the poor painter were found in literature. All his leisure hours were given to reading and study. His favorite authors were Schiller, Lessing, and, above all, Shakspeare. He was accustomed to say, that all which had been most valuable to him he had learned from Lessing and from Shakspeare. During these years, he also wrote several plays. Brutus, after Voltaire, was the first drama which he composed in verse. He was, however, but imperfectly acquainted with the Magyar prosody at the time of the composition of this play, and was afterwards dissatisfied with the execution. "A' Tatárok Magyarországban," (The Tatars in Magyarland,) one of the most successful of his plays, and "Zach Clara," were also composed during this period. This last is in his earlier style, and the catastrophe is too horrible to be tragical.

A' Tatárok was the first of the dramas of Kisfaludy which was represented on the stage. It was first given at Székesfe-

hérvár,* in 1818 — about nine years after the time of its composition — and with such success that, in the following year, the Fehérvár company were invited to Pest, to perform it at the City Theatre, then under the superintendence of Count Ferencz Brunsvik. They made their first appearance in Pest in "A' Tatárok," on the third of May, 1819. The scene of this play is laid in Hungary, at the time of the invasion of the Tatars, in the middle of the thirteenth century. The success of A' Tatárok even surpassed expectation. On the first night of its representation, the author was called for, and Kisfaludy with difficulty extricated himself from the hands of the young men who wished to carry him upon the stage. This piece was performed repeatedly, and with ever increasing enthusiasm.

The Fehérvár company wished to close their engagement at Pest with the performance of a new play by Kisfaludy. He offered them "Zach Clara," which had been written many years before. This play was, however, condemned by the censor, and it must be owned, not without reason. Political reasons had, perhaps, the greatest share in the condemnation of this piece; but the sentence could hardly be regarded as unjust, if pronounced upon other grounds. The opening scenes have great truth and beauty, and the characters are sketched with power and distinctness; but in the development of the plot, Kisfaludy has confined himself with too strict a fidelity to the actual facts; and though the piece maintains a certain hold on the interest to the end, it is an interest like that excited by a bald historical recital of some frightful atrocity, not that awakened by the idealized scenes of the tragic drama. The catastrophe passes the bounds even of the horrible, and touches on the revolting.

"Zach Clara" being thus condemned, and Kisfaludy having, at this time, no other piece completed with which he was himself equally satisfied, he set himself to the composition of a new drama, and, in four days, produced "Ilka," which was first performed on the sixteenth of June, 1819. This new piece met with as enthusiastic a reception as the first. Kisfaludy was a rigid censor of his own works, and the "Ilka"

* The German name of this city — the ancient capital of Hungary — is, Stuhlweissenburg.

was afterwards criticized by himself with much severity. As, however, we regard this play, both in its merits and its defects, as peculiarly characteristic of the author, we have selected it as the subject of a more particular analysis.

The scene is laid, in the year 1075, at Nándorfejérvár or Belgrade, at that time in the possession of the Greeks. Ilka, the heroine, is a Magyar maiden, who, made prisoner by the Pecsenegues, in one of their predatory incursions into Hungary, has been by them carried to Belgrade and sold to Niketas, the Greek governor of that city. The other principal characters are: Alexis, a young Greek, the adopted son of Niketas; and Gyula, a Magyar noble, the betrothed of Ilka. The first scene is in a room in the castle of Belgrade.

ILKA *and* ALEXIS.

ILKA. The unworthy conduct of thy chief towards me
Comes not unlooked for; I, long since, have read
His treacherous heart, and am prepared for all.
Then let him plunge me in his deepest dungeon,
There will I still be faithful to myself.
Pity me not; only mid grief and danger
Is the pure heart made conscious of its strength.

ALEXIS. Thou noble maiden! might I, with my life,
Redeem the happiness of thine! — In vain!
A cruel duty holds me fettered here,
While all around careers a raging whirlpool,
That threatens every instant to engulph me.
Forgive me, Ilka, that 'tis mine to bear
This most ungracious message; but, what choice
Is left to me? The adopted of Niketas,
Bound to him by a thousand acts of kindness,
My gratitude commands my loyal service.
But thou, too, — no, — let that remain unspoken.

ILKA. What is it troubles thee?

ALEXIS. How have I striven
With my own heart; oh! how besought of God
To point the way to thy deliverance.
He hath not heard me, and my eager wishes,
My earnest prayers, have all alike been fruitless.

ILKA. The wish alone declares a generous heart.
But think no more upon my fate. To thee
Niketas has been kind. Be true to him.
I would not owe my freedom to a crime.

ALEXIS. To see thee in a dungeon, — see that hand
Loaded with chains!
ILKA. Where'er my fate shall lead,
Alexis! I shall bear this solace with me,
That, in the world I leave, one noble heart
Still throbs with pity for my mournful fate.
ALEXIS. (*With emotion.*) Oh, Ilka! Ilka!
ILKA. Yet another hope
Shall cheer my prison gloom; ere long my country
Will draw the avenging sword and bring me rescue.
Then night and chains shall yield to light and joy;
Then on the breast of freedom and of love,
Shall I forget the sorrows of my exile.
ALEXIS. How various are our fates! a dungeon waits thee;
Ere long, perhaps, shall fetters weigh thee down,
Yet happier is thy bondage than my freedom.
Hope whispers thee of happier days to come,
Visions of love and gladness flit before thee.
For me no future smiles; round my life's dawn,
Already gather heavy clouds of sorrow.
ILKA. Youth and a heart at peace should give content.
What sorrow darkens thy young life, Alexis?
ALEXIS. The time is past when peace of heart was mine;
When, mid light joys and innocent sports, the hours
Flew by unmarked. The radiant dreams of youth,
Its soaring hopes, now visit me no more;
But, in their place, grief and despondency
Weigh on my heart.
ILKA. What weakness! Such vain fancies
But ill become a manly breast, my friend.
ALEXIS. I, too, once deemed that only thoughts of fame,
And noble deeds, were worthy of a man. —
Now all is changed. (*With resolution.*)
No, Ilka, hear me not!
I was not born to waste my life in dreams;
I am, I will be happy.
ILKA. And this tear
That trembles in thy eye? Alexis, no,
Thou art not happy; and thus easily
Thy grief is not subdued. Some secret sorrow
Preys on thy heart; confide to me its cause.
ALEXIS. This only ask me not.
ILKA. Alexis, speak!
I can no longer bear thy silent sorrow,
I too am saddened by thy grief.
ALEXIS. Then hear
What to myself I hardly dared to own.

Ilka, I love thee! But, — oh, turn not from me!
Think not I ask thy love; too well I know
I am unworthy of so high a hope.
I ask but that my heart may turn to thee,
And yield its homage; even as a mortal
May lift his gaze to the eternal light,
And, bound to earth, yet raise his thoughts to heaven.
Now have I told thee all, but grieve not for me;
I have learned how to suffer; my remembrance
Be to thee as the memory of a flower
That bloomed upon thy path, and, cheering thee
With transient perfume, won a pitying thought
As thy unwilling footstep laid it low.

ILKA. (*Aside.*) Alas! it is, then, even as I feared.
(*To Alexis.*)
Thou art deceived, Alexis; thy young heart,
Mistakes for love the generous emotions
My sorrows have awakened. Oh, believe me,
It is but pity that thou feelst for me.

ALEXIS. I understand thee; thou wouldst mitigate
With gentle words the harsh necessity,
And soothe my misery with a kind deceit.
Fear not for me; Ilka, thy noble soul
Has lent a portion of its strength to mine.
Give all thy love to him thy heart has chosen.
I will but ask that I may look on thee,
And, with a silent, unrequiring love,
Revere thy virtues.

ILKA. Oh, thou noble youth!
No, I will love thee as an own dear brother.
Accept a sister's love. [*Gives him her hand.*
The holy tie,
That binds our hearts, death only shall divide.

ALEXIS. No, death is powerless to divide us. Death
Hath empire only in this world of change.
I fear him not; — soon may his bony hand
Press on this throbbing heart, and give it peace.
I fear him not; — when from before the soul
He draws away the veil of this dark life,
My spirit shall seek thine through worlds of light,
Till, in the soul's home, we are joined forever.
Other to thee this life; — upon thy path
The flowers of bliss have not so early faded.

Ilka confides to the Greek youth that she is betrothed in her own land; that the bridal day was already appointed,

when the fierce Pecsenegues stormed her home, and carried her a prisoner to Belgrade.

ILKA. But I will trust my king, will trust my country ;
I know they will not long delay my rescue.
ALEXIS. I will no longer hide it from thee, Ilka.
Already is thy hope fulfilled ; even now
The Magyars stand before the walls of Belgrade.
ILKA. Oh what good angel speaks from thee, Alexis !
The Magyar here ! Now all is bright before me.
Niketas fears them ; — yes — and therefore is it
He would secure his captive in a dungeon.
He thinks me here no longer safe. Alexis !
What tidings hearst thou of the Magyar ? Speak !
ALEXIS. Ilka, thou askest much of me : — to give thee
News of the Magyar is to be the herald
Of our own shame. Canst thou ask this ?
ILKA. Great souls
Still recognize each other. The true heart
Claims a like homage, throbs it in the breast
Of dearest friend, or bitterest foe.
ALEXIS. Oh, Ilka !
Thou swayst me at thy pleasure.
ILKA. Speak, my friend !
How fights the Magyar ? Who is in the camp ?
Oh, tell me what has happened !
ALEXIS. Listen then,
The Pecsenegues, incited by Niketas,
Passed down the Szava, fell upon your country,
And, after having wasted, slain, and robbed,
Regained their home, loaded with spoil.
ILKA. Niketas !
It is Niketas, then, whom I may thank
For my captivity.
ALEXIS. The Magyar king,
Indignant at this outrage on his people,
Summoned his warriors ; and now, fierce for vengeance,
Advances upon Nandor. With him come
His noble cousins, the two sons of Bela,
Geza aud László. László ! heaven's chosen !
By whose strong arm, late the Kerlesian mountains
Were red with Kunic blood. Among the nobles,
Bors Gyula is the first. Like lightning falls
Upon the foe his sabre's deadly flash.
Death walks beside him. Where he turns his glance,
There fall the brave.
ILKA. What ! Gyula ! Gyula here !

Now then, Alexis, I am free indeed.
The Greeks are now the slaves.
ALEXIS. What sayst thou, Ilka?
ILKA. Look in his eye and thou wilt understand me.
Yet, fear thou not, for only in the battle
Is Gyula terrible; his tender heart
Has room for every gentle feeling. — Gyula!
It will be thine to free me from my dungeon!
ALEXIS. What light is in thine eye!
ILKA. My heart is flooded
With its delight; I will not hide from thee,
From thee, my brother, that this noble hero,
This Gyula, whom thou hast so fairly painted,
This Gyula is my lover, my betrothed.
ALEXIS. Oh, Ilka! No! I cannot bear it.
ILKA. Be
His friend as mine. His heart is wide, Alexis;
It will enclose thee, too. — But say, what further?
ALEXIS. Niketas wishing to relieve Belgrade,
Sent for assistance to the Duke Kázár,
Telling him but of spoil, and not of danger.
Kázár arrived, with his fierce Pecsenegs,
And made, upon the Bacs and Sopron ranks,
A furious onset; these, with equal valor,
Sustained the charge; long was the battle doubtful.
But László and Bors Gyula cut their way
Through Kázár's army, and by thus dividing
The hostile force, won a full victory.
Kázár himself scarce, by a hasty flight,
Escaped captivity.
ILKA. Ah, it was Gyula!
ALEXIS. We, from Belgrade's walls,
Beheld the triumph of the Magyar king.
Niketas saw, with stifled rage, the victors,
With numerous captives and with costly spoil,
Draw up their ranks before the royal tent. —
But, Ilka, this I was forbid to tell thee.
ILKA. What joyful tidings! Oh, my friend, Alexis!
For this am I eternally thy debtor.
When the resistless Magyars win this castle,
And Gyula's flashing sword bears wounds and death
To all thy comrades, — then, Alexis —
ALEXIS. Then,
Let this heart bleed, whose peace is spent already.

The scene changes to the Magyar camp. The Magyar

king holds a council, at which his cousin, Duke Geza, Menyhart — a distinguished Magyar noble, and the friend of Gyula, — and some other leaders and nobles assist.

THE KING. My cousin, by the aid of thy wise counsels,
László's strong arm, and the resistless valor
Of our tried troops, we shall ere long attain
Our object, and be masters of this Nandor,
So long the asylum of the robber hordes.
Ducas, the Grecian emperor, has broken
A solemn treaty, ratified by oaths.
He deserves nought of us. This base Niketas,
Who, with low cunning, counterfeited friendship,
Shall now receive the guerdon he has sought.
I will no longer suffer that these Pagans
Shall fall on Hunnia, to lay waste and rob,
And bear her peaceful citizens in chains
To foreign lands.

GEZA. My king, my brother, trust
The Magyar people; all thy noble projects
Shall find fulfilment. We are now united
Among ourselves; and, from this time, no foe
Shall pass, unpunished, Hunnia's boundaries.

MENYHART. Hereafter shall the Magyar feel and own,
With throbbing heart, how fair and sweet is life
Under a noble king.

KING. But yet it grieves me,
For all the Magyar blood that needs must flow,
If we should storm this castle. Go, then, Menyhart,
Go to Niketas, and confer with him,
Concerning the surrender of the fortress.
I promise a free egress to his troops,
If he deliver up the keys of Nandor,
And make submission. If he will not yield,
We will then take the place by storm.

MENYHART. My king,
Within an hour I bear thee his decision.

GEZA. Thus would I counsel; if he do not yield,
Upon this merciful and friendly summons,
We will, without delay, attack the castle,
With all our force, leaving the Grecian leader
No leisure to repair his unsound walls,
Or organize his plans.

KING. A vigorous onset
Is half a victory. My thought, dear cousin,
Is one with thine.

GEZA. Already two whole days,
We have lain idle. It is time for action.
The foe must not recover from his fear.
I will, this coming midnight, leave the camp,
With my division, and at break of day,
Joined by my brother, from the Danube side,
Will fall on Nandor. Thou, my king, wilt station
Thy people on the Szava shore.
MENYHART. Great king!
My counsel is to wait for Gyula's coming.
With him arrive the riders of Veszprém
And Zala, war-tried knights; and I would fain
See Gyula with us ere we storm the castle.
His brilliant valor wakes an emulous glow
Through all the ranks; — a star of victory
He gleams along the battle.
KING It is good,
All things considered, to be well prepared.
GEZA. I learn from spies that Nandor is defended
By Greeks and Bolgars, and that little concord
Exists between them; I expect much good
From their dissensions.
KING. All my confidence
Is in the Magyar; in that love of country
Which steels his heart. Now, then, it is decided.
We storm the place; cousin, make known to László
Our resolution. Send our royal greeting,
With hearty thanks for his great services.
Bid him be still the terror of the foe,
And Hunnia's shield.
MENYHART. What is this clang of arms?
Gyula is here, my king!
[*Enter* GYULA, *waving a captured banner. With him soldiers.*
KING. Welcome, brave Gyula!
GYULA. Hail, my good king! I greet thee, noble Geza!
My king, I bring thee news of victory.
Before thy royal feet I lay this trophy.
Thus ever may the noble Magyar king
Trample his foes.
KING. Thou son of victory,
Thou that hast bound to thee thy king and country,
By thy heroic deeds, receive my thanks!
Thou, born to triumph! where thy keen sword flashes,
There is the strife no longer doubtful. Ha!
Art thou then wounded?
GYULA. Nay, my king, 'tis nothing,

Only a sabre cut across my brow.
There is yet room for more.
KING. Now, tell us, Gyula,
What hast thou done?
GYULA. All that thou didst command.
The enemy no longer will molest us.
A portion of Duke Kázár's vanquished people
Concealed themselves among the hills, and there
Gathering the remnants of their scattered army,
Thought to rush down on us, and cut their way
Through to Niketas! I went forth to meet them,
And found them, to the number of four thousand,
In a fair plain. Confiding in their numbers,
Which far exceeded ours, they rushed to meet us,
And strove with us like men; but Magyar valor
At length prevailed. Eight hundred strew the field.
We led twelve hundred captives to the camp.
There stand they, that Niketas and Belgrade
May see what fortune is in store for them.
It but remains to say, that some few Magyars
Died for their country.
KING. In their country's heart,
And in their king's, their memory shall live.
GEZA. Slaves only die. The hero ever lives;
For in a beautiful and endless youth,
His fame blooms ever.
KING. (*Draws his sword and gives it to Gyula.*)
Take this sword, brave man!
As a memorial of this day. Accept it,
Not for its outward value, but in token
Of the warm gratitude of him who gave it.
GEZA. (*To Gyula.*) I might give gold to thee, but well I know,
That its false splendor could not dazzle thee.
Thy lofty soul asks for realities.
Take, then, my hand, in pledge of lasting friendship.
GYULA. My king! my noble duke! well do you know
How to be generous. Thus recompensed,
The Magyar soars into the heaven of glory;
His loyal heart beats high; for king and country,
With a proud love, he offers up his life.

The second act opens with the interview between Menyhart and Niketas.

NIKETAS. Your words condemn yourselves; you charge on us
The crimes that are your own. This sacred treaty,

On which the emperor relied so firmly,
Is broken by your act. You have invaded
Our peaceful borders, with a hostile army.
MENYHART. It is too late for subterfuge. The proofs
Of thy base treachery are in our hands;
We have made prisoner the emissary,
Whom thou didst send to Kázár, to incite him
To make an inroad on our peaceful land,
And waste, and slay, and plunder. Faithfully
Kázár performed thy bidding. Now, then, choose;
The time is short. Deliver up the castle,
With thy ill-gotten spoil, or come with me,
And stay as hostage in the Magyar camp,
Until thy emperor shall give our king
Full satisfaction.
NIKETAS. Belgrade's walls still stand,
And I shall know how to defend them yet.
MENYHART. Hope for no succor.
[*Goes to a window and opens it.*
Look upon this plain.
There canst thou see the bodies of thy friends
Strewing the ground. See where thy fellow robbers,
Who shared their spoil with thee so faithfully,
Are shipped as slaves upon the Szava.
NIKETAS. No!
I will not yield this castle.
MENYHART. Spare thy people;
A wanton waste of life is not true valor.
NIKETAS. Go! carry my defiance to your king!
MENYHART. Thou wilt not yield? Rush then to thy destruction. [*Goes.*

. . . . . .

NIKETAS. (*Alone.*) It is so, then,
Or I must perish, or must meanly sue. —
Rescue is none. I cannot hope for succor
From my own nation, and, or soon or late,
Superior force will triumph. Must I, then,
Yield this long cherished habit of command,
And bear the insults of a haughty foe?
No, rather let me perish, bravely fighting.
But how? —I shrink from death, and my whole being
Starts back in horror. Yet it is not fear. —
No! Ilka, Ilka! 'Tis the thought of thee
That makes death terrible and life so dear. —
I will not perish yet. My life shall number
Some happy hours, and these shall Ilka give me.

A Greek officer enters, and informs Niketas that the enemy are preparing battering-rams and scaling-ladders, and that all denotes their intention to make a vigorous assault on the city. He likewise acquaints him with the dissensions and insubordination amongst the troops composing the garrison; the Bulgarians having refused to serve against the Magyars. The next scene is an interview between Niketas and Alexis.

NIKETAS. I have been long expecting thee, Alexis.
What news bringst thou of Ilka? Speak! but briefly,
For my affairs are pressing. Does her heart
Soften towards me yet? How pleases her
Her new abode?
ALEXIS. She is in all the same
That she hath ever been. I do believe
That her strong heart will never suffer change.
All fear is stranger to her soul; complaint
Or murmur is not heard from her; brave, cheerful,
She smiles upon her chains, and with calm patience
Awaits a change of fortune. No, Niketas,
I cannot give thee hope; the heart of Ilka
Thou wilt not win.
NIKETAS. Thus deemst thou? — Be it so.
This obstinacy that my tenderness,
That my long patience, and my splendid gifts,
Have failed to move, shall be subdued by force.
I will no longer sue, I will command.
ALEXIS. She hath already loved. It is ill striving
Against the power of a first love. Restore her
To her own people. By this generous deed
Be conqueror in the Magyar hearts.
NIKETAS. Enough.
If thou regard the favor of thy chief,
The friendship of Niketas, never more
Dare offer such a counsel. Once already,
I pardoned thy presumption. She shall perish
In Belgrade's dungeon, if she still reject me.
And if the Magyar — though I fear it not —
Should take the castle and myself should fall,
The victim of a brave resistance, still,
Ilka would reap no profit from my death;
For the same sword which lays Niketas low
Will cut her from the living. [*Goes.*
ALEXIS. Dearest, thus
I may not win thy freedom, then. Blind passion

Is stronger, in the bosom of Niketas,
Than human feeling. — What would be thy fate
Should the Magyar prevail? Unconsciously,
Above thy living tomb, thy friends would pass,
While darkly, silently, in that grim dungeon,
Thy life would ebb away. — Hence, ghastly vision,
Why dost thou rend my heart? I am not guilty. —
Yet I alone can save her. I alone
Am trusted with the secret of her prison. —
Oh, whither do my wild thoughts hurry me?
What an abyss is opening at my feet?
I must betray Niketas, then, or leave
Ilka to meet her fate. But no! Niketas!
Thou didst receive the orphan boy, didst rear him,
With care and love. Is this thy recompense?
Thou shalt not fall through me. So base a thought
Could never harbor in my heart. — Oh, Ilka!
How shall I rescue thee! —
[*Lost in thought, he turns towards the window.*
The Magyar camp
Whitens the valley. The sun's parting rays
Gleam on the wide-spread tents. A magic scene!
And he is there, that fortunate of men,
The chosen, the beloved of Ilka. — Ha!
A heaven-sent thought! Yes, I will go to him,
And bear these tidings. Ilka, I may claim
A brother's right to risk my life for thine.

The scene again shifts to the Magyar camp. Gyula, the betrothed of Ilka, and his friend Menyhart, stand in front of their tents, which are placed opposite each other. The moon is rising. In the background, Magyar soldiers are lying about the camp fires.

Gyula. Another day has passed; another step
Towards the grave.
Menyhart. Not so; the common man
May measure life by days. The life of heroes
Is not subjected to the stroke of fate.
Gyula. My friend, I feel it: not unworthily
Does fame inspire the longing of great souls.
It is no empty sound. — But when life's flowers
Have shed their bloom —
Menyhart. Of what canst thou complain,
Thou favorite of fortune? Thou, whose path
Is strewed with pleasures?

GYULA. Menyhart, with the past,
My happiness is buried. On my future,
Fortune may lavish all her gifts. — In vain!
Life has for me nor objects, nor rewards.
MENYHART. What wouldst thou more of fortune? Thou hast [gained
The loftiest height of fame. Thy name is known
Through all the land. The army honors thee;
And thy king loves thee. Yet thou cherishest
These gloomy fancies.
GYULA. Yes, the slippery path,
That leads to fame, I have securely trodden,
And twined its wreath of glory round my brow.
But, oh my friend, there lies within the buds
Of this bright garland, a consuming canker,
That wastes its green, and robs it of its worth.
There is no hand to shed the quickening dew
Of sympathy upon my barren honors;
No heart to answer mine; my empty triumphs
Gladden no other breast.
MENYHART. Still the same grief?
Look round! how many maidens bloom in Hunnia!
Thou needst but choose; love ever favors valor.
GYULA. My heart is closed to love. Once, only once,
I knew its magic power: I was betrothed
To one upon whose true and steadfast heart
I could securely rest; a noble maiden
Worthy to be the chosen of a hero.
And she is lost to me! No meaner love
Shall fill the heart her image consecrated.
Ilka, what far land holds thee! Dost thou pine
Thy life away among the ruthless pagans! —
Without her, life is valueless, is hopeless.
Grief finds no solace, joy no sympathy.
To me the world is one wide solitude.
MENYHART. What idle fancies! Can a hero's breast
Harbor such dreams?
GYULA. Those are my happiest hours,
When gentle memories of vanished bliss
Steal o'er my heart, and draw aside the veil
Of the dark present, giving back my youth,
With all its soaring hopes and brilliant visions.
My friend, I will not hide my weakness from thee.
I strive not with, but rather cherish sorrow.
MENYHART. Banish these sickly fancies from thy mind!
Dwell not in dreams, when bright reality
Calls thee to life and pleasure.

GYULA. I have reached
The midday of my life, and the enchantments
That circle youth, for my maturer reason
Have lost their magic. I might love, perhaps;
Might fight, might die for her I loved; but never
Shall my heart know that gush of wild emotion,
That belongs only to our spring. No, Ilka!
Thou art my idol yet. I love thee only.
Let others idly pass from flower to flower,
My heart can love but once.

MENYHART. Cherish these shadows,
If thus thou art made happy, and forgive me,
That I can but feel pity for thy griefs,
And cannot understand them. I was trained
To arms alone. I know no other pleasures
Than those I find in war. My friend, to-morrow
We storm Belgrade. It will be no light work.
I must to rest. — See how the castle spires
Gleam in the moonlight!

GYULA. Would that it were dawn!
Amid the crash of arms, the battle cries,
The clattering hoofs, all sorrow is forgotten.

MENYHART. How many a Magyar who is resting here,
Cheered by light dreams, shall, by this time to-morrow,
Be laid to sleep forever!

GYULA. As fate wills,
Or death or life, it is all one. I ask not
Whether my hour shall find me now or later.
I am prepared. And should I meet my death
Fighting for our dear land, my warmest hopes
Will all be answered. Well I know my name
Will live in story, and a nation's blessing
Will consecrate my grave.

MENYHART. And coming ages,
Although our tombs have crumbled into dust,
Shall still retain the record of our deeds;
And still the memory of our glorious death
Shall teach the Magyar how to serve his country.
Oh, what is life to such a death! Good night.

GYULA. I wish thee quiet rest.

MENYHART. Until the trumpet
Sound in my ears. [*Goes into his tent.*

GYULA. Oh, happy man! thy peace
No griefs disturb. Thy heart holds but one wish,
To die for thy dear country, and this wish
To-morrow will, perhaps, fulfil. Dear friend,

I feel thy kindness; thou wouldst fain have healed
These aching wounds, that thy unskilful touch
Has only opened wider. — What is left me,
Except my grief, to love? Oh, Ilka, Ilka,
I call thy name, it dies upon the air,
And wakes no echo; my own heavy sighs
Alone reply. — Enough. — Thou cherished image,
Shroud thee again within my heart — thy home.
How lovely is the evening! The soft moonlight,
And the camp fires, how they delight the eye! —
I too will seek to rest. I shall have need
Of all my strength to-morrow. Come, sweet sleep,
[*Spreads a panther skin on the ground.*
Strengthen my weary limbs. —
[*Throws himself down, places his cuirass under his head.*
Nandor must fall.—
Oh, Ilka! Ilka! [*Sleeps.*

ALEXIS (*enters, wrapped in a white cloak*).
This is the place. 'Tis here that I should find him.
How my heart beats! — What contrary emotions! —
I fear, yet long to look upon this man,
Of whom fame talks so loudly; — on this hero,
Whom Ilka loves. Ha! here a sleeping warrior!
Himself! I cannot doubt it. — Magyar, rise!

GYULA. Who art thou? — Does the fight begin? —

ALEXIS. Speak, Magyar!
Where is Bors Gyula?

GYULA. I am he. What wouldst thou?

ALEXIS. Thou? Thou art Gyula? Yes, it is so. (*Aside.*) Ilka,
Thou couldst not but have loved him.

GYULA. Speak thy errand.

ALEXIS. I ask thy hand in friendship. Well I feel
That I am worthy.

GYULA. Hast thou not erred, perchance?

ALEXIS. No, I have come aright. I know thee, Gyula.
Such as I imaged thee, thou standst before me.

GYULA. I understand thee not; thy words are strange.

ALEXIS. If thou couldst look upon my heart, O Gyula!
My words would not seem strange to thee.

GYULA. Who art thou?
What wouldst thou of me, youth?

ALEXIS. Gyula, a Greek
Stands here before thee.

GYULA. Ha! how com'st thou hither?
What noble daring! Youth, thy trust in me
Shall not deceive thee. Thou didst find me sleeping;

My life was in thy hand. Thou didst not come
Assassin-like to murder the defenceless.
Thine is no vulgar soul. I bid thee welcome!
ALEXIS. Brave man, I deemed not otherwise of thee.
Hear, then, what brings me to thee at this hour.
I may not tarry here, for every moment
Is precious.
GYULA. Speak; I hear.
ALEXIS. A Magyar maiden
Is prisoner in Nandor, and her life
Is now in fearful danger. I will guard it,
While we still hold the place. If you prevail,
I must resign this charge to thee. Search through
Each secret dungeon, every prison house,
And thou wilt find her; but require not of me
To tell the name of him who holds her captive;
A solemn oath forbids.
GYULA. This charge to me?
ALEXIS. It chiefly interests thee; — and thou alone
Hast power to aid her. She for whom I plead
Is a most noble maiden; her rare virtues,
Excellent gifts, and quiet nobleness,
Have waked my wonder and my reverence.
A powerful man, whose fierce, imperious love
She has rejected, furious with resentment,
Would plunge himself and her in common ruin.
My watchful love has guarded her till now
From every harm; but this love will, ere long,
Be powerless to protect her. — In thy hands
I place, of right, this sacred charge; for know,
She whom I bid thee save, this peerless maiden,
Is Ilka, thy betrothed.
GYULA. It cannot be. —
Ilka!
ALEXIS. Yes, Ilka; whom the Pagans brought
A captive to Belgrade.
GYULA. Thou lovest her
As sister or as bride?
ALEXIS. For two whole years,
I have been near her; every day have seen her;
And every day more and more beautiful,
More and more noble, was she in my eyes.
Could I but love her? Ask of thine own heart!
She saw my love, though my deep reverence
Left it no words; she marked the silent sorrow
That wasted me, and, with angelic kindness,

Offered me that most holy of affections,
A sister's love.
GYULA. Come to my heart! the heart
Thou hast made happy! Oh, sweet memories
Of early youth! —
ALEXIS. Gyula, I must return,
What message shall I bear to Ilka?
GYULA. Tell her
That I will fight to my last drop of blood,
To bring her rescue. Bear to her this ring;
Tell her that faithfully as I have worn
This token of her love, so truly will I
Deliver her, or perish for her sake.
ALEXIS. My friend, farewell! — Gyula, perhaps to-morrow
We meet as foes. Take this embrace, the earnest
Of my true friendship. — If a Magyar sword
Should find my heart; if my life-blood must stain
The walls of Nandor; if thy people triumph,
And thou shalt bear away thy rescued bride
To thy own land; — then, when the name of husband
Has made life dearer, oh, in thy blest home,
Let my remembrance live!

This scene closes the second act. The third act opens with an interview between Niketas and Zimias, one of his officers, who brings him word of the secret expedition of Alexis.

NIKETAS. What can be his purpose?
Without my knowledge. —
ZIMIAS. 'Tis already midnight;
He hath not yet returned.
NIKETAS. Here is some secret;
I must discover it. Alexis, thou,
Thou couldst deceive me! I will not believe it.
(*To Zimias.*)
Bring me word instantly when he returns.
Let all the soldiers be in readiness,
In the great square, let all the officers
Assemble. I will there address them. — Go.
ZIMIAS. My lord, so violent a wind is raging,
That I have given orders in thy name,
The men upon the walls should make no fires,
Lest some misfortune chance.
NIKETAS. Thou hast done well. [*Zimias goes.*
Alexis never was like common men.

This have I always known. He is not one
To tread with wavering steps the beaten path,
Nor ever dare to take a step aside. —
And it was even for this I did not hate him. —
But — could he be a traitor? — No! he loves me.
But then if Ilka has ensnared his heart
With her pretended virtues, artfully
Drawing her nets about him, she might win him
To sacrifice to her his benefactor.
I see it all. — It is so. — Therefore was it
He prayed so earnestly for Ilka's freedom;
It was for this he was so sad and thoughtful.
Yes; he loves Ilka, and for her betrays
His friend and guardian. — Thee alone of mortals,
Alexis, have I loved. In thy young heart
I thought to find candor and gratitude;
My fatherly regard deserved no less. —
If thou art false, Alexis, then forever
I banish from my breast each kindly feeling.
And you, accursed, degenerate mankind!
To persecute, to rend, to trample you
Shall be henceforth sole solace of my life.

The next scene carries us to the dungeon of Ilka. Niketas enters.

Niketas. Pardon that I have sought thee at this hour,
I will be brief, though the affair that brings me
Is weighty. Nothing but a true confession
Can save thee from my wrath.
Ilka. Thy wrath? and thinkst thou
That Ilka fears thee? Thou hast proved already
The impotence of threats to bend my spirit.
Perhaps thou deemest that thy chains, thy dungeon,
Have power to alter me. Thou art deceived.
Here am I still myself. This solitude,
Unvisited by human forms, — this stillness,
Unbroken by the sound of human voices,
Is rife with shapes, with voices from the past. —
Speak, what thy errand?
Niketas. I would learn from thee,
What compact is between thee and Alexis,
Where is he now? and wherefore has he left
The castle?
Ilka. Ask himself.
Niketas. Thou knowst the cause.

Not in his heart had this deceit its birth.
Where is Alexis? Answer!
ILKA. Dost thou think
That, had he shared with me some secret project,
I would betray it to thee? Hope it not! I know
His heart can cherish no unworthy purpose.
Know, if I have some weak esteem for thee,
Thou ow'st it to thy kindness for Alexis.
NIKETAS. Thou knowst, then, what he owes me. — Ilka,
Speak, I entreat thee; still I wish thee well. [speak!
ILKA (*pointing to her chains.*)
Behold the tokens of thy kindness! — Go!
True friendship has no place in thee.
NIKETAS. Fine virtue,
Rare nobleness, indeed! To lead astray
A simple youth; to teach him to forget
All ties of gratitude, affection, duty!
ILKA. Niketas!
NIKETAS. Think not that this deed shall aid thee,
Thy fate shall be made heavier, not lightened.
While yet I live, vain will be all thy efforts
Against my power.
ILKA. Think not that I shall fear thee,
Or stoop to justify myself to thee.
I have long learned to scorn thy idle threats.
NIKETAS. No, Ilka, no; I cannot hurt thee. — Speak!
Where is Alexis? — Look on me, I pray thee,
As thy best friend.
ILKA. Wilt thou, then, be my friend?
NIKETAS. Ilka, and canst thou ask?
ILKA. May I request
A kindness of thee?
NIKETAS. Every thing; oh, speak!
ILKA. Leave me!
NIKETAS. Ha! thou shalt have thy will; but know
That thou shalt fearfully atone this scorn.
I go; but trust no longer in thy empire
Over this heart, whose flames, no more of love,
But vengeance, shall burst forth to wither thee.
To-morrow's dawn shall see thee in the dust. [*Goes.*

. . . . . .

ALEXIS (*enters*). Oh, Ilka, thou art rescued!
ILKA. Is it thou?
Thanks be to heaven! I trembled for thy life.
Niketas has been here, and asked for thee.
ALEXIS. Yes, this I looked for; but since thou art saved

I am content to die.
ILKA. Say, what has happened?
Where hast thou been? Oh, speak, my friend!
ALEXIS. To Gyula.
Behold this token!
ILKA. Yes, I know it well.
The ring with which I pledged my faith to Gyula.
Alexis, and thou hast done this for me?
ALEXIS. He bade me tell thee that, as faithfully
As he has worn this ring, so surely will he
Deliver thee, or die for thee.
ILKA. Oh, Gyula!
Not vainly did I trust in thee. — And thou!
How shall I thank thy love, thy noble friendship?
ALEXIS. Thy happiness be my reward. Oh, Ilka,
I would not give the rapture of this moment
In ransom for my life. I am at one
Now with myself. The holy love thou gavest
Me yet unworthy, is now made my own,
By the fulfilment of the sacred duties
That the dear name of brother laid on me.
ILKA. Thou noble youth! Now could I ever bless
My hard captivity, since only thus
I could have known and won thy noble heart.
Alexis! these dark walls, these gloomy vaults,
From which but late I shrank, seem dearer, brighter,
Than the free air, than the blest light of heaven.
Thy virtue lends them its own radiance.

. . . . . .

ALEXIS. I must now arm me for the fight. — I feel
My death-hour is at hand.
ILKA. No, thou must live.
A heart so formed to bless, must not thus early
Be stilled in death. Come to the Magyar land;
There truth and nobleness are honored still.
Oh, come with us, and be thyself a Magyar!
Hunnia will gladly own thee as a child.
Come! let our home be thine!
ALEXIS. I am a Greek.
I love my country; I will not disown her.
Ilka, we part. I may not go with thee.
But when the tidings of thy happiness
Shall reach me from afar, my heart shall glow
With a celestial pleasure, at the thought,
That, in thy distant land, my memory
Is treasured faithfully; that still the heart

Of a kind sister beats with love for me.
But if the hand of fate already opens
My timeless grave, upon my latest sigh
Thy name shall tremble.
ILKA. Oh, what words are these?
Thou talk'st of death, who yet hast hardly lived.
ALEXIS. Yes, short has been my life; — and yet most blest;
For I have seen my highest wish accomplished.
Thou wilt be free. — This aim of all my thoughts,
Of all my hopes, I see attained. — I die,
But have not lived in vain. Ilka, farewell!
I have now rendered the last sacrifice
That love required. I am again a Greek.
I go to case my breast in steel — to strive
Bravely against the Magyar. With the dawn
The bloody work begins. Again, farewell!
When they shall name Alexis with the fallen,
Ilka, wilt thou not hallow with thy tears
His lifeless clay?
ILKA. My brother! dear Alexis!
Come to my heart, where, while I live, thy image
Shall never fade! Where'er thy fate may lead,
A sister's thanks, a sister's love go with thee!
ALEXIS. Ilka! beloved! oh, what a recompense! —
But no! my heart must not grow weak. Farewell!
NIKETAS (*rushing in with a drawn sword, stabs Alexis, who*
Go, viper! to perdition! [*falls at the feet of Ilka.*)
ILKA. Heavenly mercy!
Oh what, what hast thou done, Niketas?
NIKETAS. It does not please thee? — Ha! I cherished him
With my own blood, and he — he has betrayed me!
Look here! see how the black blood oozes forth
From its foul nest. Look on these writhing features!
Cheer now thy lover!
ILKA. Cowardly assassin!
Slay me too, since this innocent youth has fallen
By thy base hand. — Alexis, and was this
To be thy fate?
NIKETAS. It shall be thine too. Tremble!
Thy hour draws nigh. [*Goes.*
ALEXIS. Oh, dear one, grieve not for me!
I am most blest. — Ilka! I die near thee!
ILKA. Oh, leave me not, Alexis! — He is dead. —
His eye is closed forever. — Thou fair flower,
How many griefs defaced thy transient bloom!
And now, there liest thou, by a cruel hand

Untimely broken! Oh, thou dear Alexis!
And thou hast died for me! — Oh, faithfully,
My brother, will I mourn thee! Thy remembrance
Shall be enshrined within my heart of hearts. —
Oh, who has ever loved like thee, Alexis?
Pure spirit, thou hast gained thy radiant home!
Earth was unworthy of so rich a trust;
Heaven has reclaimed its own!

The opening scene of the fourth act presents us with a scene in the castle of Belgrade, from which a secret passage conducts to the prison of Ilka. Niketas is alone.

NIKETAS. (*Alone.*) His death was just; the law of arms required it.
It was the general's, not the father's act.
Ha! truly we are happy beings, men. [*laughs bitterly.*
We feign a solace to ourselves, and use
Soon makes it real. — His general sentenced him. —
So be it then. — To my own grief I slew him.
I loved him; — yes; — this pain attests how well. —
Thou, Ilka, thou art guilty of his death!
Thou shalt atone for it. That secret dungeon,
Where I have barred thee, shall become thy grave,
Or thou shalt grant the suit so long denied. —
I will yet speak with her before the fight.
The terrible example of my vengeance
That lies before her, cannot but appall her.
Her fears may have subdued her obstinacy.

Niketas opens a concealed door. Ilka comes forth.

NIKETAS. Ilka, I vowed revenge. — Still, I would save thee.
My love is stronger than my anger; hear me!
ILKA. Murderer, away!
NIKETAS. Ilka, thy happiness
Depends upon thyself. Compel me not
To sterner measures!
ILKA. Happiness with thee!
Drag me from one grim dungeon to another!
Murder me! I will ask of thee no mercy,
But to be spared the torture of thy presence.
NIKETAS. Rouse not my wrath afresh! compel me not
To call to mind all I have lost for thee.
Know that upon this moment hangs thy fate.
ILKA. Let it be death, then. I expect no other.
Thou knowest but to slay and torture.

NIKETAS. Ilka,
Far from my heart is every murderous thought;
It holds but love for thee.
ILKA. I know thy love. —
The tie that bound thee to that noble youth,
Now weltering in his blood, was all that gave thee
A right to bear the name of man.
NIKETAS. Ha! Ilka!
No; I will not be angered. Thou hast made
Sore trial of my love. Be satisfied;
Give me thy hand.
ILKA. My hand to thee! Begone!
Thy every breath blasphemes humanity.
NIKETAS. How ill thou knowst me, Ilka. My first wish
Is but to make thee happy.
ILKA. Do not think
To cheat me with fair words; I know thee well.
The outer mask has fallen from thy features.
Thou standst before me in thy hideousness.
NIKETAS. Show me my fault! Ilka, I will atone it
By faithful love. Resolve! The time is short;
What is thy answer?
ILKA. Still the same.
NIKETAS. Then perish.
VOICE OF A GREEK (*from without*).
My lord, the enemy attacks the castle.
Already do they storm the Danube gate.
NIKETAS. Begone then! I will follow instantly.
ILKA. My noble king, my beloved nation, conquer!
NIKETAS. Our foes attack the castle.
ILKA. They will take it,
And give thee thy deserved reward.
NIKETAS. Judge not
Thus hastily; we still have hands and weapons. —
But, should it be so, it will not avail thee.
For know, the massive walls of this deep dungeon
Nor groan nor shriek can pierce; in fruitless waiting
For rescue that will never come, thy life
Will pine away.
ILKA. Here then I wait my death,
Still a free Magyar! In my lonely prison
My heart shall share the triumph of my country;
And my last hour be gladdened by the thought,
That o'er my tomb will float her conquering banner.
NIKETAS. Come with me; I will bear thee from the castle.
My wealth is great, and wide are my possessions; —

All shall be thine. Whithersoe'er thou wilt
I will conduct thee. Ilka! on my knees,
I pray thee.

ILKA. Darest thou, then, hope,
Thou miserable man, to win my love!
I scorn thee and thy treasures!

VOICE OF A GREEK (*from without*). The whole castle
Is under storm. The people murmur loudly
That thou leav'st them in this extremity.

NIKETAS (*to the Greek*).
Say I come instantly —
(*To Ilka.*)
Once more I pray thee,
Come with me, Ilka!

ILKA. I go not. Away!

NIKETAS. Thou wilt not? Tremble! Love will sue no longer,
But force shall drag thee to the altar. — No! —
Such mercy hast thou not deserved from me.
Thou shalt be humbled with the dust. Yet once —
[*Extends his hand to her.*

ILKA. No, I remain here.

NIKETAS. (*Seizing her.*) Come!

ILKA. Niketas! stay!
One word! If I could think that thou wouldst be
My friend, my true friend —

NIKETAS. (*Tenderly.*) Ilka!

[ILKA *going up to him, as to embrace him, seizes his sword, then steps back, and stands before him with dignity.*]

ILKA. Now command!

NIKETAS. Ha! Guards!

ILKA. All-powerful God, now give me

NIKETAS. Slaves! [strength!

ILKA. Now for life or death!
[*Goes to the door and withdraws the bolt.*
Free!

NIKETAS. Follow her!

The next scene is in the great square of Belgrade. A violent storm of wind is raging. The dawn is just about to break. Two Greeks enter from opposite directions; the one bearing a torch, the other a drawn sword.

FIRST GREEK. Saw'st any one?

SECOND GREEK. She must have passed this
I lost the trace of her among these houses. [way.
Ha! the brave girl! She does not fear Niketas!

First Greek. How the wind rages!
Second Greek. Yes; as it would blow
The world from its centre.
First Greek. Look! what stirs there?
Second Greek. Gently;
Perhaps it is the Magyar girl.
First Greek. Give heed!
She comes this way. I go to intercept her.
[*Enter* Ilka, *with a drawn sword; the First Greek goes up to her.*]
Second Greek. Seize her!
First Greek. Surrender!
Second Greek. By our general's
We make thee prisoner. [order,
Ilka. If you love your lives,
Back from my path!
First Greek. I will not let thee go.
Come on! Thou'lt not escape again. This way!
Come to our master!
Second Greek. It must be.
Ilka. Then be it!

Ilka encounters the first Greek, wounds and disarms him. Ilka lifts the torch from the ground; and, as she looks round upon the streets filled with the foes of her people, and hears in the distance the noise of the assault, the thought strikes her of giving the Greeks a new enemy to contend with within the gates.

Ilka (*raises the torch*).
Burn then, Belgrade! Burst forth in towering flames,
And light the Magyar on his conquering path.

Ilka disappears among the houses. Her path is traced by the bursting forth of the flames at various points. The next scene represents the confusion and terror spread through the burning city. In the mean time, the sounds of the battle draw nearer and nearer. The Grecian troops are driven across the stage by the pursuing Magyars. They disappear. The noise of the fight dies away in the distance. In the next scene, the Magyars are in possession of the town. The Duke Geza and Menyhart occupy the square, with a division of the Magyar army.

Menyhart. The fire was kindled by a Magyar maiden;
So have I heard.

GEZA. By this brave deed she aided
Greatly the taking of the town. [*Turns to the Magyar troops.*
But now,
Let the fire be extinguished. Spare the people;
Help them to save their goods. We are not here
As robbers; we are Magyars.
MENYHART. Mercy adds
Lustre to triumph. Although victories
Immortalize the hero; still, he only
Can win the highest and most worthy fame,
Who with his valor blends the milder virtues.
My lord, the envoy of the Greeks approaches.

Zimias enters, accompanied by two other Greeks, one bearing a white flag, the other the keys of Belgrade on a cushion.

ZIMIAS. Great duke!
GEZA. What wouldst thou? Speak!
ZIMIAS. Thy
And thy compassion the world celebrates. [nobleness
Behold me at thy feet, to supplicate
Thy mercy for my country and myself.
GEZA. Rise, Greek! 'Tis not the custom of the Magyar
To crush a conquered and an unarmed foe.
Rise! What is thy request?
ZIMIAS. Niketas, trusting
Thy magnanimity, has made submission
With all his people, and sends here, by me,
The keys of Belgrade's gates.
GEZA. In my king's name, —
To him belongs this honor, — I will promise
The Greeks their lives.
MENYHART. The king!

The king enters, and with him Ilka. He is attended by many of the Magyar nobles.

GEZA. My noble king,
I bid thee welcome to Belgrade. Our end
Is now attained. The enemy is humbled,
Thy kingdom safe.
KING. Let our first thanks be given
To the Great Ruler who has blessed our arms.
[*He uncovers his head, and raises his eyes to heaven. All present uncover their heads. He speaks slowly with solemn voice.*]

Oh thou, who from thy throne dost guide the battle,
And give the victory to the right; to thee
Be all the glory and the praise! Thee only
Do we adore! [*Covers his head, all present do the same.*
Cousin! brave Magyars! here
In Nandor do I thank you for your valor.
The Grecian power is broken. Now no more
Shall Hunnia dread the incursions of the foe. [*Turns to Ilka.*
But thou, brave maiden, who, in thy hard bondage,
Didst cherish still the love of country, thou
Who didst so aid the victory of thy people,
Receive once more my thanks! Proudly may Hunnia
Regard her children; not brave sons alone
She rears, but noble daughters.

. . . . . .

KING. I see my friends all present; only one
Yet fails. Where tarries Gyula?
GEZA. He was first
Upon the castle walls. There last I saw
His standard floating.
ILKA. Gyula! hast thou fallen?
MENYHART. He disappeared before me in the castle.
ILKA. My king! my friends! Oh, tell me, is he dead?
KING. I will not think it. — And thou knowest Gyula?
ILKA. Know him? My king! I love him. Do not leave me
In such a fearful doubt. — Oh, where is Gyula?
MENYHART. He comes.
ILKA. Thou livest!
KING (*motions Ilka back, and places himself before her*).
Maiden, be calm.

Enter GYULA.

GYULA. My search has been in vain. I have not found
Or Ilka or the youth. — Ilka! once more,
Then, have I lost thee. — I had dreamed myself
So near to happiness — and now — oh, why
Should I yet live?
KING. Brave warrior, what sorrow
Thus clouds thy features? Thou hast bound to-day
Another flower in thy bright garland. Ask
A boon of me.
GYULA. Oh, would that I had shared
The grave so many of my comrades found
Upon the walls of Nandor!
KING. Noble Gyula!
I promised thee that, for thy faithful service,
I would one day find thee a meet reward. [*Leads forth Ilka.*

Receive from thy king's hand thy bride. Your hearts
Are worthy of each other.
GYULA. Ilka!
ILKA. Gyula!
MAGYARS. Long live our king!

The character of Ilka is drawn in perfect conformity with that of the Magyar women of those early times. An ancient German historian, in speaking of the Magyars, says: "the courage of their women has rendered them as illustrious as that of their warriors." In succeeding periods, the women of Hungary were constantly distinguished by intrepidity and devotion to their country. Nor has the progress of civilization, while it has added the graces which belong to cultivated life, enfeebled in proportion as it has refined. In modern times, the women of Hungary have continued to display the same traits which distinguished her earlier heroines, modified only by difference of time and circumstances. It is they who have inspired and fostered the love of country and of liberty. They have actively promoted every plan for the national improvement. The women of noble families have even shown themselves capable of that continued self-denial in matters of convenience and vanity, which is more difficult for the wealthy and luxurious than the more splendid sacrifices which are called for by seasons of emergency. They have slighted the attractions of the Austrian capital, and have chosen to spend the income of their estates in Hungary.* In order to encourage the industry of the country, the women of the higher classes renounced the costly fabrics imported from abroad, and appeared in the coarse stuffs worn by the peasants, until, through their encouragement, the manufactures of Hungary not only equalled but surpassed those of Austria.

A French writer, long a resident in Hungary, and intimately acquainted with the character of the people, in a work published in 1848, speaks of the women of that country as always foremost in every patriotic project. "The women," he says, "signalize themselves by that enthusiasm which is the privilege of their nature. In their hands are the national subscriptions; they have made it their charge to combat by their

* The families of some of the wealthiest magnates must here be excepted, who, though bearing the Hungarian name, may be regarded as Austrians.

influence the parliamentary corruption." He adds, in anticipation of the crisis which the injustice and blindness of Austria was even then forcing on, "these women, who now content themselves with teaching the love of liberty to their sons, would be the first to appear in the camp if it were necessary, and would defend, like Helen Zrinyi, the walls confided to their charge." * The justice of this estimate of the patriotic devotion of the Hungarian women has been already proved. In the late noble struggle, the women of Hungary have not shrunk from the fatigues and perils of the camp, while, together with this manly valor, they have shown themselves equally possessed of the more feminine courage which can brave the most frightful dangers in the succor of the unfortunate and proscribed.†

With no nation, perhaps, is the love of country so living a sentiment, with none does it so pervade every class and condition, as with the Magyars. To the poorest Magyar who tills the ground with his own hands, his country is "az áldott Magyarország," (the blessed Magyar land.) The very soil is sacred, and agriculture is in his eyes a manly and dignified avocation. The wealthier nobles acknowledge, and have worthily fulfilled, the obligations which their position imposes. Their patriotism has proved itself as enlightened as ardent. They have lavished their wealth with unsparing hand for the promotion of education and of internal improvements. Nor is this all. The Magyar nobles have shown themselves to be possessed not only of generosity, but of the severer virtue, not always found united with it, — justice. They have rendered the last sacrifice to their country by voluntarily abrogating the privileges which divided them from the rest of the people.‡ For the last half century the

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* *De l'Esprit public en Hongrie.* Par A. De Gerando. Paris. 1848.

† Our readers will not have forgotten the story of the Maderspach family, one of many tragedies which were enacted in Hungary during the last year. Madame Maderspach, accused of having given refreshment to some Hungarian fugitives, was dragged into the market-place of the town where she resided and publicly scourged. Her husband, a man distinguished for his scientific attainments, and author of several important inventions, unable to survive, committed suicide. Her eldest son was sent as a common soldier to the army in Italy. Her remaining son, a youth of eighteen, was torn from her and sent prisoner to Grätz.

‡ In 1843, the Diet declared the peasants capable of owning landed property, and also gave them the right of holding office. By a singular coincidence, the decree securing to the peasant the right of holding land, was passed on the anniversary of the battle of Mohács. Palóczy, member from Borsod, remarked on this occasion, that since that fatal day which plunged the country in ruin, nothing so decisive had been done for its restoration.

patriots of Hungary have been laboring strenuously for the reformation of their institutions and the elevation of the people. The Magyar nobles have striven with as much zeal and courage to divest themselves of their privileges as the aristocracies of other countries have displayed in defending theirs. What the Magyar nobility have been doing for the cause of justice and humanity during the period when their nation was almost forgotten by the rest of the world, may be, in part, gathered from the following extract from De Gerando's work on Transylvania, published in 1845.

"To the Hungarian nobility belongs the honor of having been the first to propose all these new laws.* Under the eyes of a retrograde government, they are accomplishing a task before which the aristocracies of every other country have shrunk back. They prepare the reign of equality, before the people for whose good they labor, has yet thought of raising its voice. We have said that the people, raised by degrees from servitude, have now become citizens, since, according to the last decisions, they have now a right to possess the land. Let us add that the nobles have now resolved to take on themselves half the expenses of the comitat, which the peasants have borne alone up to this time. Not only does this aristocracy accord the rights granted to the inferior classes, but it also despoils itself of the privileges that it has possessed for ten centuries; it offers spontaneously to pay imposts to which it has never been subjected, and breaks of itself the last barrier which separates it from the people. We regret that Europe is not more attentive to these noble efforts. This is a work which merits the ardent sympathy of all free countries; and it belonged to a people generous as the Magyars to give this spectacle to the world." *La Transylvanie et ses Habitans.* Par A. De Gerando. Paris: 1845.

Kisfaludy wrote at a period when the establishment of peace gave opportunity for the development of liberal ideas, and left the nation at leisure to carry into effect those internal reforms which they had attempted at the close of the last century. Kisfaludy did not live to see the ameliorations in the condition of the people which have been effected during the last twenty years. He died about a year before the assembling of the reform Diet of 1832. But it cannot be doubted that his works did much in aid of the cause of humanity, as well as in support of that of nationality. They are

* The laws securing freedom and property to the peasant.

not only imbued with the traditional Magyar spirit of independence, but we find in them also that more enlightened love of freedom and justice, which respects the natural rights of man, not less than the constitutional rights of a nation.

The next drama offered by Kisfaludy was "Stibor Vajda," (Duke Stibor,) founded on the history of Stibor, the cruel duke of Transylvania. It was first presented at Pest, on the 7th of September, 1819. This play, unlike most of the dramas of Kisfaludy, is better adapted for reading than for representation. It has great interest as a picture of the manners of the time in which the scene is laid, and as an indication of the spirit of that in which it was written, which permitted the representation of a play, relating the oppression exercised upon the peasantry by a powerful prince and the retribution which overtook him.

On the twenty-fourth of September, only seventeen days after the first representation of "Stibor," appeared Kisfaludy's first comedy "A' Kérök." The success of this play induced him to continue his labors in this field. Before the close of the same year (1819,) he composed "A' Partütök" (the Rebels,) a picture of Magyar village-life. This piece was, however, not presented at the theatre until the spring of the following year.

Comedy is, of all species of literary composition, that which suffers the most in being conveyed from one language into another; and this is especially the case where the two languages differ from one another so entirely in construction and genius, as the English and the Magyar. But as any notice of the works of Kisfaludy would be incomplete, which gave no account of his comedies, we shall, on a future occasion, offer our readers some extracts from these, making choice, for this purpose, of such plays as are peculiarly descriptive of national manners, and may, on that account alone, possess an interest for the foreign reader.

ART. III. — *Memoirs of* SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, BART. Edited by his Son, CHARLES BUXTON, ESQ., B. A. Second Edition. London: 1849. 8vo. pp. 614.

IT would be with great reluctance that we should call a man whom we very much respected a "philanthropist." From the common application of the word it has acquired the most unpleasant associations, and we never hear it without experiencing a series of very disagreeable emotions. There comes up before us the image of a thin man, of a nervous habit and inquisitive disposition; of a dyspeptic and pugnacious temperament; whose talents not having been appreciated in the exercise of any useful or ornamental art, has much leisure to talk about very offensive subjects in a very offensive way; who is always full of bad taste and false logic, apt to be personal, while his facts are as tender as his assertions are hardy. He is not modest, not wise, not useful, not a gentleman, not much of a man; — but he is "*earnest*," and so self-forgetful that he has quite run to seed without knowing it. He possesses only a part of the qualities of charity; for he "believeth all things" and "hopeth all things," but he is "puffed up," and doth "behave himself unseemly."

This, we have been assured by himself and his friends, is a philanthropist. We were skeptical as to the statement. We felt a distrust of the man and the speaker, and a little alarmed. Perhaps our dignity was somewhat hurt at the implication that we, too, in spite of that privacy which our insignificance assures us, in spite of the distance which we have most anxiously preserved, were nevertheless made an object of the gentleman's affection. We thought it cruel to be thus clasped (even metaphorically) in his embrace. We supposed it was quite impossible for us to escape; but we felt both disposed and authorized to adopt the most energetic measures in the attempt.

Now, by the general rule, every man who makes speeches for the negroes is a philanthropist. Sir Fowell Buxton made speeches for the negroes. But the syllogism fails. Here at least is an exception, for Sir Fowell Buxton was an excellent and able man. He *was* modest, wise, and useful, — very

much of a gentleman, and we should maintain, a great man; great in purpose, great in action, great in his influence upon great affairs; timid in profession, brave in accomplishment; hesitant in deliberation, prompt in action; of a comprehensive mind, "looking before and after;" genial of heart, open of hand; ready of access to every influence which should move a man, but when determined, of an energy which guarantied the future.

In reading the history of a life like his, the characteristics of the pseudo-philanthropist become more painfully distinct from the contrast. When we observe how, under the guidance of a pure motive, a man has been able to benefit many of his race by devoting the best energies and highest powers of his nature to their improvement, we look with increased distrust upon those who pretend, indeed, to follow his example, but whose characters lack the cardinal virtues of temperance, charity, and fairness, and whose action is more harmful to the progress of good than any thing which we know. Is it not, indeed, a miserable sight to see the leadership taken by false guides; to see present defeat and lasting disgrace brought upon many a good cause by the unfitness of those who conduct it? Can we believe in the sincerity of those who, professing universal philanthropy, show a total want of every lesser charity? What title shall we give them, when we remember that "whoever makes truth disagreeable, commits high treason against virtue."

And here we would express our sense of the admirable manner in which the editor of these Memoirs has performed his task, and of the great value of the book he has published. The narrative is well arranged, simply and concisely written. The writer never gets between you and his subject, and never tries to make a great deal out of a very little. There is no lagging of interest, but the story moves steadily forward to the end. The editor has avoided those sins of prolixity and excessive eulogy to which biographers are peculiarly prone, and has fully succeeded in his object, as set forth in the preface, to "show, as plainly as possible, what sort of a person my father was, so that the reader should feel as if he had been one of his most intimate friends." The purpose of the book is not to display Mr. Buxton's talent, though it was commanding; nor the part he played in the history of

his country, though it was distinguished; nor to give a picture of the society in which he moved, though it was highly cultivated and respectable; but to show his motives, his principles, and his conduct, and to point out, as can be done in the biographies only of a few, how faithful the course of his life was to his purest motives, and to his most profound convictions; how he kept "the height that he was able to attain."

In estimating the value of such a biography so written, our only danger is on the side of extravagance. Still we feel constrained to place it in the first rank among works of the greatest value. For there is no higher object of literature than to "teach virtue not to be ashamed, and to turn many to righteousness." There is no surer means of accomplishing this than the example of a life which gives at once a proof of the possibility of virtue, shows the means of its attainment, and the glorious results of its acquisition.

Mr. Buxton was not a man of genius. The original powers of his mind were those which most men possess; and it is this fact which renders his biography of the greater value, because it is an example applicable to all men. We have the lives of extraordinary men, and they are curious and valuable. But ordinary men see nothing in them applicable to their own condition of mind and character. They draw no argument from them to influence their own lives. Few men of any one generation excel in those qualities of sensibility, of discrimination, of decision, which make the poet, the philosopher, or the commander. Fewer still are placed in circumstances to become heroes in history. Most men cannot be remarkable; the majority must always be common-place. But all men have characters to develop, and duties to perform, with such powers as they have, and under the circumstances of their position. And the man who has solved the questions, and performed the duties, that are placed before every individual of his race, has achieved a work of universal usefulness, if not of universal fame.

Thomas Fowell Buxton was born at Earl's Colne, in the county of Essex, England, on the first of April, 1786. His father, whose name he bore, was high sheriff of the county, a man of kind and active disposition and liberal hospitality. Dying in 1792, he left his widow with three sons and two daughters. Thomas Fowell, the eldest son, thus came under

the sole care of his mother when but six years old. He had already given evidence of a bold and determined character, which needed more firmness of control than is usually exercised over a fatherless boy. One who knew him when young, said of him, "He never was a child; he was a man when in petticoats." But his mother was a woman of remarkable energy. Her son described her as "large-minded about every thing; disinterested almost to an excess; careless of difficulty, labor, danger, or expense, in the prosecution of any great object. With these nobler qualities were united some of the imperfections, which belong to that species of ardent and resolute character." She belonged to the Society of Friends; but, as her husband was a member of the Church of England, her children were baptized in infancy, and she never attempted to convert them to her faith. But her whole influence was exerted to give them a high moral and religious culture, and to imbue their minds with reverence for the Scriptures, and an interest in generous and charitable purposes. This influence had much effect in regulating the character and directing the course of her son until he became of age, when his mother contracted a second marriage with Mr. Edmund Henning, of Weymouth.

When only four years and a half old, Fowell Buxton was sent to school at Kingston, where he suffered so severely from ill-treatment and want of food, that his health was impaired, and he was removed, after two years of this peculiarly English discipline, to the school of the celebrated Dr. Charles Burney, at Greenwich. At this school he passed eight years, "without making any great advances in learning." He was then, as in mature years, remarkably tall; and this, with the slowness of his mental powers, added perhaps to a certain weight of character even then discernible, gained him the nickname of "Elephant Buxton." His vacations were spent sometimes with his paternal grandmother, at her country house, Bellfield, near Weymouth, but more frequently with his mother at Earl's Colne. Here he was instructed in the mysteries of fieldsports by a faithful gamekeeper, named Abraham Plaistow, a man of whom Mr. Buxton, in riper years, said, —

"He had more of natural good sense and what is called mother wit, than almost any person I have met with since: a knack

which he had of putting every thing into new and singular lights, made him a most entertaining and even intellectual companion. He was the most undaunted of men: I remember my youthful admiration of his exploits on horseback. For a time he hunted my uncle's hounds, and his fearlessness was proverbial. But what made him particularly valuable was his principles of integrity and honor. He never said or did a thing in the absence of my mother of which she would have disapproved. He always held up the highest standard of integrity, and filled our youthful minds with sentiments as pure and as generous as could be found in the writings of Seneca or Cicero. Such was my first instructor, and, I must add, my best; for I think I have profited more by the recollection of his remarks and admonition, than by the more learned and elaborate discourses of all my other tutors. He was our playfellow and tutor; he rode with us, fished with us, shot with us, upon all occasions."

Living at home, with Abraham Plaistow for his "guide, philosopher, and friend," was naturally more agreeable to a boy of his age than to be at school; and he persuaded his mother to allow him to remain. He was now fifteen years old. Several months were passed at this important period without definite object or occupation. He shot, hunted, and fished, and "when no active amusement presented itself, would sometimes spend whole days in riding about the lanes on his old pony, with an amusing book in his hand." As eldest son, he was almost master of the house; his naturally strong will was growing into wilfulness, his manners had not been softened at school, and he was fast becoming violent, rough, and domineering. "At the same time, his friends attempted to correct the boyish roughness of his manners by a system of ridicule and reproof, which greatly discouraged and annoyed him." A few months more of idleness, of indulgence of his love of authority, with the discipline of annoyance and discouragement, and the finer parts of his character might have been overshadowed or destroyed; but "through the kindness of Providence, (as he used emphatically to acknowledge,)" he came, at this critical time, under an influence which called out all the higher and kindlier qualities of his nature, and taught him to exercise over his passions and evil tendencies that power which controlled them through his after life, and turned all their strength to the accomplishment of good ends.

John, the eldest son of Mr. Joseph John Gurney, of Earlham Hall, near Norwich, was his friend, and at his invitation Buxton paid him a visit at his father's house in the autumn of 1801. Mr. Gurney had then been for several years a widower, with a family of eleven children. The three eldest daughters were older than young Buxton; but his friend John and four sisters were about his age, while three younger boys filled up the number of a most attractive and remarkable family.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Gurney were Quakers, descended from the earliest and strictest members of that sect. Mrs. Gurney was of the family of Barclay the Apologist. Both were people of more than ordinary intelligence, liberality, and force of character. But while they adhered most strictly to the weightier matters of the law, they had departed from those severer rules of their ancestors which would interfere with liberal education, or innocent amusement. Their children were taught to dance, sing, and draw. We imagine they were dressed at least as gaily as other children, for we read of Mrs. Fry, who afterwards gave a charm to the most sober costume of the Friends, riding out in her younger days upon an errand of kindness to the sick, in all the brilliancy of a scarlet riding-habit. Their house had been a favorite resort of much agreeable society, for which Norwich was at this time distinguished, among whom were William Taylor, Dr. Alderson and his daughter Mrs. Opie, Dr. Sayers, and others.

But nine years before the period of which we are speaking, Mrs. Gurney had died, leaving her large family to the care of her husband and elder daughters. The characters and talents, which these children afterwards developed, make it easy to account for the strong and beneficial influence which they exerted upon young Buxton. Three of them became authors of works exciting much attention at their publication, and still read with interest. Three became ministers among the Friends. All were active in the duties and charities of private life; and two of them, Mr. J. J. Gurney and Mrs. Fry, were eminently distinguished among the early reformers of prison discipline, and publicly associated with most of the benevolent works of their time. Many of the family were distinguished in after life for beauty of person, for eloquence of discourse, and for tact and fascination of manners. We trace among

them a remarkable power and charm of personal presence. It was this, in great measure, which enabled Mrs. Fry to perform the wonders she achieved among the prisoners at Newgate. It was this which, in Priscilla Gurney, was "irresistible in reducing all with whom she conversed under her gentle influence;" and we get hints of the same power from such notices as are public of the brothers, and some other members of the family. We find its source partly in the quickness and strength of intellect, in the originality and force of character, which they possessed; but chiefly in a delicate and profound sensibility which distinguished them. Though by this sensibility the eldest brother and a sister were brought to their graves broken-hearted at the loss of wife and son, yet, when wisely controlled and directed, it gave them in their intercourse among men an acuteness and delicacy of perception, an intuitive appreciation of the characters, tastes, and tendencies of others, which, in all the fine diplomacy of social intercourse, threw the game into their more sensitive and skilful hands.

But now they were young, handsome, full of life, and eager in the improvement of their tastes and talents. Earlham Hall wanted no charms to make a home happy. The house was large, old, and irregular, standing in the centre of a park well wooded with old trees. The land was diversified. On the south front of the house stretched a fine lawn, "flanked by groves of trees growing from a carpet of wild flowers, moss, and long grass," while by it ran the river Wensum, a "clear winding stream," whose banks, overhung by an avenue of ancient timber trees, were a favorite resort of the young people.

In after life, the members of the family differed in their condition, their interests, and their forms of faith. Wilberforce says they contained some "queer combinations," adding at the same time, that they included also "all that is to be esteemed, and loved, and respected too, and coveted." But amid all their diversities, they could say, with their Quaker sister, that there were "sweet doors of spiritual harmony open among them all;" and their common home was ever a point of union. There they assembled at the bridal and the birth. There they met around the death-bed and the grave, as one

by one, in prime or blossom or decay, they left the world in which they had led beloved and honored lives.

Young Buxton spent two months with the Gurneys. The boy's age was one in which a deep impression is easily made; his nature one by which it was firmly retained. He became attached to Hannah Gurney, and returned home with every motive for exertion strong upon him. As it was expected that he would inherit property in Ireland, his mother deemed it advisable that her son should be educated at the University of Dublin, a plan which he little relished. With that absolute conviction which characterizes the opinions of a youth of fifteen, he writes his mother, that his aversion to her plan "is, ever was, and ever will be invincible; nevertheless, if you command, I will obey." Mrs. Buxton did command, and Fowell was, in the winter of 1802, placed in the family of Mr. Moore of Donnybrook, to be fitted for the college examination. "It was shortly before the Christmas holidays that he took up his abode at Donnybrook, where he found himself inferior to every one of his companions in classical acquirements; but he spent the vacation in such close study, that on the return of the other pupils, he stood as the first among them." This was the beginning of five years spent in Ireland, one being at Donnybrook, and four at Trinity College, Dublin. When there, he forgot his "invincible" aversion, and carrying out all the good resolutions that he had made at Earlham, he formed a character fit to be respected and beloved. His application was intense and irresistible. "I never looked into a novel or newspaper — I gave up shooting. During the five years I was in Ireland, I had the liberty of going when I pleased to a capital shooting place. I never went but twice." Thirty years after, when preparing his work on "The Slave Trade and its Remedy," he worked "day after day, from breakfast till two or three o'clock the next morning, with the interval of only a short walk and meals. I do not think," he says, "I have worked so hard since I left college." His only relaxation was an occasional visit to Earlham, where he became engaged to Miss Gurney two years before graduation. Nor were his exertions at the University less successful. He was graduated with the most distinguished honor. Fourteen examinations were held during the college course, at the end of which

a gold medal was presented to those who at each examination had distinguished themselves in every subject, only one failure being allowed. Buxton received the gold medal. At the Historical Society, a debating club in which the students took great interest, silver medals were awarded by the votes of the members, two for eloquence and two for proficiency in history. Buxton took them all. So great was the notice attracted by his success, that he received a proposal from the electors of the University to represent them in Parliament.

"No higher token of esteem than this could have been offered to one without wealth or Irish connection, and without the smallest claim upon the consideration of the University, except what his personal and academical character afforded. Such an offer it was not easy to reject, and he was, as he says at the time, 'extremely agitated and pleased by it.' He weighed the pleasure, the distinction, the influence promised by the political career thus unexpectedly opened before him; and he set against these considerations the duties which his approaching marriage would bring upon him. Prudence prevailed, and he declined the proposal."

Amid this honor and success, the loss of his Irish property was little heeded. Other claimants came forward, and an expensive lawsuit resulted in defeat. But the disappointment of his expectations of wealth did not postpone his marriage, which took place the next spring after he left Dublin.

He was now just of age; his patrimony had been diminished by certain unfortunate speculations in which his mother had engaged; and he found that if he was to obtain wealth, it must be by his own exertions. After full consideration, he determined to give up the plan of studying law, which he had entertained through college, and to establish himself in business. Negotiations to this end were accordingly opened in different quarters; but nearly a year passed away in an anxious inactivity, particularly harassing to his energetic nature. His eldest child was born at Earlham during the winter; and in the following spring, Mr. Sampson Hanbury, his uncle, offered him a situation in an extensive brewery establishment with which he was connected, with the prospect of becoming a partner after three years' probation. The offer was joyfully accepted. Buxton went to London in July, 1808, and at the close of the year took a house connected with the brewery, which he occupied for several years.

During the first three years of his London residence, his time and thoughts were much occupied by his business; but he still found intervals for reading and study. He had still the idea of entering Parliament at some future time, and he attended a debating society, where he met again his classmate North, Henry Grattan, the younger son of the distinguished Mr. Grattan, Spring Rice, Horace Twiss, and others. And he was not content without some occupation by which he might promote the happiness and well-being of others.

He became an acquaintance and friend of William Allen, a Quaker, a distinguished chemist, a man of enlightened benevolence, and of so high a character for intelligence and integrity, that he was appointed one of the guardians of the present queen during her minority. A few months after reaching London, he joined a small society just instituted, "for the purpose of calling the public mind to the bad effects and inefficiency of capital punishments." Although a member of the Church of England, his connection with the Quakers through his mother and the Gurney family was very close and endearing. His Sundays were frequently spent with Mr. and Mrs. Fry; and for four years after his marriage, he generally attended a Friends' meeting. By this influence his benevolent principles were strengthened and directed. His brother-in-law, Mr. Samuel Hoare, "between whom and himself there existed then and through life, a friendship and close fellowship far beyond what usually results from such a connection," shared all such pursuits and labors with him. "With them was also linked his own brother Charles, who was settled in London, and was the favorite companion of both."

The following extract from a letter dated September 23, 1810, describes his life at this time.

"I have passed a very quiet and industrious week, up early, breakfast at eight o'clock, dinner near six, and the evenings to myself, which have been well employed over my favorite Blackstone. I read him till near ten last night, and then Jeremy Taylor till past eleven, and could hardly give him up, he was so very entertaining a companion. . . . . This morning I went to Gracechurch Street meeting; I was rather late, which made me feel hurried, and prevented my having sufficient time to myself before meeting; however, I had made a little use of my friend

Jeremy at breakfast, and this and last night's readings gave me occupation for my thoughts. I saw William Allen, who wants me to call upon him to-morrow, as he says he has found a place for the boys' school as suitable as if we were to build one." p. 34.

"In 1811, Mr. Buxton was admitted as a partner in the brewery; and during the ensuing seven years he was almost exclusively devoted to his business. Soon after his admission, his senior partners, struck by his energy and force of mind, placed in his hands the difficult and responsible task of remodelling their whole system of management. It would be superfluous to enter into the details of his proceedings, though, perhaps, he never displayed greater vigor and firmness than in carrying through this undertaking. For two or three years he was occupied from morning till night, in prosecuting, step by step, his plans of reform: a single example may indicate with what spirit he grappled with the difficulties that beset him on all sides.

"One of the principal clerks was an honest man, and a valuable servant; but he was wedded to the old system, and viewed with great antipathy the young partner's proposed innovations. At length, on one occasion, he went so far as to thwart Mr. Buxton's plans. The latter took no notice of this at the time, except desiring him to attend in the counting-house at six o'clock the next morning. Mr. Buxton met him there at the appointed hour; and, without any expostulation, or a single angry word, desired him to produce his books, as he meant for the future to undertake the charge of them himself, in addition to his other duties. Amazed at this unexpected decision, the clerk yielded entirely; he promised complete submission for the future; he made his wife intercede for him; and Mr. Buxton, who valued his character and services, was induced to restore him to his place. They afterwards became very good friends, and the salutary effect of the changes introduced by Mr. Buxton was at length admitted by his leading opponent; nor, except in one instance, did he ever contend against them again. On that occasion, Mr. Buxton merely sent him a message 'that he had better meet him in the counting-house at six o'clock the next morning,' — and the bookkeeper's opposition was heard of no more.

"We may add, that among other points wanting reform, he found that the men employed were in many instances wholly uneducated. To the remedy of this evil, he took a more direct road than exhortation or advice. He called them together, and simply said to them: "This day six weeks I shall discharge every man who cannot read and write." He provided them a schoolmaster, and means of learning, and on the appointed day

held an examination. Such had been the earnestness to learn that not one man was dismissed." pp. 39, 40.

Mr. Buxton continued to reside in London, constantly engaged in the management of the brewery, until the summer of 1815, when he took a house at Hampstead, that his four children might have the benefit of purer air. The intelligence and energy which he brought to his business did not fail of meeting with a success, which, in the course of several years, enabled him to relax that uninterrupted attention which he had heretofore bestowed upon it, and afforded him leisure for other occupations. He writes to his wife of a plan he had formed, "after a few years, to live somewhere quiet in the country, and go to town for one week in a month. I think that with strict, unsparing rules, this is all that would be necessary; the unsettlement would be no objection to me, for I do not find that change from one employment to another quite different produces it; and I fancy that I could brew one hour, study mathematics the next, shoot the third, and read poetry the fourth, without allowing any one of these pursuits to interfere with the others." This arrangement he in effect carried out, being relieved from attention to the details of business, though he continued through life to have a general supervision of the affairs of the brewery. He avoided the danger to which his earnest nature was perhaps particularly disposed, that of becoming absorbed in his work for his work's sake, and valuing the intensity rather than the result of his labor. He was busy that he might have leisure, and in acquiring wealth he did not forget the responsibility which came with it.

Born of religious parents, and subjected from his childhood to a strong religious influence from those with whom he was most nearly connected, the earlier years of Mr. Buxton's life had shown the proper fruits of such teaching and example. While in college, he avoided the dissipation prevalent among his companions, partly by his unceasing industry in study, and partly in consequence of certain promises registered at Earlham. While travelling in Scotland with the Gurneys, during one of his vacations,

"His attention was drawn with increased earnestness to the subject of religion. When at Perth, he purchased a large Bible, with the resolution, which he steadfastly kept, of perusing a portion

of it every day; and he mentions in a letter, dated September 10, 1806, that quite a change had been worked in his mind with respect to reading the Holy Scriptures. 'Formerly,' he says, 'I read generally rather as a duty than as a pleasure, but now I read them with great interest, and, I may say, happiness.' And again, 'Some of the happiest hours that I spend here are while I am reading our Bible. I never before felt so assured that the only means of being happy is from seeking the assistance of a Superior Being.'"

The course of his life which we have thus far traced shows that these sentiments led to diligence, sobriety, and charity. With increasing years and powers of mind, his religious principles kept equal growth. In the silent meetings of the Friends, which he attended with Mrs. Fry, he was able "thoroughly to engage himself" in trains of deep and searching thought. "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the scribes and pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven," was a text "very striking to him." "It is so serious a thing to be only on a par with the generality of those you see around you;" and the result of his meditations is, "this evening I have been thinking what I can do for the poor this winter; I feel that I have as yet done far short of what I ought, and what I wish to do."

Nor had events been wanting by which he learned practically what he had felt assured of at Perth. In 1811, his youngest brother, Edward, died under very painful circumstances. A wayward boy, he had been sent to sea when fourteen years old as midshipman in an East Indiaman, under the care of his relative, Captain Dumbleton. He left his ship in his first voyage, and entered the king's service; and after this change, nothing was heard of him by his friends at home. More than four years had passed by, and "death at sea" had by degrees become accepted as the cause of an unbroken silence, when a letter reached Mr. Buxton from one of his brother's shipmates, stating that Edward was at Gosport in a dying condition, and earnestly desirous of seeing his family. They were soon by the side of their dying brother, who lingered only long enough to prove how well he was prepared for the change which was at hand.

"His sister Sarah, in describing the solemn, and yet peaceful, meeting round the death-bed of the returned wanderer, thus men-

tions her eldest brother:—'Fowell, the head of our family, is a strong support; and when religious consolation was so much wanted, he seemed most ready to afford it. The power of his influence we deeply felt: it was by far the most striking feature in the past remarkable month.'"

A few years after, he lost, in his brother Charles, his best friend and the companion he most loved. It was a deep and irreparable loss; the chief joy of his life seemed gone forever, for their characters had harmonized in a remarkable manner.

"Twenty years afterwards, in reviewing the leading occurrences of his life, he thus refers to this event:—'I know of no tie, that of husband and wife excepted, which could be stronger than the one which united Charles and me. We were what the lawyers call 'tenants in common' of every thing. He was, I think, the most agreeable person I ever knew. A kind of original humor played about his conversation. It was not wit; it was any thing rather than that species of humor which provokes loud laughter; it was not exactly *naiveté*, though that comes nearest to it; it was an intellectual playfulness, which provided for every hour, and extracted from every incident a fund of delicate merriment. He died at Weymouth, in the year 1817; and thou knowest, O Lord, and thou only, how deeply I loved, and how long and how intensely I lamented him.'"

Thus both education and experience tended to give to Mr. Buxton's character a strong religious bias. The nature of his mind was such, that he could not stop short of devoting himself to the highest objects, and ruling himself by the highest motives, of which he was capable. If men were, like him, thoroughly in earnest, they would also be thoroughly religious. It is a superficial mind which allows itself to be distracted by objects of attainment inferior to the highest. Devoted earnestness, and a thorough energy which knew no rest except in the attainment of its endeavor, were leading characteristics of Mr. Buxton; and he knew, as all men know, where the highest objects are to be sought, and how they are to be found.

But this very earnestness in his pursuits was sometimes felt by him to be an obstruction in his path toward that devotion to religion which he knew its claims required. When engrossed in business, he found there was a very large portion "of one's life, in which one might as well be a heathen." "How sincerely I do often wish," he says, "that I could direct this fervent energy about temporals into its proper

channels; that I could be as warm about things of infinite importance as I am about dust and ashes." His wish was granted. In the fall of 1813, he was seized by an illness which brought him to the brink of the grave, and in the course of which he received impressions to which he ever referred much of that ascendency of religion over his mind which guided and blessed his after life. Feeling himself very unwell, he prayed that he might have a dangerous illness, provided he was brought by it nearer to God. In such a state of mind, the bodily weakness, the uncertainty of life, the proofs of love from friends, and the very corporeal pains he suffered, served but to free him from the distractions and doubts of life, and enable him to fix a firmer hold upon eternal things. A sense of the "unbounded, the unmerited love" of God, and of the close clustering mercies he had received, filled him with a gladness of heart in which all doubts vanished, all pain was lost, and all fear cast out, while in absolute faith he found perfect peace. At the age of twenty-seven, a man of Mr. Buxton's firmness does not rise from a sick bed where such impressions have been received, without bearing the stamp ever after. As his health and strength returned, he became still more active in the advancement of benevolent objects than he had formerly been; and still by attentive study of the Scriptures, by prayer and meditation and rigorous self-examination, he kept straight his path, maintaining bright and clear before him the things which are unseen, with a sense of their actual reality, which most men attain only in regard to what are called matters of fact. Thus guided, strengthened, and impelled, he had his conversation in this world.

As a striking illustration of the remarkable courage and decision which were characteristic of Mr. Buxton's temperament, we will quote the account given in a letter to his wife, of an adventure which he had with a mad dog.

"*Spitalfields, July* 15, 1816.

"As you must hear the story of our dog Prince, I may as well tell it you. On Thursday morning, when I got on my horse at S. Hoare's, David told me that there was something the matter with Prince, that he had killed the cat, and almost killed the new dog, and had bit at him and Elizabeth. I ordered him to be tied up and taken care of, and then rode off to town. When I got

into Hampstead, I saw Prince covered with mud, and running furiously, and biting at every thing. I saw him bite at least a dozen dogs, two boys, and a man.

"Of course I was exceedingly alarmed, being persuaded he was mad. I tried every effort to stop him or kill him, or to drive him into some outhouse, but in vain. At last he sprang up at a boy, and seized him by the breast; happily I was near him, and knocked him off with my whip. He then set off towards London, and I rode by his side, waiting for some opportunity of stopping him. I continually spoke to him, but he paid no regard to coaxing or scolding. You may suppose I was seriously alarmed, dreading the immense mischief he might do, having seen him do so much in the few preceding minutes. I was terrified at the idea of his getting into Camden Town and London, and at length, considering that if ever there was an occasion that justified a risk of life, this was it, I determined to catch him myself. Happily he ran up to Pryor's gate, and I threw myself from my horse upon him, and caught him by the neck: he bit at me and struggled, but without effect, and I succeeded in securing him, without his biting me. He died yesterday, raving mad." pp. 57, 58.

He afterwards mentioned some particulars which he had omitted in this hurried letter.

"When I seized the dog," he said, "his struggles were so desperate that it seemed at first impossible to hold him, till I lifted him up in the air, when he was more easily managed, and I contrived to ring the bell. I was afraid that the foam, which was pouring from his mouth in his furious efforts to bite me, might get into some scratch, and do me injury; so with great difficulty I held him with one hand, while I put the other into my pocket and forced on my glove; then I did the same with my other hand, and at last the gardener opened the door, saying, 'What do you want?' 'I've brought you a mad dog,' replied I; and telling him to get a strong chain, I walked into the yard, carrying the dog by his neck. I was determined not to kill him, as I thought if he should prove not to be mad, it would be a great satisfaction to the three persons whom he had bitten. I made the gardener, who was in a terrible fright, secure the collar round his neck and fix the other end of the chain to a tree, and then walking to its furthest range, with all my force, which was nearly exhausted by his frantic struggles, I flung him away from me, and sprang back. He made a desperate bound after me, but finding himself foiled, he uttered the most fearful yell I ever heard. All that day he did nothing but rush to and fro, champing the foam which gushed from his jaws; we threw him meat, and he snatched at it with fury, but instantly dropped it again.

"The next day, when I went to see him, I thought the chain seemed worn; so I pinned him to the ground between the prongs of a pitchfork, and then fixed a much larger chain round his neck; when I pulled off the fork, he sprang up and made a dash at me, which snapped the old chain in two! He died in forty-eight hours from the time he went mad." pp. 58, 59.

He was soon called into public action. We have seen that, in the Historic Club at Dublin and at the Academics in London, he had cultivated the power of public speaking. The first time that he addressed a public meeting was in 1812, at a meeting of the Bible Society in Norwich, to which his brother-in-law, Mr. J. J. Gurney, had engaged him to give his support. His speech was a successful one, but not comparable in effect to the next which he delivered, in 1816, at a meeting held at the Mansion House in behalf of the Spitalfield weavers. The winter had set in early and with severity. The silk trade was stagnant; the price of wheat rose from 55*s.* 6*d.* to 103*s.* 7*d.* in the course of the year, and the weavers were thrown from that brink of starvation, on which they existed in more prosperous seasons, into absolute destitution. Mr. Buxton and his brother-in-law, Mr. Hoare, seem to have been active in the first movements for the alleviation of this distress. They postponed their usual visit to Earlham. A public meeting was organized for the purpose of obtaining the necessary funds to supply the most pressing wants. Mr. Buxton's heart and mind had become thoroughly imbued with the subject. He went to the meeting feeling "very flat," and after his speech had been delivered, "considered it as a kind of failure." Other people took a different view of it. Our limits will not allow us to give an extract sufficient to serve as a specimen of its eloquence, and we must content ourselves with citing evidence of its effects.

"The speech reappeared in publications of the most widely different character. It was republished by the Spitalfields Benevolent Society, as the best means of creating sympathy with their exertions; it was republished by Hone and the democrats, as the best statement of the miseries permitted under the existing government; and it was republished by the friends of that government, 'because,' said they, 'it forms so beautiful a contrast to the language of those wretched demagogues, whose infamous doctrines would increase the evils they affect to deplore.'

"'By this one meeting at the Mansion House,' says the report

of the Spitalfields Benevolent Society, '£43,369 were raised.' Two days after it had been held, Lord Sidmouth sent for Mr. Buxton, to inform him, that 'the Prince had been so pleased by the spirit and temper of the meeting, and so strongly felt the claims that had been urged, that he had sent them £5000.'" p. 64.

At the same time, Mr. Wilberforce wrote to express the pleasure he felt in his success, and adds, "I anticipate the success of the efforts which I trust you will one day make in other instances, in an assembly in which I trust we shall be fellow laborers, both in the motives by which we are actuated and in the objects to which our exertions will be directed."

Mr. Wilberforce's anticipations were destined to be realized as fully as even he could wish; but Mr. Buxton did not obtain a seat in Parliament till more than a year and a half from this time. Meanwhile, he directed his attention to the improvement of the prisons. The subject of prison discipline was not a new one in England at this time, but it was little attended to, and little understood. It was now to receive a vigorous and lasting impulse. But we shall better appreciate what Mr. Buxton really effected, if we glance for a moment at what had been done in the matter before his time.

Forty years before (in 1773) there was appointed to the office of High Sheriff of the county of Bedford a gentleman who was not content that his white wand should be borne in court by a deputy, but who attended to this, as to all other duties, with a scrupulous fidelity. His attention was attracted to abuses which a deputy might have overlooked. He examined the gaol of his county — it was the same in which Bunyan wrote the Pilgrim's Progress a hundred years before — and shocked at the state of affairs he found, he visited the neighboring counties, in search of an example by which to reform the abuses at home. But he found that what he had taken for an exception was the rule; and in looking throughout the country for an example, he discovered the universal disorder which existed. Its demonstration was the first step towards its reform; and in 1777, he published a book, entitled, "The State of the Prisons in England and Wales," by John Howard. Public attention was aroused. In consequence of his representations, the subject was brought before the House of Commons, and some of the abuses which existed were revealed. It was found that the gaol fever, brought on

by want of air and proper food and cleanliness, destroyed many of the prisoners. "From my own observations in 1772 and 1773," says Mr. Howard, "I was fully convinced that many more were destroyed by it than were put to death by all the public executions in the kingdom;" and this was when there were one hundred and sixty offences punishable by death. Another flagrant abuse existed, in the custom of forcing all persons who came into the custody of the gaolers, to pay certain fees to those officers before their release. Howard testified before the House of Commons, that these fees amounted in some cases to more than twenty-five shillings. If the prisoner was unable to satisfy these demands he was taken back to gaol, even though he had been acquitted by the court. Two acts were accordingly passed in 1774; one "for preserving the health of prisoners in gaols," and requiring the justices of the peace to order the prisons to be scraped and whitewashed at least once a year, and that the prisoners should be provided with the means of washing themselves; and the other, "respecting the payment of fees to gaolers," which enacted that prisoners who were thereafter acquitted or discharged, should be set free in open court, and that the payment of those fees which had been usually demanded should absolutely cease.

Had these acts been faithfully carried into execution, they would have done but little towards putting the prisons into a proper condition. But, as the Marquis of Lansdowne afterwards complained, "they did not contain provisions to secure their execution," an omission very seriously affecting their efficiency. If any gaoler disobeyed the order of the justice, the act provided that he should be fined; but it provided no punishment for the justice who disobeyed the order of the legislature, and who made no examination of the prison at all. And this neglect became very common, as was afterwards shown, so that the passage of these acts accomplished but very little towards the removal of the abuses at which they were aimed. But besides these, there were many great evils which remained unnoticed and untouched. There was no provision made for the employment of the prisoners, for their classification, or, in many cases, for the proper separation of the sexes. The debtor was confined with the criminal, and the boy suspected of a misdemeanor was thrown into a

cell with the convicted felon. The safe custody of the prisoner was all that such a system could accomplish, while vice and licentiousness were unrestrained. These defects, their consequences and their remedy, were fully shown by Mr. Howard, who set on foot a plan for the establishment of prisons of a better organization, which should not only provide for the safe custody of the prisoner, but conduce to his reform. The scheme was warmly embraced by Mr. Justice Blackstone, who thought so highly of it that he did not hesitate to say, that if it were properly executed, "there was reason to hope that such a reformation might be effected in the lower classes of mankind as might in time supersede the necessity of capital punishment, except for very atrocious crimes." An act was accordingly passed, in 1779, to establish two penitentiaries to test the efficiency of the plan. Three supervisors were chosen, to select a proper location for the penitentiary, and to contract for the buildings. Mr. Howard was the first named, and at his stipulation, Dr. Fothergill was added, Mr. Whately making up the number. A difference of opinion arose as to the best location, Mr. Howard and Dr. Fothergill preferring a site at Islington, while Mr. Whately was strenuous for a spot at Limehouse. While the question was still unsettled, Dr. Fothergill died, and Howard, unable either to change his opinion or to convert Mr. Whately, resigned his office, mortified at perceiving that, at the end of two years, not even a preliminary had been settled. New commissioners were appointed, who agreed upon a location; but it was never purchased, and the whole scheme was allowed to drop. Fifteen years after, it was revived again by a plan proposed by Jeremy Bentham, for a penitentiary which he called the Panopticon, in which all the prisoners were to be visible to the keeper "during every moment of their lives." The administration favored this project. When Mr. Secretary Dundas was called upon to account for the failure of the former plan, he stated that "it had not been carried into execution from a variety of circumstances;" and when further pressed for an explanation, he gave a short and unsatisfactory reply.

This time, a lot of land was purchased and conveyed to Mr. Bentham, who acted for the government; but delays again occurred, and nothing was done; so that, in 1810, Sir

Samuel Romilly had reason for declaring, that "the plan had remained upon the statute book for upwards of thirty years, without any effectual measures having been taken to carry it into effect."

But why were these crying evils, fully exposed as they were, allowed to exist unremedied, undiminished, through a whole generation of men? It was because the king constantly opposed the whole movement. He was too good a Tory to relish the reform even of a criminal. Besides, the subject excited disagreeable associations in the royal mind. If it had not been for the American Revolution, the question might never have come up. Before that unpleasant event, the convicts had been quietly transported to the Colonies.* It was partly because this vent was shut, that the penitentiary system was urged. Bentham says too, (and wrote a book to prove it,) that the king was personally hostile to him, and opposed the Panopticon on that account. At any rate, in the very first stage of the proceedings, the king's signature was necessary to a draft for a thousand pounds. He delayed three weeks, and then refused to give it.

But the example and instruction which Howard had given the world were not lost. The seed had been sown broadcast, and though some fell on stony places, yet there were spots where it took root and flourished. Though no general reform was made in the prisons of England, yet in some of the counties, through the exertions of the magistrates, gaols had been erected upon better principles. These better principles were now to receive an impulse they had never felt before; and the credit of this movement must be given to the Quakers more than to any other class of people, and to the Gurney family more than to any other Quakers.

In his "Account of the Principal Lazarettos of Europe," published in 1789, Howard said, "should the plan take place during my life of establishing a permanent charity under some such title as that at Philadelphia, namely, 'A society for alleviating the miseries of public prisons,' I would most readily stand at the bottom of a page as a subscriber of £500." He

* It is estimated by Dr. Lang, that fifty thousand convicts were sent to the North American Colonies. Franklin argued, that we should be allowed to send back our rattlesnakes for return cargoes.

died the next year, and it was not till 1815,* that the example set in Philadelphia was followed in England. In that year, a society was formed for the "reformation of juvenile offenders," a class which was increasing at an alarming rate. Mr. Buxton and his brother-in-law, Mr. Hoare, were active members. In pursuing their investigations, they found that the grand cause of the increase of crime was the condition of the prisons, which, by bringing young beginners into the most intimate connection with accomplished criminals, were admirably adapted to promote the communication and acquisition of vice. The society therefore assumed the "improvement of prison discipline" as their first object.

About Christmas of the next year, Mrs. Fry began her well-directed labors at Newgate. Her object was to relieve the immediate sufferings of the poor women, whom she found half-naked, half-drunk, shameless, and abandoned. She did this, and in doing it accomplished a great deal more. She established, in the most public and conclusive manner, the first principle of all prison discipline. She showed the worst prisoners in the worst prison in England (and the world,) long accustomed to a prison life of vice, idleness, and riot, suddenly converted to industry, order, and sobriety; and this change effected by ladies unsupported by authority, and acting under many inconveniences. Could there be more striking proof, that human nature when most perverted will still prefer industry to idleness; when most hardened can still be touched by compassion; and when most lawless will still own allegiance to that superiority which proves itself by acts of disinterested kindness? It was a wonderful change that was made, when "this hell upon earth" exhibited the appearance of "an industrious manufactory, or a well-regulated family;" and many persons came to behold what seemed little less than a miracle wrought by some newly discovered agency. And yet the principle by which it was accomplished was an old one, and it was only strange that its application should be so new.

Just fifty years before, Goldsmith had imagined his Vicar

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* In the Biography of Sir T. F. Buxton, it is stated that "in 1816, the Society for the Reformation of Prison Discipline was formed." p. 65. The report of the Committee of the Society, in 1818, says, "The Society in 1815 commenced its labors." p. 10.

of Wakefield effecting similar changes by similar means; and it is curious to observe how much more wonderful the fact was than the fiction. Goldsmith was forced to keep within the bounds of probability, which Mrs. Fry went far beyond. For example, when the good Vicar, excited to the highest compassion at the sight of their insensibility, and with all his own uneasiness blotted from his mind, first reads a portion of the religious service to the prisoners, he found his "audience perfectly merry upon the occasion. Lewd whispers, groans of contrition burlesqued, winking and coughing, alternately excited laughter." But the first day that the school was organized at Newgate, after monitors had been chosen, "one of the visitors read aloud the fifteenth chapter of Luke. After a period of silence, according to the custom of the Society of Friends, the monitors with their classes withdrew to their respective wards in the most orderly manner." * And afterwards, the vilest tricks are played upon the Vicar; but in Newgate, "the ladies have always been treated with uniform respect and gratitude." †

The biographers of Mrs. Fry and Mr. Buxton do not agree in awarding the credit of the first impulse to their mutual labors in improving the state of the prisons. In the biography of Mrs. Fry, we are told that "the conversation of these gentlemen, (Mr. Hoare and Mr. Buxton,) who were forming a society for the reformation of juvenile depredators, tended to keep alive in the mind of Mrs. Fry the interest awakened in 1813;" (Vol. I. p. 282) — while in Mr. Buxton's biography it is said, "One day, while walking past Newgate with Mr. Samuel Hoare, their conversation turned upon the exertions of their sister-in-law, Mrs. Fry, and her companions for the improvement of the prisoners within its walls; and this suggested the idea of employing themselves in a similar manner." (p. 65.) We think the precedence must, very ungallantly, be taken by the gentlemen, and that Mr. Buxton's biographer was misled by the error in the date of the formation of the Prison Discipline Society, which we have just noticed.

The first thing the Society did was to collect trustworthy information. They divided the prisons and districts of London among the members of their committee, and examined

* Buxton's Inquiry, p. 130. † Ibid. p. 133.

into the history of the boys whom they found convicted or arraigned. They followed up their inquiries among the boys' parents and associates; and they found that, more than the want of education, employment, and food, more than the flash-houses and the neighboring fairs, more than the relaxation of justice arising from the impossibility of inflicting the inhuman punishments which the law then awarded, — more than all these, was the increase of crime among juvenile delinquents caused by the state of the prisons. "It certainly is not too much to say, that amongst children of a very early age, absolute impunity would have produced less vice than confinement in almost any of the gaols in the metropolis and its neighborhood." The increase of crime was most alarming. By official papers it was shown, that the number both of committals and convictions in the kingdom had more than doubled in the ten years from 1807 to 1817; and in 1818, it appeared that more than one hundred and seven thousand persons had been committed to the gaols of the United Kingdom in the course of the year, a number supposed to be greater than that of all the commitments in the other kingdoms of Europe put together. The prisoners were a population in themselves. Their treatment rendered it almost certain that not one should be lost, but that every one who came once within the limit of the prisons should be insured a criminal for the remainder of his life.

To spread information of the extent of this evil, and to urge on its cure, was the object of the Prison Discipline Society. The prisons of Ghent and Antwerp had long been famous as among the best in Europe; and to procure the latest information upon the subject, Mr. Buxton and his brother-in-law crossed the channel in the winter of 1817. Mr. Buxton was so much struck with the admirable management of the Maison de Force at Ghent, that upon his return he laid an account of it before the London Society. The committee requested him to publish it. "When I sat down to this task," he says, in the preface to his book, "the work insensibly grew upon my hands. It was necessary to prove that evils and grievances did exist in this country, and to bring home to these causes the increase of corruption and depravity. For this purpose, repeated visits to various prisons were necessary." In February, 1818, he published a small book, enti-

tled, "An Inquiry whether Crime be produced or prevented by our present System of Prison Discipline." Its success was eminent. Attention had already been attracted to the subject by Sir Samuel Romilly's motions in the House of Commons; and Mr. Buxton's book was admirably adapted to increase the interest and direct the attention which was awakening. Its own merits, too, were very great; accurate and reserved in its statements, clear and logical in its reasoning, it rose at times to an earnest eloquence which could not fail to excite in the reader the sentiments from which it sprung. It contained, too, the best, and we think the first, account of Mrs. Fry's most romantic achievements, and pointed out, in a manner that secured attention, the abominable state of many prisons, with the principles and means of their reform. It passed through six editions in the first year of its publication. "It was translated into French, and distributed on the Continent. It even reached Turkey; and in India, a gentleman by the name of Blair having chanced to read it, was induced to examine into the state of the Madras gaols. He found them in a wretched condition, and did not rest till a complete reformation had been effected."

This book served, moreover, as an admirable introduction to the House of Commons, of which Mr. Buxton was chosen member from Weymouth in the spring of the same year. Among the first subjects which came before the new House was the state of the convict-ships, when Sir James Mackintosh took occasion to say, "The question of our penal code, as relating to prison abuses, has been lately brought home to the feelings of every man in the country, by a work so full of profound information, of such great ability, of such chaste and commanding eloquence, as to give that House and the country a firm assurance, that its author could not embark in any undertaking which would not reflect equal credit upon himself and upon the object of his labors." Nothing could be more complimentary than such a notice of a new member by a colleague so distinguished.

The spirit in which Mr. Buxton entered upon his new scene of action is shown by an extract from a private paper, written on New Year's day, 1819, in which, as had been his custom for several years, he made up a sort of mental balance sheet, with a statement of his progress or deterioration, his

mistakes and oversights, or achievements and gains during the past year, with a formal and distinct plan of action for the year that was to come.

"Now that I am a member of Parliament, I feel earnest for the honest, diligent, and conscientious discharge of the duty I have undertaken. My prayer is for the guidance of God's Holy Spirit, that, free from views of gain or popularity — that, careless of all things but fidelity to my trust, I may be enabled to do some good to my country, and something for mankind, especially in their most important concerns. I feel the responsibility of the situation, and its many temptations. On the other hand, I see the vast good which one individual may do. May God preserve me from the snares which may surround me; keep me from the power of personal motives, from interest or passion, or prejudice or ambition, and so enlarge my heart to feel the sorrows of the wretched, the miserable condition of the guilty and the ignorant, that I may 'never turn my face from any poor man;' and so enlighten my understanding, that I may be a capable and resolute champion for those who want and deserve a friend."

The subjects which had most interested him out of Parliament continued to engage him when in it. With the reform of prison discipline that of the criminal law was intimately connected. Both these subjects, especially the latter, had occupied the attention of Sir Samuel Romilly during the ten years previous to his death. This sad event had just occurred; and as his virtues were universally admired and his character beloved, there was left a duty with his many friends to carry forward his unfinished labors. Men admire the dead more easily than the living, and are readier to yield to their influence; and it is not improbable that, in the silence of his grave, his appeal reached many by whom it had been unheeded in the clamor of debate.

The right of a community to punish those who injure its members *originates*, no doubt, in the natural sense of justice among men. Uncivilized communities and unphilosophical legislators find here a sufficient argument and warrant, which, by reason of the same sense, is neither opposed nor questioned by those among whom it is exercised. Hence the punishment of criminals has existed, in fact, among all societies, while the labor of defining the grounds upon which the right rests, of defending its exercise and analyzing its method and operations, has fallen to the philosophers of a more advanced

state of society. Without referring to more ancient speculations, it is sufficient for our purpose to observe, that the first writer who treated the subject in modern times in a correct and striking manner was the Marquis of Beccaria, who, in the middle of the eighteenth century, published his treatise upon Crimes and Punishments. Many of the principles which he advances are to be found, among others, in the writings of Montesquieu, whom he professedly follows; but the development of the theory, and its proper application, are due to the Italian philosopher.

His treatise was short and masterly. The subject was one which affected every community in Europe; and the doctrines which it inculcated were those from the neglect of which almost every state in Europe was at that time suffering. It was therefore warmly received and widely circulated. It was translated into French with a commentary by Voltaire, and spread wherever the language was read, and the authority of the commentator had weight. An English translation soon appeared. But to acknowledge and admire a theory is hardly one step towards carrying it into practice; and Tuscany and Russia were the only governments which amended their penal codes in accordance with the new rules which had been laid down.

Celerity of action is an acknowledged advantage possessed by absolute governments; but the long postponement of penal reform in England can hardly be accounted for by the necessary delays of legislative proceedings. The true cause is to be found in the enormous extent of the evils to be remedied. For the criminal code of England at that time was a monstrous compilation, without form, without organization, without plan; curious in its combination of defects, wonderful and fearful in the aggregation of its evil qualities; by turns bloodthirsty and squeamish, exacting and prodigal, puzzling in its conglomerate of contradictions; here, young but disused; there, old but in vigor; in many parts, decrepid, decayed, to all appearance dead, but capable of being roused to sudden and awful action; unjust itself, the cause of sin in others; bloodthirsty and capricious, of itself it would have fallen; but clamped in the chains of custom, its rotten members hung together conspicuous, horrid, an ignominy to the dead, a reproach and offence to the living.

"Every punishment which does not arise from absolute

necessity," says Beccaria, quoting from Montesquieu, "is tyrannical." The right of punishment is thus placed upon the only ground where it finds a firm foundation, — that of necessity. Its exercise is an evil, justifiable only because necessary to prevent a greater evil. It is a right under the same law which authorizes a starving man to steal bread; or a man attacked by violence to take the life which threatens his own. In all these cases alike, the necessity must be plain and evident. It is a plea whose limits are easily defined. Evidently, the necessary stops with the sufficient. Nothing can be necessary for a purpose beyond what is sufficient to accomplish it. In the example we have used, the starving man has a right to steal a loaf of bread; but if a loaf of bread and a pineapple are lying side by side, and he take the pineapple, he is guilty of theft to an amount equal to the value of the pineapple over that of the bread. He has stolen a value greater than what was sufficient to support life; he has gone beyond the limits of necessity; he has exceeded the powers of his charter. The application of the principle is easy; — the moment a government inflicts a punishment greater than is sufficient to prevent the crime for which it is awarded, that moment it becomes tyrannical. Thirty years ago, there were two hundred and twenty-three offences punishable by death, according to the statute law of England; there are now only eight or nine. And this reduced scale of punishment is found to be sufficient; the old laws, then, were unnecessary, and therefore tyrannical.

But we may be required to show, that the Parliament of Great Britain knew the punishments they decreed for their subjects to be more than sufficient before we find them guilty of tyranny. To do this, it is only necessary to quote the statutes. There are certain limits within which is a region of doubt; on either side of these is certainty; but within them knowledge can only be attained, in a practical matter, by experience. But the British Parliament grossly erred far beyond these limits of uncertainty and inexperience. They wandered from the path plainly pointed out to them by common humanity and common sense, and turned a deaf ear to the teachings which their subsequent experience afforded them. At the beginning of this century, a man in England might be hanged for cutting down a growing tree, for injuring West-

minster bridge, for picking a pocket of any article worth more than a shilling, for wearing a mask on the high road by night, for breaking down the head of a fish-pond, for keeping company with gypsies, for shooting a rabbit in a warren, and for other offences as frivolous. The very statement of the number of capital offences proves the frivolity of an immense majority of them. Can it be urged with any force, that the enlightened Parliament of an enlightened nation could not know, when they awarded these punishments, that they were unnecessary to prevent the offence; that a much lighter penalty would have accomplished their purpose equally well?

The true account of the criminal legislation of Great Britain is, that it was the exercise of power by one class of men over another for whom they had neither sympathy nor care. The unfeeling levity with which bills were passed, creating scores of capital offences, now seems wonderful. Anybody had influence enough to carry such an act through both houses. None opposed; none discussed. When Burke was rushing through the entry of the House, in haste to keep an appointment abroad, he was called back by one of the servants. There was matter before the House which needed his vote; it would not detain him a moment; it was only a felony without benefit of clergy. It is within modern times that a bill was passed appointing capital punishment at once for seventeen different offences, great and trivial.

Though punishments were so lavishly enacted, yet, as was natural in a code of laws heaped together without system, many crimes were left without any punishment. We speak not of "forty years since;" it is only half that period since a man could be transported for stealing a handkerchief; but if he stole a title deed, or a will on which the property of whole families might depend, he was wholly free from penalty. There were statutes to prevent the stealing or destroying of madder roots, and to protect hollies and thorns in forests; but the man who stole from a house he had hired could not be punished. "I am sorry," said Chief Baron McDonald to a man convicted of stealing some plate from a house which he had hired, "I am sorry the laws of England have not provided for your case, for I have no doubt whatever of your guilt." Could Paley have been aware of these facts, when he defended the existing state of the law, because "the num-

ber of statutes creating capital offences sweeps into the net every crime, which, under any possible circumstances may meet the punishment of death?" The net was widely spread for the smaller fry of offenders; but great criminals found sometimes a weak spot which they might easily break through. These omissions, however, were not numerous; the great fault of the system was its inhuman severity.

We shall not dwell upon the details of this severity, nor stop to trace into all its ramifications the evils which such a system necessarily brought with it. These evils arose not so much from the execution of the law as from its non-execution. It was declared by high legal authority, that the law at that time existed indeed in theory, but had "almost been abrogated in practice by the astuteness of judges, the humanity of juries, and the clemency of the crown." But law cannot thus be avoided by those who administer it, except by their walking in devious and uncertain paths. The judge, the jury, and the crown, the criminal, the prosecutor, — nay, the whole community, felt the evil of the established wrong, even in the means they were forced to adopt to escape its legitimate results. The almost unlimited severity of the law necessarily caused a discretionary power to be given to the judge, which, from the imperfection of human nature, could hardly be exercised with impartiality. The jury was often placed in the dilemma of either breaking their oaths as jurors, or of acting contrary to the laws of humanity; and they preferred the latter, calling it "pious perjury." The criminal knew that his chances of escape were increased by the nature of the law, and was more reckless in committing offences. If convicted, he regarded himself, and was regarded by others, as a martyr to social tyranny. The prerogative of mercy inherent in the crown was, by its extended use, changed to its very opposite. To spare the forfeited life became the rule; to demand it was the act of the sovereign. And the injured man sat down under his injuries rather than inflict a punishment as disproportioned as revenge itself could imagine. Surely there was reason to pray for "all those whose duty it is to execute justice," for the law of the land led them into grievous temptations.

And the bad influences of this state of the law did not stop with those who were immediately connected with its execu-

tion. They spread throughout the whole community, and were not less potent in those results which were unseen and constant, than in those which were often brought to notice. For the law of a nation should be its great preceptor. All men should be forced to admire the wisdom which provides the far-reaching rules under which they act. The whole people should be the intelligent instances illustrating these general rules. Society should look for wisdom from its own enacted truth. How great, then, the evil, when that which should instruct must be put aside and virtually annulled, because opposed to the elementary dictates of human nature!

It is not to be supposed that, in the native land of Sir Thomas More, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Lord Bacon, these evils passed unnoticed or unchallenged. The faulty state of the penal law was observed by these and others. The defects and their consequences were clearly pointed out. But the first time that its amendment was brought to the notice of Parliament was in 1750, when an alarm having been excited by the increase of certain crimes, a committee was appointed by the House of Commons, "to examine into and consider the state of the laws relating to felonies, and to report to the House their opinion as to the defects of those laws, and as to the propriety of amending or repealing them." The subject was not committed to obscure men, nor to rash theorists, but to the greatest lawyers and statesmen of the time. Among the members of that committee were Mr. Pelham, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, the elder Pitt, Mr. G. Grenville, afterwards Lord Grenville, Mr. Lyttleton and Mr. Charles Townsend, afterwards Secretaries of State, and Sir Dudley Ryder, then Attorney-General, afterwards Chief Justice of England. Two sessions of Parliament were consumed in the investigations to which their subject led, when they recommended the House to adopt the resolution, "that it was reasonable to exchange the punishment of death for some other adequate punishment." Founded upon a series of resolutions, of which this was the first, a bill was brought in, which passed the House of Commons, but the Lords threw it out. We have the authority of Sir James Mackintosh for saying, that "it was not opposed by any of the great names of that day — by any of the luminaries of that House."

Twenty years after, nearly the same series of events recurred. A similar increase of crime produced a similar alarm, which led to the appointment of another committee, who spent two other years in coming to results like those of their predecessors. Their bill proposed the repeal of eight or ten sanguinary statutes. The Commons accede, the obscurer Lords reject the bill, while Lord Camden and Lord Mansfield, the ornaments of their house, offer it no opposition.

It was upon such precedents, that in 1808, Sir Samuel Romilly began his labors in this branch of legal reform. In the session of that year, he proposed to repeal a statute of the time of Queen Elizabeth, by which the crime of privately stealing from the person was made punishable by death. His bill passed with some alterations in the House of Commons, while in the Lords not a word was said upon it.

Encouraged by this success, he brought forward, early in 1810, three bills to repeal as many acts which then punished with death the crimes of stealing privately in a shop goods of the value of five shillings; of stealing to the amount of forty shillings in dwelling-houses; and of stealing to the same amount on board vessels in navigable rivers. Of these, the Commons passed the first, rejected the second, and postponed the third. The first bill then went to the Lords, who were less lenient or more watchful. Lord Eldon, Lord Ellenborough, and Lord Liverpool spoke strongly against the measure. Lord Ellenborough was horrified at the prospect of innovation which opened before him. He is even reported to have made a confession most painful to a statesman of ability, who, whatever may be the measure proposed, is supposed to have so commanding a knowledge of affairs as to be able to point out its legitimate consequences, whether for good or evil. But a measure proposing to change the punishment of stealing from a shop goods of the value of five shillings, from death to transportation for life, presented to his bewildered gaze a mass of mingled dangers beyond his power to analyze or portray. He had recourse to metaphor. "My Lords," he cried, "if we suffer this bill to pass, we shall not know where we stand; we shall not know whether we stand upon our heads or our feet." No wonder their lordships were alarmed. They rejected the bill by a majority of thirty-one to eleven.

Next year, the same three bills were again brought before Parliament, and now they all passed the Commons, but the Lords were inexorable. Lord Ellenborough could not witness the repeal of "laws which centuries have proved to be necessary." Lord Eldon declared, that he "saw the wisdom of the principles and practice by which the criminal code was regulated;" while Lord Liverpool "objected not so much to the bills themselves as to the principles on which they were founded, which might be applied to the whole criminal code. That code," he said, "had succeeded as well as it was possible for any system of criminal law to succeed. He should, therefore, oppose the bills, which, while he was sure they could effect no good, might be productive of very great mischief." *

In 1813 and 1816, the bill met with the same treatment. Again brought forward in 1818, it passed the House of Commons for the fifth time, a few months before the sad death of its able and persevering advocate.

We should form but an inadequate idea of what Sir Samuel Romilly really accomplished towards the reform of the criminal law, did we confine our view to the changes in the statute book, which he effected. The influence exerted upon public opinion by his writings and speeches cannot be determined; but it is fair to estimate it from knowing the effect they were fitted to produce, and by observing the change which actually did take place after them. Two important results, however, may be distinctly noticed. He put a stop to the passage of bills creating new capital felonies; and he carried through Parliament a preamble which, upon its first introduction, had been warmly and successfully opposed, and which contained an expression of the principle which he deemed to be the cardinal one of all criminal legislation, that the efficiency of punishment depends, not upon its severity, but upon its certainty. The whole reform afterwards accomplished was but the necessary consequence of this principle.

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* For further arguments of the same nature, see Sydney Smith's "Noodle's Oration." With equal earnestness, Noodle asks, "What would our ancestors say to this, Sir? How does this measure tally with their institutions? Are we to put the wisdom of yesterday in competition with the wisdom of centuries? If this measure be right, would it have escaped the wisdom of our Saxon progenitors, &c.? Would the Dane have passed it over? Would the Norman have rejected it?"

The conduct of the cause now fell into the hands of Sir James Mackintosh, who brought forward a motion for the appointment of a select committee on the criminal law. His motion was seconded by Mr. Buxton, who made upon this occasion his first formal speech in Parliament. In describing the character of his speeches, his biographer says:—"Their eloquence was less remarkable than their force. His speeches were not sparkling nor splendid; their end was utility; their ornaments, clearness, force, and earnest feeling. He usually bestowed much care in preparation; not in embellishing the style, but in bringing together supplies of facts, and marshalling them in one strong line of argument. Speaking, as he did, from the heart, and for the most part on subjects which appealed to the feelings as well as the judgment, he sometimes rose into passages of impassioned declamation; occasionally there was a burst of indignation, and not unfrequently a touch of playful satire; but the usual character of his oratory was a lucid and powerful appeal to the reason of his audience."

From this speech we will make two extracts, partly to give a specimen of his style, and partly for the sake of the information they so strikingly convey. Both illustrate the practical nature of his arguments, and the forcible and ingenious manner in which he presented well-known facts.

His object was to show to those who prided themselves upon their conservatism, and who defended the existing state of the laws by what Bentham calls "the wisdom-of-our-ancestors argument," that the law as it then stood was directly opposed to the old law of England; for while, at present, a vast number of offences of various degrees of guilt were threatened with death, in earlier days a few crimes only, of great enormity, were deemed worthy of such punishment.

"I hold in my hand," he said, "a list of those offences which at this moment are capital, in number 223; the first was made capital in the reign of Edward III, and the last in the present century, comprising a period of about 450 years. Of these 223, six were enacted in the 150 years from the reign of Edward III. to the death of Henry VII. In the next 150 years, from the accession of Henry VIII. to the accession of Charles II. thirty were enacted; and in the last 150 years, from the accession of Charles II. to the present time, eighty-seven. Or

to put it in another point of view. In the reign of the Plantagenets, the number of capital offences created was four; in that of the Tudors, twenty-seven; in that of the Stuarts, thirty-six; in the reign of the House of Brunswick, one hundred and fifty-six. Or to make it still stronger, more crimes have been denounced as capital in the reign of *his present Majesty*, than in the reigns of the Plantagenets, the Tudors, and the Stuarts combined."

To show the uncertainty of its execution consequent upon the severity of the law, he said, —

"You will observe, that every criminal has certain natural chances of escape. He commits a felony; that felony may never be discovered; if discovered, he may not be suspected as its author; if suspected, proof may be wanting; proof being supplied, he may not be apprehended. These are natural chances in favor of the criminal; they must be calculated at something; but whether that something be two to one, or one hundred to one in favor of the criminal, is a matter of indifference to my argument. I will put them at that to which I think they most nearly approach, namely, five to one. But I have proved that it is highly probable that the reluctance to prosecute augments his natural chances of escape ten to one; that is, what was by nature five to one, becomes fifty to one. I have proved, that the reluctance of juries to convict in capital cases, doubles these chances; so we have arrived at one hundred to one in favor of the criminal, that he will not be capitally convicted. Being capitally convicted, what are his chances against execution? Government has saved me the trouble of calculating this. It appears that if a criminal be capitally convicted, it is ten to one he will not be executed; so that we are arrived at this — it is five to one he will not be detected; fifty to one he will not be prosecuted; one hundred to one he will not be convicted; and one thousand to one that the sentence pronounced by the law will never be carried into effect.

"Gentlemen will naturally startle at so extraordinary a result. I confess I did so myself when I first considered the subject. I distrusted premises which led to so strange a conclusion. I thought they proved too much; nevertheless that conclusion is true, and true to a mathematical demonstration."

In spite of the opposition of Government, the motion for the appointment of a committee was carried by a majority of eighteen. Mr. Buxton was included in this committee, as well as in another, appointed nearly at the same time, to examine the state of the gaols throughout the kingdom. The business

of these committees occupied his time and thoughts. Three mornings of the week were devoted to one, and three to the other. Caring little about party politics, he voted as he liked, sometimes with Government and sometimes against it, according to his view of the case. "I feel the greatest interest," he writes to his friend North, "in such subjects as the Slave Trade, the condition of the poor, prisons, and criminal law: to these I devote myself, and should be quite content never to give another vote upon a party question."

It was not till the year succeeding their appointment, that the committee charged with the inquiry into the working of the criminal laws brought their labors to a close. From their report arose the bill of Sir James Mackintosh for the abrogation of the punishment of death in cases of forgery. The speech which Mr. Buxton delivered upon this bill excited even more notice than that delivered upon the motion for a committee. "Sir James Mackintosh said in the House, that it was 'the most powerful appeal he had ever had the good fortune to hear within the walls of Parliament.'" And in a subsequent debate, Mr. (now Lord) Denman remarked, that "more of wisdom, more of benevolence, more of practical demonstration, he had never heard in the course of his parliamentary career, than was contained in the energetic speech of his honorable friend."

The evening after the delivery of this speech, Mr. Buxton received from Mr. Wilberforce the following letter, which gave the direction to the labors of the rest of his life: —

"My dear Buxton, London, May 24, 1821.

"It is now more than thirty-three years since, after having given notice in the House of Commons that I should bring forward, for the first time, the question concerning the Slave Trade, it pleased God to visit me with severe indisposition, by which, indeed, I was so exhausted, that the ablest physician in London of that day declared that I had not stamina to last above a very few weeks. On this I went to Mr. Pitt, and begged of him a promise, which he kindly and readily gave me, to take upon himself the conduct of that great cause.

"I thank God, I am now free from any indisposition; but from my time of life, and much more from the state of my constitution, and my inability to bear inclemencies of weather, and irregularities which close attendance on the House of Commons often requires, I am reminded, but too intelligibly, of my being in such a

state that I ought not to look confidently to my being able to carry through any business of importance in the House of Commons.

Now, for many, many years I have been longing to bring forward that great subject, the condition of the negro slaves in our trans-Atlantic colonies, and the best means of providing for their moral and social improvement, and ultimately for their advancement to the rank of a free peasantry ; a cause this, recommended to me, or rather enforced on me, by every consideration of religion, justice, and humanity.

" Under this impression I have been waiting, with no little solicitude, for a proper time and suitable circumstances of the country, for introducing this great business ; and, latterly, for some Member of Parliament, who, if I were to retire or to be laid by, would be an eligible leader in this holy enterprise.

" I have for some time been viewing you in this connection ; and after what passed last night, I can no longer forbear resorting to you, as I formerly did to Pitt, and earnestly conjuring you to take most seriously into consideration the expediency of your devoting yourself to this *blessed service*, so far as will be consistent with the due discharge of the obligations you have already contracted, and in part so admirably fulfilled, to war against the abuses of our criminal law, both in its structure and its administration. Let me then entreat you to form an alliance with me, that may truly be termed holy, and if I should be unable to commence the war (certainly not to be declared this session) ; and still more, if, when commenced, I should, (as certainly would, I fear, be the case,) be unable to finish it, do I entreat that you would continue to prosecute it. Your assurance to this effect would give me the greatest pleasure — pleasure is a bad term — let me rather say peace and consolation ; for, alas, my friend, I feel but too deeply, how little I have been duly assiduous and faithful in employing the talents committed to my stewardship ; and in forming a *partnership* of this sort with you, I cannot doubt that I should be doing an act highly pleasing to God, and beneficial to my fellow creatures. Both my head and heart are quite full to overflowing, but I must conclude. My dear friend, may it please God to bless you, both in your public and private course. If it be His will, may He render you an instrument of extensive usefulness ; but above all, may He give you the disposition to say at all times, ' Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do, or to suffer ? ' looking to Him, through Christ, for wisdom and strength. And while active in business and fervent in spirit upon earth, may you have your conversation in heaven, and your affections set on things above. There may we at last meet, together with all we most love, and spend an eternity of holiness and happiness complete and unassailable. Ever affectionately yours,

" W. WILBERFORCE."

A charge so important was not lightly to be rejected or assumed; and it was not till a year and a half after the receipt of this letter, that Mr. Buxton fully resolved upon undertaking it. During that interval, he spent what time he could command in a study of the subject in all its bearings. But before we enter upon any view of this, the great object of his life, let us trace to their conclusion the efforts in which he engaged for the improvement of the gaols and of the criminal law.

"The committee on gaols (appointed in 1819) published its first report in 1820, and the government was thereby induced to bring in a bill for consolidating and amending the prison laws then in existence. This bill was referred for revision to a select committee, of which Mr. Buxton was a member." p. 90.

"After much patient investigation, a bill was prepared by the committee, and immediately adopted by the two Houses of Parliament; and thus the English gaols, instead of remaining 'the nurseries and hot-beds of crime, the almost inevitable ruin of all who entered within their walls,' have become, generally speaking, places where the improvement, as well as the punishment of the criminal is attempted. Perfection, of course, is not yet attained; the new system has been of no avail in those prisons where exertions have not been used to enforce it; but no man can read the descriptions of the state of gaols from twenty-five to thirty years ago, and compare them with those of the present day, without being astonished at the extent of the evil and of the reform." p. 91.

With regard to the reform of the Criminal Law, without following out the particulars of parliamentary warfare, it is enough to say, that Sir James Mackintosh kept the subject constantly in view, and made various efforts to bring about a reform, apparently without success, till Mr. (now Sir Robert) Peel, being Secretary of the Home Department, commenced in 1826 his revision of the code, by which it was cleared of many obsolete and barbarous statutes, and the whole body of the criminal law arranged and consolidated. In 1830, while this work was still going on, Mr. Peel introduced a bill for consolidating the laws relating to forgery, retaining, however, in spite of a strong opposition, the punishment of death in several cases. To express the sense of the men of business in England, that their property would be far safer when protected by a penalty to whose infliction humanity was not

opposed, Mr. Buxton dictated one morning, at breakfast, the form of a petition which, being quickly sent to the principal towns of the kingdom, received the signatures of firms representing above one thousand bankers. It was presented by Mr. Brougham, and had great effect in procuring a majority in the House of Commons against the punishment of death for forgery. The merciful and intelligent Lords reversed the decision; but the question was virtually decided by the vote of the Commons; and no execution for forgery has, since that vote, taken place in Great Britain.

"In succeeding years, the infliction of capital penalties was more and more reduced by the efforts of Mr. Ewart, Mr. Lennard, and others, to whose exertions Mr. Buxton always gave, while he remained in Parliament, his strenuous assistance; and it is satisfactory to know that the number of crimes, now legally punishable with death, is reduced from two hundred and thirty to eight or nine; and that, practically, no executions now take place in England or Wales, except for murder or attempts to murder." p. 247.

We are now come to the great labor and achievement of Mr. Buxton's life — the emancipation of the slaves in the British colonies. His previous exertions, which we have briefly noticed, had developed his powers, displayed his force, and won the respect and confidence of his contemporaries. Wilberforce had seen in him the qualities fit for carrying out those plans, which, as he was conscious, required a younger and more vigorous champion than himself. But our space fails us; and the hasty sketch which we propose to give of the crowning work of Mr. Buxton's life must be reserved for our next number.

Art. IV. — *Dalmatia and Montenegro: with a Journey to Mostar in Herzegovina, and Remarks on the Slavonic Nations; the History of Dalmatia and Ragusa, the Uscocs, &c.* By Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, F. R. S., &c. London: John Murray. 1848. 2 vols. 8 vo.

The countries that form the eastern coast of the Adriatic have been but seldom visited and described by modern trav-

ellers. They lie out of the road to Italy and Greece, the superior attractions of which draw an annual crowd of visitors, whose love of art, of antiquities, of picturesque scenery, and historical associations, is satiated without a journey into the neighboring province of Dalmatia, rich though this country is, — and rich as it would be esteemed in any other vicinity, — in objects of interest to the scholar and the philosophical observer of mankind. Illyricum, which included Dalmatia, was for many centuries an important province of Rome, the vestiges of whose power, art, and magnificence remain there to this day. The eastern coast of Italy has scarcely one good harbor, while the opposite shore of the Gulf, skirted by a whole fleet of islands, and deeply broken by bays, peninsulas, and promontories, afforded every needful resource to the mariner and the ship-builder. Hence it became the naval arsenal of the Romans; and in modern times, Ragusa and some of its other ports have been renowned for their shipping. Liburnia, at its northern extremity, sent forth those famous galleys, remarkable for their light construction and swiftness, by the aid of which Augustus obtained his great victory at Actium. Dalmatia was the native country of one of the greatest of the later Roman emperors, who, after he had become weary of governing the world, resigned the sceptre, and returned thither, to plant cabbages and moralize over the vanity of all earthly things. The stately palace, which this imperial philosopher reared for his abode during the wiser part of his life, yet stands, its vast walls enclosing nearly nine acres of ground, to impress the moral of his story more deeply upon the minds of succeeding generations.

The history of Dalmatia during the Middle Ages, also, though it may not affect the imagination so strongly as the record of Roman dominion there, is rich in incidents and great names. This region was a favorite battle ground of the Avars and Slavonians, the Venetian, the Hungarian, the Turk, and the Greek. Its rugged and mountainous surface and deeply indented coast, though not favorable to warlike operations on a great scale, afforded many a stronghold and safe place of retreat, which served to protract an obstinate partisan struggle. Armies were destroyed by ambuscade in its mountain gorges, while the intricate passages among its islands sheltered many a horde of pirates, who preyed on the rich commerce of the

Venetians. The wave of Turkish invasion, which more than once threatened to engulf all Europe, was broken and repelled from these rocky passes guarded by hardy mountaineers. Republicans find shelter in the mountains when they are driven from the plains, as if the pure air of their cold summits could only be breathed by freemen: Dalmatia, like Switzerland, can boast of many hardy little republics, which maintained their independence for centuries; and one of which, at least, continues to this day, and is a thorn in the side of the Ottoman. Many of the arts and comforts of civilized life, it is true, are kept out by the same causes which help to repel armed invaders. He who travels in this wild region must be a rough rider, and remain content with homely fare. For this reason, among others, the country has not been often visited by *dilettanti* travellers and seekers after the picturesque; many of its antiquities and striking natural features remained but partially described, and the character and pursuits of its inhabitants were but little known.

We rejoice, therefore, that a diligent scholar and explorer like Sir Gardner Wilkinson, well equipped with philological and antiquarian lore, has made a study of this interesting region, has patiently sailed, ridden, or trudged over the whole ground, and has now given us the results of his personal observations, illustrated by all that can be gleaned, pertaining to the subject, from ancient chronicles and modern researches in philology and ethnography. His volumes, in booksellers' phrase, are sumptuously "got up," the author's skilful pencil and the engraver's art having contributed largely to their adornment. If the work is in any respect open to criticism, it must be on the ground that the writer's learning is almost oppressive, and is not so thoroughly digested and assimilated with the personal narrative as to suit the appetite of the moderns for light reading. Our traveller is more frequently an instructive than an amusing companion; and many readers will therefore undertake no more than what we have proposed as the limit of our own endeavors; namely, to skim the cream of the book, and leave its weightier matters for subsequent study and reference. The information afforded is not absolutely of the latest date, as the author's visit to the country appears to have been made in 1844; and the revolutionary storm, which has since shaken every kingdom in Europe, may

have produced some agitation of the political elements even in regions so remote and obscure as those which are here described. The author alludes in his preface to these changes "perplexing monarchs," and says that, although his observations on the Slavonic movement, and some other topics, were penned before the commotions occurred in Austria, he has not seen cause to modify any thing that he had written. His introductory chapter, therefore, which relates to the origin, condition, and prospects of the Slavonic race generally, and especially of that portion of it which forms the bulk of the population of Dalmatia and Montenegro, must be considered as the result of his latest study and observation.

Of the Slavonic language he observes, that it belongs to the Indo-European family, and that the people who speak it must have emigrated from Central Asia long before authentic history began. That it belongs to the same stock with the Greek, Latin, and German, is proved by its bearing a closer affinity to the Sanscrit than to either of these derivative languages. Some resemblance may even be traced, as this theory would lead us to expect, between the English and the Slavonic, of which the words *stina*, 'stone,' *sestra*, 'sister,' and the use of *yes* as an affirmative, are instances. It is a curious fact, also, that the Slavonians have names for animals which are not natives of the countries they inhabit, — the elephant, the camel, and the monkey, for example; these names are not derived from other European languages, and therefore must have been brought with them on their migration from the original birthplace of mankind, where these creatures abound. The usual derivation of the name Slavonian is from *Slava*, 'glory,' which is frequently used in the composition of names; as *Vladislav*, 'ruler of glory.' It is a curious and even affecting circumstance, that the race being less warlike than the nations with whom they came in contact, and being also more patient of suffering and servitude than they, have been so generally reduced to bondage, that their name is now used to denote the condition of a *slave;* their patronymic, beginning in *glory*, ends in *servitude.* According to Krasinski, the various dialects of their language may be reduced to two classes, the former being spoken by the western, the latter by the southeastern tribes. The first class includes the Bohemian, from which the Slowack

but slightly differs, the Polish, and the Lusatian languages; the second comprises the Russian, subdivided into the Great Russian or Muscovite, the Little Russian, otherwise called the Russniak or Ruthenian, and the White Russian; the Bulgarian, and the Illyrian, which last includes the Servian, Croatian, and Carinthian dialects. It is computed, that the several tribes which use the dialects of the first class number over sixteen millions, while nearly sixty-two millions use those of the second. About one third of the population of Europe, therefore, belongs to the great Slavonic family, and about half of the territory of the continent is in their possession.

"Of the growing importance of this race, and the influence it is likely to enjoy, we may judge from the fact of its amounting already to more than seventy millions of souls; and if it has not yet enjoyed the preëminence which has distinguished many other people, this may be attributed to the particular current of events; and it is reasonable to suppose that it only awaits the opportunity, which appears to be afforded to all nations in their turn, of obtaining celebrity and power.

"One of its branches has indeed been distinguished in modern times; and the wars of the Poles with the Turks have rendered their name forever illustrious; and if Poland has fallen, another nation, whose chief elements are Slavonic, is rising rapidly to power; and never had that race so great a claim upon the attention of Europe as at the present moment. Already do the Slavonic tribes look to Russia as their head, through whom they hope to rise to a prominent position in the scale of European races; and anxiously may Europe watch the result of this movement. Even Poland begins to forget the sufferings of Warsaw, in the hope of sharing the honor reflected upon it by the rise of the leading Slavonic power; the distant and secluded Montenegrin rejoices in the increasing importance of that widely-extended family of which he is a member; and other Slavonic populations feel the community of origin and religion with the Russian.

"It is for Germany to watch the result; and well may it be for Europe, if France, instead of indulging in useless hatred of England, shall prepare for the moment when Russia will call forth the strength of her Slavonic influence." Vol. I. pp. 4, 5.

We can easily understand why the whole German people should regard with great jealousy and dislike the theory of Panslavism, or the project of uniting all the branches of the great Slavonic race into one vast kingdom, which would be able effectually to control the destinies of Europe. Hitherto, they

have been "hereditary bondsmen," until their very name, as we have seen, has become the badge of servitude. They have been scattered and oppressed in consequence of their isolation. Nearly eighteen millions of them, forming half of the population of Austria, have been subjected to the rule of about five millions of Germans, and a little over four millions of Magyars. But they are now beginning to awake to a knowledge of their power and a consciousness of their rights; so that Germany, their nearest neighbor, and one of their severest taskmasters, has reason to regard with dismay the project of their union in government and arms, though she will share the peril ultimately, if not at first, with the greater part of occidental Europe. The instinct of race is strong; the ties of a common origin and a common language are but little weakened by local separation and differences of dialect. The Saxon colonies established seven centuries ago in the valleys of remote Transylvania heard the cry that was raised in 1848 for a United Germany, and were among the first to answer it, though at their own imminent peril, isolated as they were, — by demanding that the German fatherland should extend to every region where the German language was spoken. The Bohemian dialect does not differ more from the Slowack, nor the Croatian from the Servian, than does the Italian spoken by the populace at Naples from that which is heard in the streets of Venice. But the cause of united and independent Italy was supported with equal enthusiasm in both these cities, and Neapolitan volunteers commanded by a Neapolitan general assisted in defending the Queen of the Adriatic against the Austrians.

The startling events of the last two years in Europe have tended as directly and as strongly to consolidate the great Slavonic family, as to unite the Germans and the Italians under their respective national standards. The war in Hungary, as we have recently shown, was not so much a war of political principles as a war of races. Russia knew her own interest well when she interfered to protect the Slavonic tribes south of the Danube, when she ordered Paskiewitch to coöperate with Jellachich and Raiachich, whose euphonious names alone are significant of consanguinity. The Colossus of the North was not moved by any sympathy with Austrian despotism. The united empire of Austria was an obstacle to Russian

aggrandizement, an impediment to the march of a Russian army to Constantinople. The Czar would willingly have seen this obstacle shivered into fragments, this united empire split into several independent kingdoms or distracted republics. But it was of vast importance to him to conciliate the outlying members of the vast nationality of which he is the virtual head, and thus to pave the way for future alliances which will protect his right flank when he comes at last to plant the standard of the cross once more on the shores of the Bosphorus. The greatest of the evils which have resulted from the late rash and unjust, but gallant, attempt of the Magyars to preserve and extend the haughty dominion of their own nationality over the races that have long been subject to them, is, that it has converted Panslavism from a theory into a fact, and from a republican into a despotic movement, by placing the Russian autocrat at the head of it.

That we do not wrongly construe or exaggerate the nature and importance of this agitation of the Slavonic tribes, appears from the following very temperate speculations of Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who wrote, be it remembered, before the recent movements in Europe had flashed a new and strong light upon the subject.

"Time will decide whether Russia knows how to profit by the sympathies of the Slavonic populations, or whether they will unite, to form a distinct nation. Much, it is thought, will depend on the present Panslavistic* movement, and the independent, and enthusiastic wishes of many Slavonians may lead to better results than the support and aggrandizement of Russia.

"The idea of Panslavism had a purely literary origin. It was started by Kollar, a Protestant clergyman of the Slavonic congregation at Pesth, in Hungary, who wished to establish a national literature, by circulating all works, written in the various Slavonic dialects, through every country where any of them was spoken. He suggested that all the Slavonic literati should become acquainted with the sister dialects, so that a Bohemian or other work might be read on the shores of the Adriatic, as well as on the banks of the Volga, or any other place where the Slavonic language was spoken; by which means an extensive literature might be created, tending to advance knowledge in all Slavonic countries; and he supported his arguments by observing, that the dialects of ancient Greece differed from each other,

* Or more properly *Panslavic.*

like those of his own language, and yet that they formed only one Hellenic literature.

"The idea of an intellectual union of all these nations naturally led to that of a political one; and the Slavonians, seeing that their number amounted to about a third part of the whole population of Europe, and occupied more than half its territory, began to be sensible that they might claim for themselves a position, to which they had not hitherto aspired.

"The opinion gained ground; and the question now is, whether the Slavonians can form a nation independent of Russia; or whether they ought to rest satisfied in being part of one great race with the most powerful member of it as their chief. The latter, indeed, is gaining ground amongst them, and some Poles are disposed to attribute their sufferings to the arbitrary will of the Czar, without extending the blame to the Russians themselves. These begin to think that, if they cannot exist as Poles, the best thing to be done is to rest satisfied with a position in the Slavonic Empire, and they hope that when once they give up the idea of restoring their country, Russia may grant some concessions to their separate nationality.

"The same idea has been put forward by writers in the Russian interest; great efforts are making among other Slavonic people, to induce them to look upon Russia as their future head; and she has already gained considerable influence over the Slavonic populations of Turkey.

"Those, however, who are most animated by love of independence, and a regard for national rights, consider it unworthy of them to become tools in the hands of an ambitious power; they advocate the idea of establishing a confederation of the Slavonic States; and think that the regeneration of their race should be entrusted to those who in past times have shown a regard for the free institutions of Slavonians, rather than to the Russians, who have disregarded the nationality of the populations they have absorbed in their gigantic empire.

"It might be difficult to form a different nation, in the midst, and in spite, of powerful kingdoms, whose real, or supposed interests would lead them to interfere; some have therefore thought, since the Hungarians have shown so much hostility to the Slowacks, Croatians, and others connected with them, that Austria, half Slavonian as she is, might be induced to put herself at the head of a Slavonic movement; while some foresee the possibility of establishing a Slavonic empire on the ruins of Turkey. That they would be better suited to take the place of the worn-out Turks than the Greeks, who are given to dream of Constantinople as their capital, is true; and a Christian successor to those Moslem intruders might seem a desirable event, when not entailing the

cession of the Turkish capital to the Czar; but the attainment of such a result is far from probable; and the current of Panslavism seems doomed to merge into the main stream of Russian influence, unless a common feeling in favor of liberty unites the Germans with the Slavonic populations.

"It will be interesting to watch the turn taken by this movement, or by the policy of Russia. The Russians are enacting much the same part as the Macedonians of old; and the means then used to excite the Greeks against the enemy of their race, may find a counterpart in those now beginning to be employed to rouse the prejudices of the Slavonians. Like the '*Regale Numisma*' of Philip, the gold of Russia performs its part; and the fear of Europe is not, as Napoleon* suggested, when a 'bearded Czar' shall wield the sceptre, but when Russia shall possess wealth enough to further her projects, and shall command the co-operation of the Slavonic populations. On the other hand, there is reason to believe, that the liberty of Europe will not be endangered by the increasing power of Russia; she has an encroaching, rather than an invading tendency; she is unassailable herself, but her system of government, her social condition, and the difficulty she has in keeping up a large army at a distance from home, prevent her being formidable to any but her immediate neighbors; many of the Slavonians are not disposed subserviently to perform a part to suit her purposes, and so long as the other states of Europe are true to their own interests, no fear need be entertained from the magnitude of her empire.†" Vol. II. pp. 214–218.

But from these speculations upon the future of the Slavonians, we turn to their past. There is no record of their migration to Europe, which probably took place at a period anterior to all authentic history. Less warlike than the Germans, they seldom established themselves in any country by conquest, but took quiet possession of lands evacuated by other tribes. But they multiplied and flourished, till their possessions extended from the Don to the Elbe, and from the Baltic to the Adriatic. They had formed their agricultural and commercial habits at the time of the irruption of the Huns, Avars, and other Asiatic tribes, by whom they were regarded as aborigines, or original possessors of the soil. Early in the sixth century, an army of them advanced against Constanti-

* Of the two alternatives mentioned by him, of Europe becoming either Cossack or Republican, the former seems, from recent events, to be by far the least probable.

† Since writing the above, new events have occurred, which may materially change the state of affairs in eastern Europe; but there is the same reason to believe that much will depend on the conduct of the German and Slavonic populations.

nople, whence they were with difficulty repelled by the arts and arms of Belisarius. Enemies at first, they afterwards became the allies of the Greek emperors, who encouraged them to attack the Avars, by whom they had once been subjugated, but whom they now expelled from Croatia, Servia, and Dalmatia, and whose place they occupied. Their brethren in race, whom they had left behind in the north, remained attached to the inglorious pursuits of peace, and were therefore often spoiled, and at last reduced to bondage, by the northern Germans. So generally have they passed under the yoke, that, according to our author, the Dukes of Mecklenburg are the only true Slavonic dynasty now existing. Those who had established themselves to the south of the Danube, through their alliance with the Byzantine court, and the consequent influence of the Greek clergy to which they were exposed, were converted to Christianity about the middle of the seventh century. Many of the northern Slavonians remained Pagans till a comparatively recent period, the rites of idolatry being practised by them in the isle of Rügen down to 1168.

"The early Slavonians appear, from their ceremonies for the repose of the soul, to have believed in its immortality, and in a future state; though this has been questioned by some writers. Their funerals were celebrated with games and banquets. The favorite horse of the deceased was killed at his tomb; and his body was sometimes burnt, at others buried in the ground. This varied in different tribes; and Nestor relates that, even in his time, which was more than a century after the introduction of the Christian religion into Russia, the Krivitches and Viatiches burnt their dead, and laid their ashes in vessels placed on posts near the highways; whilst the Polanes always buried their dead in the earth, even before their conversion to Christianity. But the most remarkable fact connected with their funerals is, that widows generally burned themselves on the funeral piles of their husbands, which cannot fail to call to mind the Suttees of Hindostan; and which, with the remembrance of their language, and the character of their many-faced and many-armed gods, appears to indicate a connection with India. The earliest mention of Suttees in India is in the Vedas, which date eight hundred and eighty years before our era; and they are noticed by Cicero and other ancient writers. But the custom is also said by Herodotus to have existed among the Crestonians of Thrace, and it was found among the Scandinavians.

"The government of the early Slavonic nations had a popu-

lar form, and Procopius tells us 'they obey not the rule of a single man, but from the most remote times have lived under a democracy.' It is, however, certain that though their public affairs were settled by popular assemblies (traces of which have existed till a very late period among some of them,) the executive government was vested in a more limited body, and the supreme jurisdiction was committed to the hands of a sovereign, aided by a senate composed of the wealthy and influential chiefs of the land. Those who came to Dalmatia had their princes; and the Slavonians acknowledged an hereditary sovereign, as well as a class of nobles, from the earliest periods of their history. Nor do those inherited rights interfere with the existence of popular assemblies; the office of ruler of Montenegro is hereditary in the same family, as are the rights of the aristocracy amongst that Slavonic race; though the assembly of the people has always existed there, and has power to deliberate on measures regarding the public good, and even to resist abuses, if attempted by the hereditary chiefs.

"The custom of holding their assemblies in the open air was very ancient, and was adopted by the old republics of Novgorod and Plescow, as well as by that of Poglizza in Dalmatia, till its extinction in 1807; and the same continues in Montenegro to the present day." Vol. I. pp. 24, 25.

The fact that a tribe of Slavonians obtained possession, in the Middle Ages, of the Morea, and held it for more than two centuries, is not often mentioned in history, though it is the only explanation that can be given for the many Slavonic names of places that are still found there, such as Vostitza, Goritza, Slavitza, Veligosti, and others. The name of the peninsula itself is derived by our author from the Slavonic word *móré*, signifying 'the sea.' Fallmerayer, a German historian of the Morea, even maintains that the modern Greek population of this celebrated locality is not composed of the descendants of the countrymen of Miltiades and Socrates, but that they are derived from the Slavonic hordes. But as they use the Romaic, or modern Greek idiom, it is more reasonable to suppose that the ancient inhabitants returned to their former homes after the barbarian invaders had retired, or at any rate, that they mingled their blood with their conquerors. Local names, Fallmerayer argues, can be given only by inhabitants long established in the country; and it is certain that the Slavonic names continue, while many of those mentioned by Pausanias and Procopius have disappeared. On the other

hand, the prevalence of the Romaic language now proves, either that the Slavonians retired in a body, or that they were too few in number, if they remained, to preserve their language and the purity of their blood.

Beginning at Trieste, and passing southward, Sir Gardner Wilkinson seems to have visited all the principal places on the Dalmatian coast before penetrating into the interior. He speaks of Fiume as a picturesque little town, of about eight thousand inhabitants, prettily situated at the head of the gulf, where it is the only outlet of Hungarian commerce to the Adriatic. The possession of this little patch of sea-coast, called the *Littorale*, was long vehemently coveted by the Hungarians, Austria being very loth to give it up to them. It was first ceded by Maria Theresa in 1777, and finally united to Hungary in 1822. The recent war has again deprived her of it, and the proud Magyars, ceasing to rule other races, are now confined to what is the proper Magyarland, — namely, the districts where they constitute the majority of the population. The island of Veglia, a short distance south of Fiume, was an independent republic, though one of the smallest, till the fifteenth century, when Count Frangipani ceded it to Venice. The number of these little republican states which formerly existed in Dalmatia, and the length of time through which they preserved their independence, fully support the assertion, that the Slavonic nations throughout their history have manifested a preference for a popular form of government. Veglia has excellent harbors and a fertile soil ; so that, if cultivated, it might again, as of old, be largely productive of grain, oil, and wine. Our traveller gives copious extracts from a very curious account of it rendered by the Venetian commissioner, who was sent in 1481 to inquire into the state of the island. The government, it appears, was a republic composed of nobles and people, three orders of magistrates being chosen from the former, and one from the latter. The chief of the state was chosen but for one year, during which he was absolute, and governed by the aid of his council.

Zara, the capital of Dalmatia, renowned under the Roman dominion, and afterwards in the wars between the Venetians, Hungarians, and the Turks, is now a little place with less than seven thousand inhabitants. But it is large enough for

the province of which it is the capital, the whole population of which does not exceed four hundred thousand, seven eighths of whom are Slavonians, and about an equal proportion are Roman Catholics. The city has a sea-gate of the Roman time still in tolerably good preservation, and a few other antiquities of that period; but its most interesting remains bear the stamp of the winged lion of St. Mark, who held the place in his claws for several centuries with a firm grasp. When that gripe was relaxed, the double-headed eagle of Austria pounced upon the city, and has held it ever since in a less rigid, but more enervating embrace. Our traveller tells us that the people, like true, patient Slavonians, are "very quiet under the 'paternal government;' its policy throws no positive obstacles in the way of improvement, as did that of the Venetians; and the fault is rather that it fails sufficiently to encourage, than that it directly opposes, beneficial measures." The Duomo, or Cathedral, is a splendid building, one glance at the engraving of which is enough to show its Venetian origin. It was erected in the thirteenth century, by Enrico Dandolo, after the French and Venetian crusaders had captured the city, the motive probably being to avert the displeasure of the Pope, who had severely censured the captors for pillaging the churches. Considering the great religious object that the crusaders professed to have in view, it must be admitted that His Holiness did right to be angry with them for their sacrilegious conduct; but this was not the first time that the warlike pilgrims seem to have believed that the service of God in Palestine on which they were engaged, afforded an excuse for serving another potentate while on the way thither. Among the other remarkable buildings is a Benedictine nunnery, founded in the year 1066, by the sister of Casimir, king of Croatia. A king of Hungary, who overran Dalmatia half a century afterwards, also erected a tower in the city, which is yet standing. Thus the city abounds in monuments which show how often it has passed from the dominion of one race to that of another, the native Slavonians being almost the only race who have held it without erecting characteristic memorials of their power. The geologist will be interested in Zara for another reason, as it appears that "the land has sunk very much since the time of the Romans, and many ancient pavements have been found beneath the level of the sea."

Spalato, the second city of Dalmatia, derives its name, which is a corruption of *palatium*, from Diocletian's palace, within the precincts of which most of it is built. The massive external walls of this vast and venerable pile, the arches in them being filled up with masonry, have often protected the inhabitants from the attacks of pirates and other enemies. The interior is deformed by a shapeless aggregation of modern houses, which hide many of the most interesting features of the structure; but with some study its general plan can be made out, and portions of it are in high preservation, chiefly because what was erected to the old pagan divinities was afterwards consecrated to the Christian's God, and thus saved from the hand of the spoiler. The temple of Jupiter is now the Cathedral of Spalato, and that of Esculapius has been dedicated to St. John. It is to be feared that these changes of name, in the minds of those who made them, were not accompanied by any very distinct conception of the nature of the alteration; for in a list of relics preserved in a Dalmatian church, we find enumerated, among other things, "remains of St. John Baptist and of *other gods*." Superstition is but a blind guide to ignorance; but in the Middle Ages, it often accomplished the same ends that are pursued by the taste and scholarship of modern times. Besides these temples, some stately colonnades and gates are yet standing, as if to indicate that the imperial philosopher, even after he had abdicated the rule of the Roman world, and retired to plant cabbages at Salona, had not lost all his taste for magnificence and splendor. The "Golden Gate" of his vast palace is still nearly perfect, though the porphyry columns, which once supported a row of seven arches above it, were carried off by the Venetians for the adornment of their own city.

"Ciccarelli states that, when the limits of the palace were found insufficient for the increasing population of Spalato, part of the western wall was pulled down, and a new circuit substituted; and he attributes the falling of the southwest tower to an accident. On this occasion, 'a porphyry sarcophagus was discovered in a cavity, within the thickest part of its walls, bearing the single name of Diocletian in ancient characters. At each corner was a terra-cotta lamp of excellent workmanship, and in the middle of the sarcophagus an urn of Parian marble, containing the ashes.' There was also a sort of medallion, representing a man wearing

a helmet, and armor on his breast, with a beard, whom he conjectures to be the emperor; accounting for the unusual circumstance of the beard, by supposing that during his retirement he had adopted that custom of his native country." Vol. I. p. 126.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson tells us that the situation and climate of Spalato are very agreeable and healthy; while the orange and palm trees, which thrive there in the open air, and the many charming views in the neighborhood, show that Diocletian was a good judge in selecting it as the place of his retreat. We also learn from our traveller, that this city is "supposed to be the scene of Shakspeare's Twelfth Night, which he lays in Illyria;" it may be supposed that it has an equally good claim to be the immortal dramatist's seaport in Bohemia, the exact position of which is a problem that has severely exercised the wits of the geographers. It would be worth while to ascertain what traditions may still be current in Spalato, respecting the later history of Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, whose revels ought not quickly to be forgotten within the very walls where they so often waked the night-owl with a catch.

Ragusa, now the capital of one of the four *Circoli*, or departments, of Dalmatia, is a place of great historical interest, as the head of a little maritime republic, which stoutly maintained its independence for centuries against the assaults both of the Venetians and the Turks. The city was noted from a very early time for its commerce, which extended to every quarter of the globe; its goodly ships, exceeding in size those which were despatched by the traders of other nations, were first called *Ragosies*, a name subsequently corrupted into *Argosies*, became proverbial from the amount of wealth which they were supposed to carry. Thus the Merchant of Venice is appropriately told, —

> "Your mind is tossing on the ocean,—
> There, where your *argosies* with portly sail,
> Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,
> Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
> Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
> That curtsey to them, do them reverence,
> As they fly by them with their woven wings."

Such a rival as Ragusa might well excite the jealousy and cupidity of Venice, whose incessant hostility forced it to seek

friendly relations with the Ottomans, though the valor of its citizens at other times had often stayed the progress of Turkish conquest.

"In 1240, a treaty was made with the Almissans, which proves that the Ragusan commerce already extended to the eastern and western shores of the Mediterranean.

"From that time their trade continued to increase; and in the fifteenth century, it assumed an imposing character; which was promoted by the permission, by the Holy See, to trade with the Infidels.

"The friendly relations, existing between the Ragusans and the Porte, enabled them to enjoy an undisturbed traffic, when other flags were exposed to the depredations of the Moslems; much of the carrying trade fell into their hands; and the privilege they obtained by treaty, to receive into their port ships of States at war with the Porte, conferred a great benefit on the commerce of Ragusa.

"With Spain their trade was on a very great scale; and from the number of ships lost when in alliance with that country, some idea may be formed of the extent of the mercantile navy of Ragusa; more than three hundred captains, with their vessels, having been at various periods in the service of Charles V. and his successors. They also traded with the English and Dutch; and some of their ships went to India, and to the American coast. With the Dutch they had intimate commercial relations; and the advantages they enjoyed in England are shown by a letter written to the Senate by Cromwell, who granted them numerous commercial privileges in every English port." Vol. I. pp. 352, 353.

Richard the Lion-Heart, having narrowly escaped shipwreck on his return from Palestine, vowed that he would build a church to the Holy Virgin on the first land that he reached. He landed on the little island of Lacroma, which lies just off the port of Ragusa; and was proceeding to execute his intention there, when the Ragusans, who had received him with all kindness and respect, entreated him to erect the proposed edifice in their own city, where it would be a more public and generally accessible token of his piety and munificence. He complied, and "having *borrowed* a large sum of money for the purpose, which was increased by donations from the inhabitants, built the Cathedral of Ragusa, which for regularity of design and beauty of ornament, was unequalled in Illyria." This edifice was unfortunately destroyed by the great earthquake of 1667; but the Ragusans long rejoiced

that their city had been thus honored by the chivalrous Richard of England. It was shortly after he left them that the Crusader king fell into the hands of perfidious Austria, and underwent his cruel and protracted imprisonment.

In every other city along the Dalmatian coast, the traces of its former occupation by the Venetians are visible; in Ragusa first, says our traveller, the winged lion of St. Mark is nowhere seen. But in other respects, the aspect of the place excites mournful feelings, as it has been repeatedly shivered into ruins by earthquakes, and but few tokens remain of its bygone grandeur and opulence. The commerce of Europe found another way to the East, which did not lie through the cities of the Adriatic, and the sources of their prosperity gradually dried up even before they forfeited their well merited and gallantly defended independence. The rule of the French under Napoleon was too transient in Illyria to produce any marked effect on the character and fortunes of its people; and Austria has fenced round its favorite Trieste with so many special privileges that neither Venice nor Ragusa can any longer compete with it. The manufactures of the latter have ceased to flourish, and the caravans from the Turkish provinces, which once poured wealth into it, now never enter its deserted streets. Its population at present hardly amounts to 6,000, though it was formerly six or seven times as great; and only half a dozen small vessels keep up the shadow of its departed commerce. Ragusa lives only in her history, which is an honorable record of a gallant and long continued struggle for independence, and of a liberal and judicious policy, which always afforded an asylum to exiles from other lands, and kept up for two centuries the only peaceful communication that existed between Christian Europe and the Turks.

The ancient form of government at Ragusa was an aristocratic republic, not unlike that of Venice. There were three divisions of the inhabitants, — the nobles, the commons, who were the trading class, and the artisans, — the last having no share in the government. The chief of the republic, who was first called *Priore*, then *Count*, and lastly *Rettore*, was appointed by the council of nobles, and held his office for only one month. He kept the keys of the city, and might convoke the Councils, but had only one vote in them, like any other senator. The general harmony of the several classes

of the inhabitants was seldom disturbed, as "the patriotic conduct of the nobles prevented that discord, arising from the clashing interests of the aristocracy and people, which occasioned such incessant feuds in other republics." Great care was bestowed on education, and the more wealthy citizens sent their sons to the universities of Italy, that they might have the benefit of the best instruction. The consequence was, that the Ragusans spoke Italian with greater purity than the other Dalmatians, and many of them became distinguished in literature and science. The names of Ghetaldi and Father Boscovich, both natives of this city, occupy a high place in the history of European science and philosophy.

The most interesting portion of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's book is his account of the little independent state of Montenegro, a country not much over eighty square leagues in extent, and peopled by about 100,000 Slavonic mountaineers, whose bravery and hardihood have repelled all the efforts of their Christian and Mohammedan invaders for centuries, and maintained their freedom and their ancient form of government down to the present time. They still keep up incessant war with the Turks, and many of them, like the mosstroopers of the Scottish Border in former days, get a livelihood only by their frequent predatory incursions into the neighboring provinces. They cannot muster more than 20,000 fighting men; yet the whole Ottoman power, though often exerted for this purpose, has never sufficed to drive them out of their mountain fastnesses, or to weary them into submission. They are governed by a Prince-Bishop, of the Greek church, who is called their *Vladika*, and whose regal, sacerdotal, and military functions are somewhat oddly blended together. The office is hereditary in one family; but as the Vladika is a consecrated bishop, and cannot marry, the succession always falls to a nephew or other relative, in a manner which rather confounds one's idea of the doctrine of apostolic succession. There is nothing very apostolic about the present Vladika, who is commander-in-chief of the Montenegrian army, and, according to our traveller, "can point a cannon or a rifle with more precision than any man in Illyria." He is the only modern representative of that class of military bishops, so numerous in the Middle Ages, who were more frequently seen with sword and cuirass than with mitre and crosier, and who

did good service in the wars of the church militant. The personal qualities of the present Vladika are well suited to command the respect of a primitive and warlike race; he has a handsome face and finely proportioned figure, is about six feet eight inches in height, and can hit with a rifle ball a lemon thrown into the air by an attendant. His usual costume is a military one, very rich in its materials, and duly garnished with ornaments and weapons; but he can quickly slip on his pontifical robes, when there is occasion for them, and administer ghostly counsel to his friends, or hurl excommunication against those of his enemies who happen to be out of musket shot. He is not only the high priest and military chieftain of his people, but their judge, legislator, and instructor; the power of life and death, peace and war, is in his hands. Yet he is not absolute, his authority being in some degree controlled by a kind of senate, consisting of twelve members, and by a necessary respect for the customs and prejudices of a free-spirited people. Our author bestows high praise upon the present Vladika, whom he represents as a highly educated gentleman, of very expanded views, courteous in manners and chivalric in feeling, who has nobly devoted his private fortune to relieving the necessities of his people, and has tasked all his energies in the attempt to introduce some necessary reforms among them, and to improve their social condition.

"The general aspect of Montenegro is that of a succession of elevated ridges, diversified here and there by a lofty mountain peak, and, in some parts, looking like a sea of immense waves turned into stone. Trees and bushes grow amidst the crags; and, in the rugged district of Cevo, the fissures in the rocks are like a glacier, which no horse can pass without breaking its legs. The mountains are all limestone, as in Dalmatia; but in no part of that country do they appear to be tossed about as in Montenegro; where a circuitous track, barely indicated by some large loose stones, calling itself a road, enables a man on foot with difficulty to pass from one ascent to another; and some idea of the rugged character of the country may be formed, from the impression of the people themselves, who say that "when God was in the act of distributing stones over the earth, the bag that held them burst, and let them all fall upon Montenegro." Vol. I. pp. 411, 412.

Our author tells many stories, both of old and recent date, some of them rather tough ones, about the bravery and spirit

of this people, either as manifested by individuals, or by large bodies of them, who resisted and drove back the numerous and well appointed Turkish armies, which at various times have attempted to penetrate and subdue their territory. Their mode of fighting is adapted to the natural advantages of their country for defence; and we can well believe that it would be successful, in spite of immense odds in point of numbers, against the unskilful tactics of the Turks. They select a fit place for an ambuscade in one of their wild mountain passes, where every man of them can lie concealed on the heights among the rocks and bushes; and when the enemy have fairly entered the defile, which has no appearance of being garrisoned, a close and well directed fire is opened upon them from all quarters, which it is hardly possible for them to return with any effect. From their strength, swiftness of foot, and acquaintance with the passes, it is vain to attempt to pursue them; and if driven from one spot, they quickly congregate in another, to renew the harassing struggle. The farther a hostile army gets engaged in this wild and broken district, the more difficult it becomes for them to advance, and the more dangerous to retreat; so that most of the invading troops have left their bones to whiten in the valleys of this unassailable region. "Never did the Turks make an inroad upon Montenegro, whether in large or small numbers, without paying dearly for the injuries they inflicted."

The Montenegrians, it must be confessed, are a nation of freebooters, whose mode of life reminds one of the ancient Highland clans, when these supported themselves by their forays into the country of their neighbors, bringing off cattle and household goods. The former, however, are good Christians of the Greek church, who would deem it flat heresy to rob their brethren in the faith, while they wage a perpetual and internecine war with infidels on conscientious principles. Their houses, or huts, are very rude in construction, built without chimneys, and having little more furniture than the better class of Irish cabins. Though the climate is severe, the country being elevated and bleak, and the tops of the mountains covered with snow for many months in the year, the poorer people lie on the floor of bare earth, and count it no hardship to sleep often in the open air, on a bench made of stones and mud. In some districts, potatoes are the chief article of

food, and the supply even of these is frequently not abundant, when the crops are short and their recent forays have not been productive. We might expect, then, as in the case of Ireland, that there would often be more mouths than food; and the constant war with the Turks, by keeping down the numbers of the people, really saves many from a lingering death by starvation. Whether in or out of the house, the Montenegrian always sleeps in his clothes, with his weapons at his side; and thus, the instant that an alarm is given, he is ready for action. Both sexes, of course, are hardy and robust, the women being accustomed to perform all the drudgery, even to the carrying of heavy burdens over their rough mountain paths. The men, when not engaged in war or driven to unusual exertions from the want of food, are inclined to do little but smoke, chat, and sleep, while the females pursue their tasks with little intermission. Considering the hardships to which they are exposed, the number of instances of longevity among them is remarkable. A French traveller visited a family which reckoned six generations, a child two years old playing by the side of its ancestor, who had seen 117 winters. Early marriages are not unusual, as several of the members of this family were but seventeen years older than their first-born.

"Though so near the sea that a stone might almost be thrown into it from the mountains overhanging Cattaro, the Montenegrians have no port; nor does their territory, in any part, come down to the shore; and they are dependent on the Austrians for permission to pass all goods intended for exportation, or received from abroad, by the Adriatic. This is a great disadvantage to the Montenegrians, and it would certainly be highly conducive to their prosperity and to their progress in civilization, if their territory reached to the sea, and enabled them to enjoy the advantages of direct commercial communication with other people. It would not, however, be desirable, either for themselves or others, that they should have possession of any stronghold like Cattaro, which they once greatly coveted; and nothing would be required but a port for the purpose of trade. A road for civilization would thus be opened into the interior, which might tend to a peaceable, and commercial, intercourse with the Turks of Bosnia and Herzegóvina, and bid fair to improve the condition of those who profited by it; and while we admit the impracticability of giving a port to Montenegro, we may hope the Austrians will take advantage of the opportunity they have, of conferring and deriving the bene-

fits likely to arise from a more intimate communication with all those countries." Vol. I. pp. 426, 427.

Of the language of the Montenegrians, Krasinski remarks, "it is considered the nearest of all the Slavonian dialects to the original Slavonic tongue; *i. e.* that into which the Scriptures were translated by St. Cyril and Methodius, in the ninth century, and which continues still to be the sacred tongue of all the Slavonian nations who follow the Eastern Church." Russia, ever watchful to obtain allies who may favor the progress of her armies in southern Europe, has not been unmindful of the common origin and religion of her own people and the Montenegrians. She has subsidized them for their services in distracting the attention and dividing the forces of Turkey; and even now pays them a yearly contribution of nearly 50,000 florins, which defrays more than half their government expenses. While the French held Illyria in the commencement of the present century, these brave mountaineers acted in concert with the English and the Russians, and were not the least formidable opponents whom the veteran troops of Napoleon had to encounter. It was natural, therefore, that in the general arrangement of European affairs at Vienna in 1815, Russia should befriend them, and prevent the cession of their territory to the conglomerate empire of Austria, or the sacrifice of their independence to the obsolete claims of the Sultan. Surrounded by their hereditary enemies, the Turks, their Vladika was obliged to seek the protection of some one of the great powers of Europe, and he could not long hesitate as to the choice. The immediate vicinity of the Austrian troops in Dalmatia was more dangerous to the independence of the Montenegrians than the remote position of Russia; and the power of the Czar is still near enough to accomplish all that was needed in their behalf. These Children of the Mist are therefore devoted to the Russian interest. Our traveller remarks, "their attachment to the Czar, the dependence they feel upon his aid, their undisguised hatred of other nations, and the spirit of Panslavism that pervades Montenegro, abundantly proves the use that will be made of these mountaineers, if ever the objects of Russia require their coöperation, together with others of the same race in the Ottoman empire; whose heterogeneous composition is partly made up of Slavonic ingredients." *En attendant*, the Montenegrians fight the

Turks on their own account, and also have an occasional brush with the Austrians, to whom, on account of their predatory habits and republican principles, they are very troublesome neighbors.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson gives an amusing account of his excursions in Montenegro, where he was received with much courtesy by the Vladika, and by the common people with as much hospitality as their circumstances permitted. But we cannot follow him in his wanderings, having already bestowed as much space upon his book as our limits will permit. His volumes, on the whole, afford more materials for grave study and meditation than for the entertainment of the passing hour, so that the lovers of very light reading will be apt to pass them by altogether. But he writes without prejudice or pretension, and throws considerable light upon what has recently become a political problem of no small moment, — the condition, tendencies, and prospects of the great Slavonic race in Europe.

Art. V. — 1. *The Pre-Adamite Earth.* By John Harris, D. D., President of Cheshunt College, Author of the "Great Teacher," "Great Commission," "Mammon," etc. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1847. 12mo. pp. 294.

2. *Man Primeval: or, the Constitution and Primitive Condition of the Human Being.* By John Harris, D. D. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1849. 12mo. pp. 480.

These volumes are on *a priori* cosmogony and anthropogony, and are the first volumes of a series of *a priori* constructions, among which are to be a treatise on domestic, and one on political economy, a gospel, and a sketch of the ultimate earthly destiny of humanity. The author is a fervently religious, and a sufficiently (though we see no reason for saying a profoundly) learned man. We are inclined to think that his true province is that of parænetic theology; and though his style has always been too diffuse to suit our taste,

we have assigned to him a high rank among the influential minds of the age. His success in this department has doubtless tempted him to go beyond it; and with an evident rectitude and loftiness of purpose, and with express design to neutralize the impression made by the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," he has addressed himself to the solution of this problem: — *Given the divine attributes, to determine the essential laws, the successive processes, the design and the destiny, of the physical and spiritual universe.* We propose to examine the validity of this mode of inquiry.

In the first place, if we suppose its results complete, definite, and satisfactory in the highest degree, it gives us merely the complementary arc of an argumentative circle. For how know we the attributes of God? Manifestly by means of the universe, which they have created, and still pervade and sustain. In saying this, we do not overlook the office of revelation. On the other hand, we thankfully acknowledge that the God whom we worship could not have become known to us, except through the teachings and character of Him whom we revere as "God manifest in the flesh," — the express image of the Invisible and the Eternal. But Christianity rests on the basis of natural religion. It volunteers no proof of the divine omnipresence or omniscience; but refers us to "the things that are made" for the evidence of the "eternal power and Godhead" of the Creator. It assumes the existence of God and his *physical* attributes, by which term we denote those which are essential to his self-existence, — those without which God could not be. Yet more, it assumes his justice and his benevolence; and its disclosures of immortality, retribution, and pardon, momentous as they are, are, philosophically speaking, mere specifications under those heads. Without the observed facts and the thence derived principles of natural theology, faith in revealed religion would be impossible. It is because the divine goodness is manifested around us in forms and ways without number, that we can lend our ready credence to those scriptural representations, which extend the reign of omnipotent love to a higher sphere of human existence. It is because, in the visible administration of the universe, virtue on the whole has greatly the advantage over vice, that we hesitate not to accept the dogma of a perfect retribution in the future state. It is because reliefs, remedies,

and cures abound in the system and course of nature, that, prior to the promulgation of Christianity, there was so much vague trust, and that, under Christian culture, there is so much intelligent and assured confidence, in the forgiveness of sin. We beg not to be misunderstood. We yield to none in our sense of the need and worth of miraculous attestation to the truths of religion; nor can there be any law or fact in the actual universe of God, which could not thus be made certain. But we can imagine things which miracles could not prove. Were the world as full of the tokens of divine malignity as it is of the traces of divine benevolence, no array of miraculous testimony could authenticate such a religion as Christianity. Were the world devoid of the marks of design, and filled with the manifest dice-work of irresponsible chance, a miraculous revelation could convey no satisfying or coherent religious knowledge. Consistency with what we already know is an essential law of belief, — a law which it is impossible that the divine veracity should supersede, and which our own minds can never escape. But if our knowledge of natural, and our faith in revealed, religion depend upon the structure, laws, and phenomena of the universe, *a priori* reasoning with regard to the universe is not reasoning, but simple verification. In this last form, it may be instructive and edifying, — in the form of argument, it is fallacious and worthless; for its premises depend upon its conclusions.

It is implied in what we have said, that this *a priori* reasoning can develop no new truth, — can add nothing to our knowledge. It is essentially a syllogistic process. It resolves itself into the following logical statement: — "The universe that God has made must bear such and such marks of his attributes. The universe with which we are conversant bears these marks. Therefore God has created it." But the only question at issue is, not whether God made the universe, but whether there is a God. This question can be answered only by reasoning *a posteriori*, — by going down to the marks of benevolent design which the creation presents, and rising thence to the conception of an intelligent and benevolent Creator. This, as regards our knowledge, is a constructive process. Inductive reasoning reveals truth. Every successive generalization is a fact of its own order. We pass from the phenomena of the visible universe, first, to the idea of

benevolent design, and then, through our own consciousness as moral agents, to the existence of a God endowed with intellectual and moral attributes corresponding to the obvious characteristics impressed upon the outward universe.

A priori deductions, as to what the universe must needs be, are either specific or general. If specific, they imply on the part of the reasoner wisdom coëxtensive with that of the Supreme Artificer. He, who is qualified to pronounce definitely what *must be* the succession and the mode of the divine manifestations, is fit to take the place of the Creator, and might, if he only had space and power, construct a universe of his own as perfect as that which God has made. But the very admission of the infinite wisdom of the Divine Being leaves room for the supposition that he may have designs and ends beyond human ken, and that among the purposes embodied in his creation there may be some not yet so far developed as to come within the cognizance of a finite mind. The reasoner *a posteriori* may admit the existence of mysterious laws and phenomena, and yet his inductions, if they embrace a sufficient number of known facts, are sound and valid; while the *a priori* reasoner, taking the entire attributes of God as the basis of his argument, professes to have the key for the solution of all mysteries.

Deductions of this sort also, so far as they are positive and specific, beg in the negative the question of the Creator's freedom. Necessity in some form must be the parent of an universe that admits of an *a priori* projection. Either the laws of nature must have a sanction and validity prior to, and independent of, the will of the Creator, so that he is rather their subject than their author; or else his resources are so far limited that he had not the choice between two or more equally glorious and beneficent plans of self-manifestation. In the former case, we abut upon the anti-Christian theories of a plastic nature and the eternity of matter, and divide the attribute of omnipotence between him whom we call the Almighty and some metaphysical abstraction of our own fancies; in the latter, we make an assumption equally arrogant in regard to Him whose essence transcends the legitimate field of our speculations, and unauthorized by the analogy of our own moral experience. Indeed, the idea that there can be but one best way belongs to the very numerous

class of fallacies, growing out of the transfer of mathematical principles to the department of ontology and ethics. There is a *maximum* among the chords of a circle, among surfaces of the same perimeter, among solids of the same superficial extent. But there is not necessarily in every case an *optimum* among possible courses of moral conduct. Philanthropy may be equally well directed in either of several different channels of effort. The same worthy end may often be reached through a wide diversity of routes. Very different plans of life might be chosen by the same individual with equal fitness, and be pursued with equally pure motives and lofty principles. And if we are authorized to apply to the conduct of the Divine Being any analogies founded on our limited knowledge, it must be those derived from that moral and spiritual life which is kindled from his own, rather than from the laws of space and dimension. That we cannot conceive of any change in the system of things except for the worse, by no means proves that system the *only best* that God could have made; for parts are so adapted to parts, and means to ends, that there could be no substitution of some details for others without marring the symmetry and violating the harmony of the whole. But we can conceive that the power, wisdom, and benevolence of the Creator might have been as fully manifested in an altogether different system, as in the present order of nature.

These *a priori* deductions must, then, be general in order to be valid. They cannot extend to physical laws and arrangements; but, when they seem to cover this ground, they must be the axioms of religious knowledge translated into the language of physical science. In their only unexceptionable form, they are the merest truisms. Thus, for instance, the *a priori* law, formally announced by our author, that "every object and event in the material universe will be found to be variously related," is simply a somewhat obscure statement of the divine unity; and the law that "every thing belonging to the great system of creation will be found either promoting, or existing under an obligation to promote, the great end, commensurate with its means and relations," implies neither more nor less than that God can make nothing in vain. Now, if one prefers stating religious truths in these inverted and involved forms, we find no fault with his taste.

But the writer who pursues this course is looking the wrong way. What we most need is to have our regards fixed upon the Creator through his works, — the process of investigation, in which the face is turned towards, and the attention riveted upon, the outward universe, ministers very indirectly to the spirit of reverence and adoration.

The treatises before us in part evade criticism by their Protean character. In their details, they often seem to assume the theory of an *only best;* and with regard to many physical laws and arrangements, which it seems to us more reverent to treat as contingent, the author's language literally implies that they could not have been otherwise. Yet the fundamental laws of the divine action, on which these treatises are based, are, all of them, awkwardly enunciated truisms, such as, for aught we can see to the contrary, might have been equally verified in an universe which had not a single physical characteristic in common with that which actually exists. That this is the case, our author admits in several fundamental portions of the theory of the universe. Thus, he evidently leans very strongly (and as we are inclined to say, especially in connection with the rapid progress made in the resolution of the nebulæ, very absurdly) towards La Place's nebular hypothesis; and frequently reminds us that his fundamental laws are equally verified in this hypothesis and in the ordinary theory of creation. But wherever his convictions are strong and earnest, his fundamental laws become imperative in their requisitions. Thus, on antecedent grounds, he denounces the doctrines of modern phrenology as impossible. We agree with him in denying them; but we cannot see how or why they are absolutely untenable, *salvâ fide*. We can conceive of their truth in entire consistency with the fundamental dogmas of natural and revealed religion; and reject them only because the inductive evidence in their favor is insufficient to render them probable.

Anthropomorphism is an inherent error and an inevitable danger connected with investigations like those under review. The *a priori* world-maker takes God's point of sight, and yet ceases not to be a man. He views all objects through the partial media, and under the necessary limitations, of human vision. He contemplates the attributes of the Deity, not simultaneously, but successively. These defects are no

blot on his representations of physical or scientific truth, so long as he reverently confesses, "Lo, these are parts of his ways; but how little a portion is heard of him!" But when he assumes a central position, and professes to give us a symmetrical view of the vast whole, he can hardly fail to ascribe to the Creator much that belongs only to the dimness and finiteness of his own conceptions. For marks of this tendency we might refer our readers to these volumes *passim;* and though in language they are generally well guarded, we occasionally meet with phraseology bordering upon irreverence; as when the author speaks of one system's "furnishing an inconceivably severer test of Divine all-sufficiency" than another.

Dr. Harris's whole system is founded upon an anthropomorphitic theory. The divine attributes are revealed in a certain succession to human knowledge, and are presented to our conceptions according to that same order. Power, wisdom, love, holiness, mercy, form the series in which they spontaneously arrange themselves in thought and language. Therefore, says our author, they must needs have manifested themselves in the creation in this precise order, and each of the series must have had its era of exhibition before the next succeeding played a prominent part in the great drama. We are indeed told that no attribute of God can have been absolutely dormant; but are given to understand that, at successive stages of creation, all but one, all but two, or all but three would have seemed otiant to a spectator. Power was the attribute which necessarily came first in the order of manifestation. We are assured that no class of spiritual existences can have preceded the material universe. Angels there were not, when the heavens and the earth were made; for their existence would have presupposed the development in a plastic form of the divine love and holiness, and "*our principles* require, that, whatever the rank of the angelic order may be, the process of the Divine manifestation to it observes the same order it does to man." The primeval act of creation, then, either called into existence a nebular mass, from which suns, systems, and worlds were gradually enucleated, or else the separate bodies which we now call planets and stars. For ages after their creation or separate existence, these bodies were the scene of conflict, fermentation, and

combination among the elementary atoms, under the brute laws of gravitation, chemical affinity, and crystallization. Thus were the waters and the rocks elaborated. Thus were the massive features of this world, and of all worlds, carved in rough. Thus were the primitive strata of our globe deposited and indurated. Thus was shaped and consolidated an universe, so entirely blank as regarded marks of design, that a finite spectator would have beheld in it no intellectual or moral attribute of the Deity, but would have regarded it as the purposeless mirror of omnipotence.

When these ages of power had completed their cycle, wisdom entered upon the field of creation in the forms of organized, but non-sentient being. To be sure, some animal remains are found, we are told, in the lowest fossiliferous strata, and how they came to be thus misplaced we are not informed. But in fact, vegetable formations predominate in the earliest rocks, and of right they ought to occupy unrivalled the lowest place. It is not, indeed, easy to trace in the fossil Flora a regular and uninterrupted progress from the lower to the higher forms of vegetable life; for the soft and destructible nature of plants has obliterated much of the evidence of this sort, which must have existed some thousands of centuries ago. But divine wisdom must needs have proceeded tentatively, from the ferns and cryptogamous orders to plants of more complex structure and more manifold potential utilities. In the fossil botany of our planet, our author traces, and we think on sufficient grounds, three successive eras, — the first marked by the predominance of the cryptogamous forms, — the second by certain genera, many of them now extinct, of the Cycadeæ, Coniferæ, and Liliaceæ, — the third by the prevalence of most of the orders with which we are now conversant.

During this period, the Divine benevolence was developed only in that eternal purpose, in which the whole future must have been forever present. It now embodies itself in the third great epoch, that of animal and sentient existence, — in the creation of beings capable of enjoyment, but not the subjects of law, responsibility, or moral agency. Here, again, there are some links wanting, and some misplaced in the series of geological testimony; and our author is not very clear as to the principle of progression in this department. He is satisfied, however, (and with reason,) that in advancing

from the earlier to the later strata, there is a graduated increase in the number of species found in a fossil state; that among the vertebrated classes the geological order is that of an ascending series, fishes, reptiles, birds, and mammals; and that there is a gradual progress from the prevalence of extinct to that of existing species.

The time had now arrived for the manifestation of the Divine holiness. The pristine act of creation is that indicated in the first chapter of Genesis, — "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth." The eras already described transpired in the interval left by the sacred historian between the first and the second verse. Prior to the introduction of man upon the stage, the earth was thrown by some awful convulsion into a virtually chaotic state, though with the records of prior creations imbedded in its submerged strata. At this period, the higher orders of the spiritual world were called into being, and the interlude before the next great act of creative energy was sufficiently long for some of them to have fallen from their lofty estate, to have peopled pandemonium, and to have prepared a Tempter through whose agency human virtue might be put to the test. Then, within the space of six solar days, the earth and the visible universe assumed their present forms and relations; the land was clothed with verdure and bloom; the sky, field, and forest were stocked with the parent brood of our existing species of animals; and man, subject to law, and capable of the highest moral development, was ushered into the home made ready for him. The attribute of mercy alone remained unmanifested; for human guilt was needed as its background, and it was essential that holiness, in its form of strict legality, proclaimed amidst the thunders of Sinai, and inexorable in its requisition of perfect obedience, should have its age-long era of manifestation, before the fulness of time arrived for the advent of him who should adequately exhibit the forbearance and placability of the Almighty.

Now with this theory of creation, considered as the probable result of geological investigation, we can find no fault. We should differ from our author only in his interpretation of the Mosaic narrative, the days of which seem to us to correspond to successive geological epochs, so that, in our view, science and revelation lend each other mutual confirmation.

But we cannot admit an *a priori* necessity for this order. It rests on a postulate, which man can never verify in this world, namely, the non-existence of finite spirits prior to the last epoch of creation. To us, we confess, it seems more probable, that, though there may have been unnumbered ages during which this world had not a rational inhabitant, there were all the while realms of spiritual existence in which the entire circle of the divine attributes was fully manifested. We can find nothing intrinsically incredible in the common belief, that at the end of six natural days from the creation of brute matter, man walked in Eden. We should maintain this, did not geology constrain us to admit that the earth passed through many successive eras prior to the existence of man. Our objection to Chateaubriand's strange theory, that the earth was created old, and that the fossils in its lower strata are not the remains of plants or animals that ever lived, but marks of age imbedded in the solid rock by the Supreme Artificer, is, not that it interferes with any necessary order of manifestation, but that it is a virtual impeachment of the divine veracity, and a summary denial of the validity of all scientific reasoning. Nor can we believe that our author would have ever imagined the order which he presents to have been necessary, had he not been previously convinced of it as a fact resting on adequate inductive evidence. Creation must indeed have had a beginning, and God alone existed from eternity. But we are lost in our attempt to imagine the dread solitude of "Him who is from everlasting," and the moment when his creative fiat was launched into the infinite void. But so far as we can with reverence conceive of that plastic energy in its primeval goings forth, we can think only of the whole God as outrayed and mirrored in the earliest forms of being.

We find it hard, also, to sympathize with our author in his dogmatic and positive statement of the ultimate purpose of creation, namely, "the manifestation of the divine all-sufficiency." This is anthropomorphism again. Selfish display is too often the law and end of man's creations. It is a purpose, which has written its history in blood. It has inspired the usurper, armed the conqueror, steeled the heart of the spoiler. It has chained myriads of slaves, to square the stones of the pyramids. It has hewn tombs in the solid rock, and

reared palaces and temples in the desert. It has left its monuments in godless literature, in poetry which fiends might chant on their gala-days. It is only when a higher aim has been conceived, when a holier purpose has nerved the arm, attuned the tongue, inspired the pen, that man has wrought works, performed deeds, left monuments, in which posterity can rejoice. Love, philanthropy, alone, has been the motive power of those whose names have won a dear and enduring place in the heart of humanity. But we would not substitute our own anthropomorphism for our author's. We presume not with our unconsecrated hands to lift the veil from the eternal purpose of the Almighty. It has been lifted for us by those to whom God has spoken. And if there be a truth of revelation, prominent before all others, pervading the record alike of prophet, evangelist, and apostle, it is that the ultimate purpose of creation was the exercise of the divine benevolence. The theory of infinite selfishness, which our author's language literally implies, keeps its place among written dogmas in the metaphysics of theology, mainly because nobody believes it, and it therefore has not been made a subject of controversy.

We have said these things, not in depreciation of Dr. Harris's book; for allowing that such books need to be written, we should hardly expect to find less to censure than in these. But we do not believe that this is the way to study or to write natural theology. We prefer such geocentric views of the spiritual universe as we can take with accuracy, to heliocentric statements, in which imagination, inadequate conception, and fallible calculation must needs assume the place of observation. Paley's method has not yet been improved upon. The books before us comprehend a precious mass of materials for a treatise in that method, and, if so arranged, their details would present a rich series of proofs and illustrations of the divine attributes. In their present form, they are used to little purpose, and are chiefly valuable as independent facts and reasonings in physical science, rather than as the basis of a theological argument.

But while we doubt the utility of these treatises, we assign to the fundamental truths of natural and revealed religion an essential office in scientific reasoning. They are of service, however, rather in teaching us how to ask, than how to answer, questions. They show us in what direction the truth lies.

They furnish us with tests by which we may discriminate between the probable and the untenable, and may thus, even when in doubt or error, be redeemed from absurdity. They define limits within which correct theories must needs be found, — conditions which a hypothesis must satisfy in order to proffer valid claims upon our acceptance. By these means, the labor of inquiry is greatly abridged, and the progress of discovery greatly expedited. The routes of scientific research are not parallel, but cross and recross each other at frequent intervals; and there are three separate lines of investigation, at whose common points of intersection are found the fundamental truths of the physical universe.

On one of these routes the finger-post of design points the way. With inadequate views of the divine attributes, we should rest satisfied with the salient facts and *primâ facie* aspects of nature, and should readily admit the existence of purposeless and objectless forms and arrangements. The obliquity of the ecliptic would have been observed without being accounted for. Animals and plants would have been entered by name in the growing Fauna or Flora of the naturalist, without any attempt to assign them their place or office in the economy of creation. Human anatomy or physiology might have been complete in its details, and yet, as to its *rationale*, have remained in primeval rudeness. But the same mental process, which recognizes the wisdom of the Creator, dictates the axiom that nothing is made in vain, that all things exist for their several offices and subserve their respective ends. Science then no longer confines itself to the completion of its catalogue of existences and phenomena; but suspends the collection of facts to make entries on the parallel column of purposes and adaptations.

The second route is indicated by the divine benevolence. Under any system but that of Christian theism, science would make only few and casual aggressions upon the domain of apparent evil. Malignant would seem as probable as beneficent ends; and, where the immediate and conspicuous effect was disastrous, the law of design would suggest inquiry simply as to the adaptations and contrivances with reference to that disastrous result. Thus, the volcano, the earthquake, the thunderbolt, would be investigated only as to their resources of destruction, their desolating forces, their potency

as ministers of divine wrath and vengeance. But love strikes a new key-note in the harmonies of science. The Christian philosopher grapples with the seeming fiend, till he can strip off the mask that hides an angel's countenance. The fearful energies of nature are forced into the alembic, and tortured by successive tests, till they betray their benignant secret, and are exalted to their due place among beneficent agencies. The volcano thus becomes a safety-valve, the lightning a swift-winged minister of health.

The third of these routes has over its gateway the inscription, GOD IS ONE. Polytheistic science contented itself with thinly peopled groups and imperfect classifications. It traced resemblances of the lowest order, but hardly possessed the idea of analogy. Class was deemed distinct from class; the several kingdoms of nature were regarded as mutually independent; and sameness of plan in different departments was not so much as dreamed of. Analogy is but a comprehensive name for the filaments of divine oneness, which form the warp with which the ever-varying woof of creation is interwoven. Every argument from analogy is an enthymeme of which the unity of God is the suppressed member. Analogy indeed proves nothing; but it always points in the direction of the truth, suggests probabilities, solves doubts, affiliates insulated facts, and urges on the discovery of more extended inductions, higher generalizations, laws of simpler expression and wider embrace. It carries into the circuits of the stars the force that detaches the apple from its stem. It traces the commingling of the world-elements in the manipulations of the laboratory. It brings into the same system the elephant and the animalcule, the banyan that shelters an army, and the speck of mould on the crumbling wall. Impatient of differences and numbers, it ever blends, harmonizes, unites; nor can it lay down its ministry till it has inscribed on the entire creation the same clear record of the divine unity that stands on the page of revelation. Design, benevolence, unity, — these have become the watchwords of science, the conditions of probability, the germs of theories, the ultimate elements of human knowledge. But potent as these ideas are as the implements of discovery and means of progress, their office is not construction, but verification. They do not tell us what we shall find on inquiry, but only where, and on

what conditions we shall find it. They furnish not the terms of available *a priori* reasoning; but only enable us to substantiate our inductions of facts, and to pass step-wise, by observation and experiment, from lower to higher orders of truths.

After what we have said, it can hardly be needful that we give a detailed analysis or criticism of the books before us. Perhaps our *a priori* objections to their form have blinded us to some of their merits. We have admitted for them the highest and most benevolent purposes on the part of the author. We admire the truly devout spirit in which they are written. They are the fruits, if not of a thorough education, at least of extended and judicious reading in the numerous departments of science which they cover. They contain a large amount of accurate and valuable knowledge, and elaborate discussions on not a few mooted points especially in human physiology and mental science. They embody hardly a conclusion from which we would dissent. They are to a surprising degree free from the marks of sectarian theology, and are utterly devoid of the traces of sectarian exclusiveness and rancor. But at best they are dull books, indirect, involved, and awkward in style, repetitious and prosy to an almost inconceivable degree, and entirely unrelieved either by natural eloquence or rhetorical artifice. They will be bought, no doubt, on credit of the author's reputation. They are so arranged that they may be summarily read by titles, as long bills are before Congress. But where they are read through, there must be either a dearth of books, a singularly persistent confidence in a distinguished name, or a reviewer as conscientious as we profess to be.

The proverb, *ne sutor supra crepidam*, has grown obsolete. It is a heresy of our times, that he who has done one thing well is capable of every thing. The partitions between the different compartments of the field of intellectual labor are thrown down, and the whole ground is turned into common, — the surest way of making it waste land. But if a man has really won fame, or made himself singularly useful as a writer in any one department, the probable inference is, that his endowments and attainments fit him so well for that department, that he must meet with very partial success in any other. The training of such a writer as Dr. Harris

poorly qualifies him to grapple with the nice distinctions of science, to use technical terms with precision, and to present geological and physiological theories in a form in which they can be easily apprehended and retained by the uninitiated reader. His master-pieces, Mammon, and the Great Teacher, are excellent in their way, — grave, pungent, earnest, manifestly heartfelt appeals to the Christian public in behalf of fundamental, but sadly slighted, duties of the religious life. On that field we shall be glad to welcome him again ; but of the Pre-Adamite Earth and Man Primeval, though we have had them on our table for six months, and read them in easy instalments, we take our leave with, "*Ohe ! jam satis est.*"

Art. VI. — *History of the Siege of Boston, and of the Battles of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill ; also, an Account of the Bunker Hill Monument, with Illustrative Documents.* By Richard Frothingham, Jr., Author of a History of Charlestown. Boston : Little & Brown. 1849. 8vo. pp. 420.

The American Revolution is now an old story, and it has been often told. The names of the chief actors in it, and of the principal localities which it rendered memorable, together with some idea of its causes, progress, and issue, are as familiar to us as a nursery song. They were among the first teachings of our childhood, and have furnished ample food for the meditations of our riper years. But old as it is, the story has not yet become stale or wearisome, and we have thus far hardly spelt out a tithe of the instruction which it is able to afford. Passages of history require to be known with greater or less minuteness according as the events narrated in them have exerted more or less influence upon the character and fortunes of posterity, according as this influence has been lasting or ephemeral, and broad or limited in its sphere of operation. The immediate aspect of these events in the eyes of those who were contemporaneous with them is comparatively of little moment. They may have dazzled or astonished the bystanders from the number of the actors who were

engaged in them; they may have awakened for a few days the liveliest interest and anxiety in the hearts of millions of human beings. Yet they pass away and leave no sign, so that history hardly deigns to chronicle them. On the other hand, incidents which seemed trifling at the moment may draw after them a train of consequences stretching far and widely into the future, and affect the destinies of nations for centuries after the actors in them have mouldered in their graves. These form the appropriate study of the philosopher, the statesman, and the historian, who take no notice of the more dazzling but meaningless events by which they were preceded.

Thus, the recent siege of Vera Cruz, the march of General Scott to the capital, and the capture of Mexico, are the most imposing and brilliant military events that have happened in our own day on this side of the Atlantic; the number of troops engaged, the bravery which they manifested, the skill with which they were led, and the splendor of the victories which they gained, are enough to throw into the shade all previous achievements of an American army. But there was no great principle at issue, no important interest at stake, and no lasting results were obtained. The whole war was a mere trial of skill and strength between two neighboring countries, a sort of military game of chess, which being ended, the board remained just as it was for a renewal of the contest. The United States obtained, it is true, an accession of territory; but they paid for it in hard dollars more than it was worth, they have been plagued by the possession of it ever since, and it threatens even now to cost them a disruption of the Union. The running fight at Concord and Lexington, between eight hundred British troops and a few companies of minute-men and militia, who had no commander, who acted without concert, and showed no military skill whatever, will fill more space in the world's history than all the victories of Scott and Taylor united. Volumes have been written upon it already, but its interest is not exhausted, and its story is not yet complete.

We welcome, therefore, the appearance of every book which really adds any thing to our knowledge of the earlier scenes of the American Revolution, either by a more perfect digest and more elaborate consideration of the materials pre-

viously published, or by adding newly discovered evidence to the store already in print. Mr. Frothingham has performed a good work in both these respects. He has brought together, with great care and extensive research, all the documents relating to his subject that could be found, whether printed or manuscript, has labored to reconcile them where they seemed to conflict, and to digest their contents into one clear and circumstantial narrative, which should gratify curiosity on every point in relation to which there is any information to be had, and should spare the future inquirer the necessity of referring to the original testimony. He has had extraordinary success in hunting up new manuscript materials, some of those which he has now published for the first time being of great importance to the history of the period, as they determine conclusively a few points which have long been controverted. Perhaps the most interesting of these newly discovered documents is a letter written by Col. Prescott about two months after the battle of Bunker Hill, and addressed to John Adams, who was then a delegate to Congress, and who had requested Prescott to give him a more particular account than he had yet received of the recent engagement. This letter was found among the papers of John Adams, and was communicated by the kindness of his grandson, Hon. C. F. Adams, to Mr. Frothingham, who has printed it entire from the original manuscript in his Appendix. It is a clear and unpretending account of the battle, written with great simplicity, and with no apparent consciousness of the importance of the affair, or of the value of the writer's services. It proves incidentally, and therefore in the most unquestionable manner, that Prescott commanded in the redoubt throughout the action, without interference from either of the three general officers who were in the field. Considering this letter to be far the most important piece of contemporaneous evidence which has yet been published respecting the battle, we copy it entire.

"*Camp at Cambridge, August* 25, 1775.

"Sir — I have received a line from my brother, which informs me of your desire of a particular account of the action at Charlestown. It is not in my power, at present, to give so minute an account as I should choose, being ordered to decamp and march to another station.

On the 16th of June, in the evening, I received orders to march

to Breed's Hill in Charlestown, with a party of about one thousand men, consisting of three hundred of my own regiment, Col. Bridge and Lieut. Brickett with a detachment of theirs, and two hundred Connecticut forces, commanded by Captain Knowlton. We arrived at the spot, the lines were drawn by the engineer, and we began the entrenchment about twelve o'clock; and plying the work with all possible expedition till just before sun-rising, when the enemy began a very heavy cannonading and bombardment. In the interim, the engineer forsook me. Having thrown up a small redoubt, found it necessary to draw a line about twenty rods in length from the fort northerly, under a very warm fire from the enemy's artillery. About this time, the above field officers, being indisposed, could render me but little service, and the most of the men under their command deserted the party. The enemy continuing an incessant fire with their artillery, about two o'clock in the afternoon, on the seventeenth, the enemy began to land a northeasterly point from the fort, and I ordered the train, with two field-pieces, to go and oppose them, and the Connecticut forces to support them; but the train marched a different course, and I believe those sent to their support followed, I suppose to Bunker's Hill. Another party of the enemy landed and fired the town. There was a party of Hampshire, in conjunction with some other forces, lined a fence at the distance of threescore rods back of the fort, partly to the north. About an hour after the enemy landed, they began to march to the attack in three columns. I commanded my Lieut.-Col. Robinson and Major Woods, each with a detachment, to flank the enemy, who, I have reason to think, behaved with prudence and courage. I was now left with perhaps one hundred and fifty men in the fort. The enemy advanced and fired very hotly on the fort, and meeting with a warm reception, there was a very smart firing on both sides. After a considerable time, finding our ammunition was almost spent, I commanded a cessation till the enemy advanced within thirty yards, when we gave them such a hot fire that they were obliged to retire nearly one hundred and fifty yards before they could rally and come again to the attack. Our ammunition being nearly exhausted, could keep up only a scattering fire. The enemy being numerous, surrounded our little fort, began to mount our lines and enter the fort with their bayonets. We were obliged to retreat through them, while they kept up as hot a fire as it was possible for them to make. We, having very few bayonets, could make no resistance. We kept the fort about one hour and twenty minutes after the attack with small arms. This is nearly the state of facts, though imperfect and too general, which, if any ways satisfactory to you, will afford pleasure to your most obedient humble servant, WILLIAM PRESCOTT.

"To the Hon JOHN ADAMS, Esq."

Mr. Frothingham has also published for the first time several other letters, written within a few weeks from the day of the battle, mostly by persons who were present in it, and who describe with considerable minuteness all that they saw and heard. Their accounts harmonize very well with Colonel Prescott's statement, and place in a clear light all the principal occurrences of the day, so that we can even see the cause of the chief discrepancies that have been detected in the other published narratives. Thus, there has been much dispute as to the conduct of Gen. Putnam in the affair, and the nature of the command which he exercised on the field. It now appears very satisfactorily, that he never interfered with the direction of the troops in the redoubt, who bore the brunt of the contest; he left that entirely to Col. Prescott. What orders he did give were to the men stationed at the breastwork, which was a prolongation of the eastern face of the redoubt; at the rail-fence, which ran nearly at a right angle with this breastwork, but farther westward, or more in the rear; and at the slight defences erected along the line between the breastwork and the fence. He also repeatedly rode to and fro between the works and the troops who were on the hill in the rear, urged on the reinforcements, endeavored to bring up more artillery, and to cause the entrenching tools, when no longer needed, to be carried to the rear; in short, to use an expressive colloquial phrase, "he made himself generally useful." He even rode as far as Cambridge, after the British had landed in Charlestown, in order to obtain reinforcements. During the first assault, it is fully proved that he was at the rail-fence, encouraging the men and directing them to hold their fire till the proper moment. But as he was seen at other times riding towards the hill in the rear, and even farther on the road towards Cambridge, and as he once carried off some entrenching tools in his hands, a few thought that he was leaving the ground from fear, and imputations were afterwards cast upon his bravery. These were not only groundless, but absurd; for so far as we can form an opinion of him from his whole recorded career, insensibility to danger seems to have been a part of his physical temperament. He was the only American officer of rank who was present on horseback, so that he could move about with more ease and speed than the others; and he acted generally as his

own aid-de-camp in carrying orders both to the front and rear. As he had no specific command, though most of the troops recognized his authority, he was occupied, during the intervals between the assaults, in urging the reinforcements forward, and providing for all the exigencies of the occasion; in short, he was the only officer during the latter part of the day who appears to have concerned himself with any other duty than that of repelling the enemy at the lines. In this, as in every other respect, he showed himself not only a brave, but a provident and skilful commander, and to the arrangements made by him out of the redoubt may fairly be attributed in part the length and obstinacy of the resistance offered by the Americans.

Mr. Frothingham's account of the battle of Lexington, and of the other incidents of the siege of Boston, is as minute and as carefully compiled as his narrative of the memorable conflict at Charlestown. Many new authorities, hitherto unpublished, are cited, and the very circumstantial history that is digested from these and other sources of information not only brings out in strong relief the leading events of the war, but shows the spirit in which it was waged, the feelings of the people, and the peculiar nature of the contest. As the American Revolution was the first great struggle in modern times for the combined objects of popular government and national independence, so it was broadly distinguished by many peculiar features from all those which came after it, and which were in some sense consequences of it, or imitations of it, upon the continent of Europe. It was a very different thing from the French Revolution, to which it gave the initial impulse, and from all the subsequent contests for popular rights which were created by the spirit of propagandism that animated the French republicans. A knowledge of the differences here alluded to is necessary for a true comprehension of the nature of our existing institutions, and for a proper measure of the sympathy which we ought to feel with those who have been, or are, engaged in contests that have been too rashly assumed to be perfectly analogous to our own national struggle for independence. This knowledge can be obtained only from careful study of the details, the minute incidents, of the earlier part of the American movement; — the earlier part, we say, because the spirit and motives of the people are

then most apparent, when their efforts were spontaneous and made without concert, before the *rebellion* was systematized by the Declaration of Independence, by the acknowledgment of the authority of Congress, and by the organization of a regular army. Here in New England, before Washington assumed the command of the army, and more than a year before the Colonies formally declared their independence, those incidents occurred which determined the nature of the contest, and manifested the intentions of those who were engaged in it. Before the 4th of July, 1776, the movement was a wholly popular and spontaneous one, — an acknowledged rebellion against an illegitimate and unjustifiable assumption of authority by the British parliament. On that day, the contest was in fact decided, and the independence of America established; the long struggle which followed was an ordinary war waged between two governments, the one fighting for the recovery of the dominion it had lost, the other for the preservation of the liberty it had gained.

We are grateful, then, to Mr. Frothingham for giving us this very minute and carefully elaborated history of a portion of the contest which has an interest and a unity of its own. Circumstantial as his narrative is, it is no more so than is needed by the careful student who wishes to have a full conception of the nature and causes of the insurrection, of the circumstances under which the people acted, and of the immediate objects that they had in view. He needs it, as we have said, before he can compare the American revolution with the revolutions that have subsequently occurred in Europe, and gain a clear idea of the differences between them. He needs it before he can have a due sense of the gratitude which he owes to the men of that period for the services which they rendered to their posterity and to the world.

Among other peculiarities of the early part of the contest, we are struck particularly by the hearty and spontaneous co-operation of the inhabitants of the larger and smaller towns throughout New England. The movement did not begin in a conspiracy first organized in the metropolis, and gradually diffused, by the action of a secret society, throughout the land. In fact, there was no secrecy, no conspiracy, in the case. The opposition to the offensive acts of parliament was

open and avowed from the first; it was manifested with as much spirit in little villages, — in such places as Hingham, Lincoln, Bedford, Sudbury, and Danvers, — as in Boston. The common people, the farmers and mechanics of these little communities, acted in concert with the only authorities to whose immediate action they were accustomed, with their own selectmen. They held town-meetings, public assemblies, in which they concerted measures of defence, and passed resolutions declaratory of their opinions and their rights, and expressing sympathy with the people of Boston. They organized themselves into companies of minute-men, instructed each other in military discipline, provided ammunition and stores, and then waited patiently, with arms in their hands, for the first act of aggression on the part of the British. From the commencement of the difficulties, their attitude was strictly a defensive one; they waited till the first blow should be struck by their opponents. They were not entirely unanimous; in nearly all the towns, there were individuals who were known to favor the cause of the crown. But these persons were watched with great vigilance, and whenever their movements became suspicious, they were seized and placed in custody. On the whole, the people showed great forbearance towards them, and never manifested any thing like a vindictive or bloodthirsty spirit. The war was not waged with the stiletto or the pistol; there were some popular outbreaks, but the mob did not seize obnoxious persons, and hang them up to a lamp-post, or to the next tree, and then make targets of their bodies. In a few instances, the houses of known Tories were roughly visited, and their furniture was injured or destroyed; but the greatest violence ever done to their persons was to tar and feather them. And even these outrages were discountenanced or sharply reproved by the most influential patriots. There was great unanimity among the Whigs, both as to the objects in view, and as to the means or course of conduct by which these objects were to be attained. The inhabitants of the different towns acted with but little formal concert, and still they acted together. The machinery of popular agitation on a great scale had not then been invented; the people consequently manifested but little enthusiasm, but they adhered to their purpose with a cool and dogged determination and an unflinching fortitude, which bore them triumph-

antly through the long struggle. It is comparatively easy to show courage on the field in maintenance of one's rights; many do that from sheer stupidity, because they have not imagination or sense enough to form a full conception of the danger, or because they are afraid to run away. But to persist in the endeavor through long and wearisome years, to stand one's ground manfully against privations, hardships, discouragements, and defeats, — this it is which "tries men's souls"; and this was the quality of the early American patriots to an extent which can hardly be paralleled in the history of other nations.

The feeling which sustained these men in their work was not the sympathetic and short-lived excitement that often pervades a vast multitude, every individual in which acts and is acted upon at the same instant, in turn originating, receiving, and transmitting the electric influence, till all are swayed to and fro in one body, like the ocean rocked by the winds. This is the characteristic action of the populace of a great metropolis; and New England then had no metropolis which was worthy of the name. Though Boston had the same relative importance then as now among its sister towns, it was absolutely little more than a village, — a place of some sixteen or seventeen thousand inhabitants; and during most of the period of which we now speak, Boston was actually *hors de combat*, being held in a state of siege, though garrisoned by a powerful British army, and watched by a considerable British fleet. The operation of the Port Bill was a severe blow to the prosperity of the town, which had depended almost entirely on its shipping; all commerce, except a little retail traffic, ceased, and many of the laboring class were thrown out of employment. For their relief large contributions were made in the country by what we now call the agricultural interest, who felt as much sympathy for the suffering mechanics and sailors as if they had been engaged in the same occupations with themselves. There was no jealousy among the different classes of the population; the whole community was a small one, and an injury done to a part affected the security, if not the immediate well-being, of the whole. Because town and country acted heartily together, neither absolutely taking the lead, neither being wholly dependent on the other, the occupation of Boston by

the British was no greater detriment to the patriot cause, than if the troops had been stationed anywhere else in the colony. The object was to get rid of them altogether; and in their measures for obtaining this end, the people were as careful to keep law and justice on their side, as to provide for defence against unprovoked aggression. The troops landed in Boston in June, 1774, when the Port Bill went into operation, and the battle of Lexington was not fought till the next April. During the intervening months, the attitude of the whole people was calm and watchful; they did not collect together in large bodies, they made no menacing demonstrations, but waited patiently till their opponents should commit the first overt act of hostility.

It was the firing of the king's troops on Lexington common which rang the alarm-bell of the Revolution, and the hitherto seemingly quiescent colony burst at once into a flame. This event took place at four o'clock in the morning; and before noon, the hills and roads were alive with minute-men, hurrying from all quarters to the scene of conflict. Each company, as it arrived, without waiting for orders, or stopping to concert action with those already on the field, took the best position it could find for annoying the enemy, and opened its fire. The woods and stone walls on either side of the road were lined with sharp-shooters, who availed themselves of every advantage of the ground as skilfully as if they had been under the direction of an able general. Never was efficient and harmonious coöperation of so large a body obtained with so little concert or unity of command. General Heath, indeed, had been empowered to take the direction whenever the minute-men should be called together in large numbers; but he did not arrive on the ground till the afternoon, and when there, he found the men so actively engaged in their several positions, while fresh companies were constantly coming up, and the exigencies of the case were changing every few minutes, as the British continued their retreat, that it was neither desirable nor possible to give general orders with effect. He was wise enough not to interfere, and the affair continued as it had begun, each company, in truth, finding its own station and fighting on its own hook. The action ended only when the harassed king's troops reached Charlestown, where they found safety under the guns of their shipping.

The manner in which this battle was fought was a type of the whole contest in New England, from the time when the tea was destroyed till Boston was evacuated. It is the most striking, perhaps the only complete, instance which all history affords, of the whole population of a country, self-moved and self-governed, acting together with great unanimity and vigor, yet acting patiently, prudently, and with even a punctilious regard for the laws, while their excitement was intense, and while they were bravely defying a powerful empire, and setting at nought an authority, which, when exercised within the bounds of justice, they and their fathers had always implicitly and even lovingly recognized. There were no ebullitions of passion while they were awaiting the contest, there was no failure of courage or persistency after it had begun. Factitious means were not used to keep up the excitement, and no unfair art was practised to hurry on the crisis, or to betray the unthinking into a course which would lead them farther than they had at first intended. The time for action had now arrived, and it soon appeared that the spirit which the people had shown at Lexington was no transient feeling. Within a few days, an army of at least sixteen thousand men was collected, which commenced the siege of Boston. This, again, was a spontaneous and unconcerted movement; they came together before preparations were made for them, before a commander-in-chief had been appointed, or any plan of action formed. So little idea had the several Colonies of the nature of military organization and the necessity of unity of command, that Rhode Island and Connecticut retained the control of their own troops, and the care of providing them with arms and sustenance, merely instructing them to co-operate with the Massachusetts army. When experience showed the evils of this arrangement, or want of arrangement, they were instructed to obey General Ward. Still the relative rank of the officers was but imperfectly determined, and there was so little concert and regularity in the ordering of the camp, that but for the excellent spirit of the men, the army would have been merely an armed mob. But the ranks were filled with steady farmers and mechanics, who were brought thither by their attachment to the cause, and who needed but little discipline to keep them in order. Their good sense and sober habits supplied the want of a more perfect military organization.

John Adams, in a letter from which Mr. Frothingham has given an extract, describes very plainly the nature of this military assemblage, which was dignified with the name of an army.

"The army at Cambridge was not a national army, for there was no nation. It was not an United States army, for there were no United States. It was not an army of the united colonies, for it could not be said in any sense that the colonies were united. The centre of their union, the Congress of Philadelphia, had not adopted nor acknowledged the army at Cambridge. It was not a New England army, for New England had not associated. New England had no legal legislature, nor any common executive authority, even upon the principles of original authority, or even of original power in the people. Massachusetts had her army, Connecticut her army, New Hampshire her army, and Rhode Island her army. These four armies met at Cambridge, and imprisoned the British army in Boston. But who was the sovereign of this united, or rather congregated, army, and who its commander-in-chief? It had none. Putnam, Poor, and Greene were as independent of Ward, as Ward was of them."

Yet this was the army which fought the battle of Bunker Hill, the best contested one of the whole war, and the accounts of which have hitherto appeared so confused because different bodies of the troops acted independently of each other, and it was not very apparent who had a right to command. And the army continued in this state till Washington was placed at its head, and regularly enlisted men gradually took the place of the volunteers.

The first action of the Massachusetts Provincial Congress, after the battle of Lexington, was quite characteristic of the spirit of the times. They appointed a committee to take depositions of those who were present, in order to prove that the British fired first; and they drew up a narrative "of the massacre" to be transmitted to England. If they had been conducting a lawsuit about the title to a farm, they could not have been more anxious to collect testimony, and show that "the law" was on their side. Yet the war had now certainly begun, and they were fully conscious that it was necessary to fight it out, and to prepare the means for a bloody and protracted contest. But they also knew that the war was one of opinion and principle, and that the people had hitherto stood firm from a conviction of the justice of their cause, and

that they were maintaining their rights. Every thing must be done to secure and strengthen this conviction, both in the Colonies and the mother country. They did not acknowledge that they were commencing a rebellion; they were fighting in defence of the laws, the charters, and the sacred liberties of British subjects. Most of the resolutions which they passed at this period were accompanied by formidable preambles, in which the justice and legality of the measure proposed were demonstrated at length, though often with more earnestness than logic. Our fathers held that there was great virtue in a "whereas."

Another peculiarity in the conduct of the New England people at this time was their firm adherence to their former customs and laws, to their established authorities and modes of government. They did not make their separation from Great Britain a pretence for immediately pulling down the whole fabric of their political and social organization, and attempting to erect a new form of polity upon the ruins of the old. They were no theorists, or political schemers; they promulgated no novel plans for the reconstruction of society and government upon a broader and more equitable basis. On the contrary, they were fondly attached to their existing institutions, to vindicate which they were now in arms. Great Britain, they contended, was the innovator, in that the ministry and the parliament were attempting a new and unheard of exercise of authority over them, and were endeavoring to tax them without their consent. Against this usurpation they appealed to their charters and to immemorial prescription. They vindicated their long established right to choose the members of their own legislative assemblies, to make their own laws, and to tax themselves. When the royal governors and other officers of the crown withdrew, or refused to act with them any longer, the remaining portions of the legislature, executive, and judiciary, continued to exercise their functions as if their organization were still complete. By a simple vote, the old "General Court" of Massachusetts resolved itself into a "Provincial Congress;" but the name alone was changed; it continued to pass laws as before, though it had no longer a Governor and Council to coöperate with it; and the people continued to obey those laws and in every particular to respect its au-

thority. Even this change of appellation did not suit the conservative instinct of the people, so fondly were they attached to their old customs and old names. In less than a year, the Congress again called itself a "General Court," a Council was again chosen to coöperate with it, and the withdrawal of the shadow of royal authority, together with the severing of all connection with the mother country, left the body politic, in truth, just where it was before. The forfeiture of the old charter, and the establishment of a new one, in 1691, was a far greater political change for Massachusetts than that occasioned by the American Revolution.

It was not till 1780, four years after the Declaration of Independence, that the inconvenience occasioned by the want of a governor, and by some other gaps that the withdrawal of the crown officers had left in the organization of the State, induced the people of Massachusetts to form a convention for the purpose of remodelling the government. And the work accomplished even then was rather the amendment of the old constitution than the formation of a new one. Old titles, old offices, old methods, were preserved as far as possible; and the new instrument was little more than the old one in a new draft, many things being reduced to writing which had hitherto existed only by prescription. It was the good fortune of Connecticut and Rhode Island, that the charters which they had all along enjoyed were so republican in substance, that there was no necessity for amending or abrogating them when the union with England was dissolved. The people of these States preserved both the substance and the form of the constituted body politic throughout the convulsions of the revolutionary period. During the war, and after it, they continued just as before, to "admit freemen, choose officers, make laws and ordinances, array the martial force of the Colony for the common defence, and exercise other important powers and prerogatives." Connecticut did not replace her old charter by a constitution till 1818; Rhode Island, not till 1843. And the government went on meanwhile without check or confusion; what was wanting in the written law was supplied by custom or general consent, by the peaceable and orderly disposition of the people. It is the great characteristic and boast of the American Revolution, that it nowhere, and at no time, gave occasion or pretence for an-

archy. That the bonds of government were never loosed, and society was not reduced into chaos, was a result due to the moderation and self-restraint of the people, and to the good sense which they manifested in not troubling themselves about new forms of government or new organizations of society, till the great question was decided whether they were to be freemen, or to continue subjects of the British crown.

We put stress upon this point, for to the forbearance of the people in this respect we attribute in great part their success in the long and seemingly desperate struggle that followed. Had they began to squabble with each other, before the common foe was repulsed, about the form of government which was to be established in place of their old polity, — had they begun to discuss constitutions and to settle the rights of man before they had driven the British regiment from their shores, the "Siege of Boston" might have ended in the re-establishment of General Gage's authority throughout the Province. As it was, their attention was not diverted for a moment from the exigencies of the war. No other changes were made in the administration of affairs than those which were demonstrated to be necessary by experience, and which consequently enlisted all in their support. Faction and party spirit hardly gained a foothold in the community till the great contest was decided, and the sails of the British fleet had sunk below the eastern horizon. The unanimity in the councils of New England throughout the early part of the Revolution was astonishing. There was no strife of political parties, no rivalry of contending candidates for popular applause. We do not attribute this concord solely to the poverty of the commonwealth. It is true, that office has no charms in the eyes of the selfish when the State is too poor adequately to reward its faithful servants. But men will contend fiercely against each other, not only when their interests, but when their abstract opinions, are at stake. Had the renunciation of British authority rendered it necessary, in the view of the men of that period, to go to work at constructing society and government anew, parties would soon have been formed and arrayed against each other, differences of opinion would have been aggravated by discussion into personal disputes, and the common foe would at last have triumph-

ed over them, not through his own military power, but through their internal dissensions. As it was, unanimity was preserved by never broaching subjects that were liable to dispute.

The moderation of the patriots in another respect afforded an additional guaranty of their subsequent success. They were not animated by a spirit of propagandism; they had no new theories to be preached to other nations, and no restless desire for extending the sphere and influence even of those opinions of the truth of which they were thoroughly convinced. It was deemed important, it is true, for military purposes, to get possession of Canada; but the expedition sent out for this purpose was exclusively a military affair, not a republican crusade. The arms and munitions of war captured at Ticonderoga and Crown Point had been of material service to them; and it was deemed of great importance to secure in addition the stores in a place so well furnished as Quebec, and thereby, also, to protect New England and New York against invasion from the north. It was an expedition to conquer, not convert, the French Canadians, although unquestionably some hopes were entertained that the inhabitants of a province so recently subdued by the British would not be unwilling, on the whole, to shake off their yoke, though they should not, by so doing, return to their former allegiance to France. The expedition failed because it was not actively supported by the Canadians, who had so long regarded the English colonists as their nearest and most dangerous enemies, that they could not now be brought to act in concert with them. With this exception, the leaders of the American Revolution maintained strictly a defensive warfare; whatever their own opinions were, as to the fitness of the people to govern themselves without the aid of kings and nobles, they sought not to disseminate them. It was fortunate for them that they practised this reserve, as a different course would have excited the jealousy of other European governments, without whose coöperation the war might have been indefinitely protracted. Louis XVI. would not have been over anxious to support their cause, had he foreseen that the principles which they were defending were soon to cause the subversion of his own government, and bring his own head to the block. It was not by professions of irreconcilable hostility to monarchical institutions that Dr. Franklin, Deane,

Lee, and others obtained at first secret aid, and afterwards treaties of open alliance from the courts of France, Holland, and Spain.

If, in enumerating these characteristics of the American Revolution in its earliest stage, we seem to have dwelt in preference on those by which it is broadly distinguished from all the revolutions that have subsequently taken place in Europe, and which have nominally had the same object in view, that of vindicating the rights of the people against their oppressors, we answer, that none have been mentioned which were not evidently essential to the success of the movement, while they were at the same time highly honorable to the wisdom and the patriotism of the chief actors in it. If these remarks, then, tend to chill the ardor of our sympathy with the recent revolutionary attempts in Europe, they tend in the same degree to exalt our veneration for the memory, and our attachment to the principles, of the men who achieved our own national independence, and established our national institutions. We are too zealously attached to American republicanism, too proud of it, and too jealous of its spotless reputation, to be willing to see it confounded with any form of French Jacobinism, or with the Red Republican and Socialist theories which are now agitating all the great capitals of Europe, and menacing the whole continent with anarchy, if not with a return of barbarism. Thank God, our own great national crisis was not blotted with any of the excesses which have made the cause of republicanism in the Old World hopeless for at least a century to come! Our cause was not stained with blood shed by the assassin, nor with any of the heart-sickening brutalities which always attend a contest waged in the streets of a great capital by one class of the population against another. The battle was long and hotly contested; but the ranks arrayed on either side were actuated in the main by noble and generous sentiments, and did not seek to increase the necessary horrors of war by causeless atrocities. If the tomahawk and the scalping knife were brandished in it, they were in the hands of the Indians who knew no other weapons, and of an alliance with whom both parties had the grace to be more than half ashamed, while they did all that was in their power to restrain their savage impulses. And the earlier scenes, of

which we now particularly speak, were not polluted by any gratuitous horrors. In spite of the embittered feelings which always grow out of a contest that partakes of the nature of a civil war, the combatants showed an evident desire to spare the needless effusion of blood, and to lighten the misfortunes of the vanquished. And the hostile feelings which had raged during the strife subsided entirely at its close. Some of the Tories returned to us; all, we believe, might have done so with impunity. There was probably but one man — the Traitor — who could not safely have landed upon our shores after peace was declared.

Edmund Burke was a consistent and steadfast friend to the Colonies throughout the war. He advocated their cause, he defended their rights, he eulogized their conduct, in some of the noblest of those speeches, which will live as long as the master-pieces of Greek and Roman oratory. But some fifteen years afterwards, when his wisdom was matured and his eloquence rendered more impressive by age, though he had lost nothing of his youthful enthusiasm and fervid admiration of freedom, he denounced with equal energy and still more thrilling effect the principles and the men of the first French Revolution. He had worshipped the true Goddess of Liberty, but he would not bow down before the blood-stained idol which the Parisians had set up. He could not sympathize with the destroyers of the Bastile after they had raised the guillotine in its place. He could not admire those who had opened the prison-doors for the victims of royal despotism, after they closed them again upon crowds of aged priests and helpless women, whom they subsequently butchered in cold blood. And who dares now accuse Burke of inconsistency for the opposite views which he took of the American and the French Revolutions? Who does not rather admire the penetrating sagacity which detected at so early a day the true character of the French imposture, and the prophetic wisdom which set forth the terrible effects that it was about to produce in Europe? His reflections on the French Revolution are now often published in the same volume with his noble speeches on American Taxation and on Conciliation with America; and the firmness and consistency of his political principles cannot be duly appreciated if they are not studied together.

We need not here extend this comparison to the attempts which have been made during the last two years to carry out revolutionary principles in most of the countries of Europe. The end of these is not yet, and he must be a bold prophet who will venture to estimate all their probable consequences, whether for good or evil. But enough of their true character has already appeared to teach caution to those who are inclined to exult at every instance of rebellion against the established governments of Europe, and to award to the insurgents the glory of acting as the champions or the martyrs of true republican principles. The question is not, whether the ancient monarchical institutions of the several states of Germany and Italy are deserving of our respect as the best which the people of those countries are capable of maintaining; or whether they are administered, on the whole, as kindly and wisely as circumstances will permit. The answer to both these questions, we fear, must be decidedly in the negative. But a graver doubt arises, whether the rebellion against them proceeds from an enlightened love of freedom, or from an impatience of any law or wholesome restraint whatsoever; whether the people of the whole country, of whatever class or locality, are engaged in it, or whether it is a revolt only of the dregs of the populace of a great city against the other classes in the state, and against the power which has hitherto curbed their licentious and savage inclinations; whether the insurgents are likely, if successful, to establish a more wise and equitable government than that which they have destroyed, or whether, the single demon of royal despotism being expelled, seven other devils of anarchy and popular cruelty and licentiousness are not likely to enter in, and make the latter state of that nation worse than the first. We cannot sympathize with every revolt against government and law, though it be dignified with the name of a revolution against monarchy; — no, not even if a pope, a king, or a nobility be among its first victims. We first require some evidence, that the actors in it and the motives by which they were urged bear some resemblance to the characters and principles of the men who established our own independence and founded our national institutions. And it is on this account, among others, that we attribute so much importance to the study of the details, the minute

history, of the American Revolution, together with its causes and consequences. The Siege of Boston, as we have said, is now an old story, and it has been often told; but we have more reason to recur to it with attention and honest pride, than the inhabitants of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Milan, Naples, and Rome have to rejoice in the history of their own renowned cities during the last eventful year of European Revolutions.

Art. VII. — 1. *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.* Edited by William Smith, LL. D. Second Edition. Boston: Little & Brown; London: John Murray. 1849. 8vo. pp. 1293.

2. *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology.* Edited by William Smith, LL. D. Boston: Little & Brown; London: John Murray. 1849. 3 vols. 8vo.

It is a very common thing to compare the scholars of the present age disadvantageously with their predecessors. "There were giants in those days" is often quoted, implying that in *these* days the earth is inhabited only by pigmies. If there *were* giants, it should be remembered that these overgrown and misshapen monsters are exceedingly apt to be weak in the knees. A similar notion prevailed for a long time with regard to the comparative stature of the doughty champions of chivalry, and their supposed degenerate descendants. But the Eglington tournament, if it did no other good, dispelled this illusion, by showing that the rusty armor of the Middle Ages was considerably too small for the sturdy limbs that then and there essayed to put it on. If we cannot wear the mailed coats of the olden time, it is for another reason than because we are not big enough to fill them out. As Diomedes says, so may say the scholars of our times: —

'Ημεῖς τοι πατέρων μέγ' ἀμείνονες ἐυχόμεθ' εἶναι.

Let us not be accused of irreverence towards the great names of the past. We pause with unspeakable awe before the mighty tomes of Grævius and Gronovius; we contemplate Fabricius with distant respect. We never think of Tiberius

Hemsterhusius without fancying an imperial form clothed in the majestic robes of Greek and Roman lore. Salmasius, Ernesti, Valckenaer, and Ruhnken, are names whose conjuration will always have a magic power over the scholar's heart. But it is nevertheless true that the scholars of the present day are as much in advance of their predecessors, as the physicists and philosophers are in advance of theirs. Bentley browbeat his generation into believing him the very Pope of philology, and his great work on the Epistles of Phalaris went far towards justifying the faith in his infallibility. But with all his talent and his immensity of learning, we think almost as little now of his conjectural emendations of Horace, as we do of that monument of scholastic folly, the critical edition of Paradise Lost. Porson's metrical dogmas have lost their authority in the eyes of the classical Protestantism of this age. Progress has been as remarkable in our knowledge of antiquity, as in our views of nature. The great investigators of our times have breathed a new life into philological pursuits. With all the details which the elder philologists possessed, and innumerable others of which they were ignorant, they have applied a philosophical method and a critical spirit to the subject, which have put a new face on the study of antiquity. Even the investigation of the texts of ancient authors has been conducted with more ability and a juster discrimination. Our knowledge of the metrical and rhythmical systems of the ancients has assumed the form almost of a science, by the labors of Hermann, Apel, Boeckh, Munk, Gotthold, Seidler, Lachmann, and others. But when we turn to the outward and inward life of the ancients, — to their civil history, their political and judicial institutions, their ways of thinking, their manners and customs, their costumes and amusements, their moral ideas and religious practices, we are struck with the still greater improvements made upon the achievements of the elder scholars. Manso's Sparta, Müller's Dorians, Boeckh's Public Economy of Athens, Hermann and Wachsmuth's Political Antiquities, Becker's Gallus and Charicles, Winckelmann's History of Ancient Art, and a thousand other similar works of combined taste and erudition, have raised the science of antiquity to the rank of one of the most liberal and generous pursuits in which a man of culture can be engaged.

Among the most striking indications of this improved condition of classical affairs, is the appearance of the volumes whose titles stand at the head of the present article. Those of us who are unfortunate enough to have reached "the middle of the way of our life," when we remember the imperfect aids — "helps," in pretty much the same sense in which the term is applied to American domestics — which in our youth professed to assist us up the slow and toilsome *Gradus ad Parnassum*, cannot abstain from envying the happier lot of those who have taken our places on the benches of the schools. Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, Adams's Roman Antiquities, and perchance Potter's or Robinson's Greek Antiquities, were then our renowned and only guides; and well do we remember being more thoroughly beaten in attempting to cope with the Roman legion in the pages of Adams, than ever was a Carthaginian army on the fields of Italy or Spain. But now all this is changed. To say nothing of the great progress recently made in grammar and lexicography, by Matthiæ, Buttmann, Kühner, Zumpt, and by Schneider, Passow, Pape, Freund, and many others, what immense advantages have these works, prepared under the superintendence of Dr. William Smith, conferred upon our young friends who are now toiling through the successive stages of their classical education.

The Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities was first published in numbers, commencing, we believe, in 1842. The articles were written by a combination of the ablest teachers and scholars in England, — some of them even by eminent men from Germany. The writings of the men of letters in that land of all-comprehensive erudition, of course, were freely used in executing this timely plan. Besides those we have already mentioned, the distinguished works of Meier, Schöman, Bunsen, Platner, Hudtwalcker, were put under contribution. So deeply felt was the want of such a book, that not only was a large edition rapidly sold in England, but it was immediately stereotyped in the United States, and displaced every other work on the subject in our schools and colleges. This was to have been expected. The men who were engaged in its preparation were masters of the learning of the subjects on which they wrote. The articles show different degrees of merit, and varieties in the manner of their execution; but there are none of them which are not better than any thing of the kind that had appeared in English before.

If we were to select from the great mass those portions which appear to us to show the most decided advance beyond all that had been published in this form before, we should probably fix upon the articles in which the Greek and Roman dramatic representations, and the Greek and Roman judicial and political institutions, are handled. Upon all these points, the volume before us leaves but little to be desired. Last year, a second edition of this admirable work, improved and enlarged, appeared. No labor has been spared in correcting the errors and filling up the deficiencies which have been noticed in the first edition. Many old articles have been rewritten, and many new articles have been added, making in all three hundred pages of new matter, so that the present edition is in some material respects a much more valuable contribution than the first. Unfortunately for the American reprint, these additions can hardly be made use of in it, since, according to the common but most injudicious practice of American publishers, the first edition was stereotyped. This new English work contains, also, additional illustrations by means of wood-cuts, many of them of great importance to the proper understanding of the articles in which they are inserted. We notice also the addition of sixteen tables of Greek and Roman Measures, Weights, and Money, prepared from the best authorities on these several subjects, and so arranged as to exhibit the corresponding Greek and Roman Measures in comparison with each other. These are very valuable, and will be of great convenience; for they are drawn up, not only in a very clear and intelligible form, but with the highest degree of accuracy. Another improvement in the present edition will be found in the separate Greek and Latin indexes, which are carefully prepared and full.

The Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology, but recently completed, followed immediately upon that of the Antiquities. This was a more difficult and extensive undertaking than its predecessor. We have not read the whole work, but have used the numbers as they came out, by way of reference, so that we feel tolerably competent to judge of the value of its contents. The articles which we have examined have appeared to us to be drawn up with great knowledge, and upon a thorough scrutiny, not only of the original authorities, but of all the recent literature upon their

respective subjects. In the biographical notices of Greek and Roman authors, we find an account of the most important editions of their works; — not usually of all the editions, for information of this sort on so extensive a scale belongs to bibliography, and not to biography, but enough of them to answer the purposes of all except the professional philologist. In this work, as well as in the other, there are varieties of style to be noticed, though we think, in general, that the editor has harmonized with great success the manifold materials with which he had to deal. Among the contributors we notice many names with which we had become familiar in the Dictionary of Antiquities, together with several new ones, such as Adolph Stahr, and Ludwig Ulrichs; the former of the Gymnasium of Oldenburg, and the latter of the University of Bonn.

The biographical articles of the present work include all names of any importance in Greek and Roman literature, from the earliest times to the extinction of the Western Empire in the year 476, and to the downfall of Constantinople in 1453, when that city was captured by the Turks, and the Byzantine empire ceased to exist. The reason for stopping at these different points in the history of the East and West is a very obvious one. The traditions and something of the old splendor of the empire were maintained at Byzantium long after Rome itself had fallen a prey to successive hordes of barbarians from the fruitful but frozen north; the language of Greece was cultivated by the scholars and writers of Constantinople, sometimes with almost Attic purity, long after the Latin of the Augustan age had degenerated into a corrupt jargon of intermingled Roman and Gothic elements. The length of time, therefore, embraced by the biographies in this work is more than two thousand years, and the richness of the information it presents to us can only be understood by comparing its articles with any or all of the works which we possessed in English before. The portion on the Byzantine history has nothing corresponding in any previously existing classical Dictionary. The lives of the Byzantine writers form an interesting and indispensable part of the history of Greek literature; but we know not where we should find them so carefully digested, so well written, so full of literary information, and in so convenient a

form, as in the present volumes. A new and interesting feature of this Dictionary is the lives of the Christian writers, which are truly said to "constitute an important part of the history of Greek and Roman Literature," and which are to be found elsewhere only in voluminous and expensive works, beyond the reach of the common student and reader. But all these articles are written, as they should be, with reference to the literary, and not to the theological, relations of the persons whose names they bear. We ought to mention one further characteristic of these volumes, and that is, that in the treatment of mythological subjects, the Greek divinities are described under their appropriate Greek names, in accordance with the universal usage among the continental scholars, and the best usage in England and the United States. The only reason for the confusion of the two mythologies which has so extensively prevailed among us, is to be found in the ancient practice of learning the Greek through the medium of the Latin, into which the names of the deities, as well as other portions of the language, were translated by the nearest corresponding terms. But although some portions of the Hellenic and Italian mythological systems were identical in their origin, this was not universally the case; and even those which spring from the same source were so remoulded by the different nationalities in which they were adopted, that they became widely sundered in character, no less than in name, from each other. Much confusion has consequently always prevailed, in English and American classical studies, by blending together systems so diverse, not to say inconsistent. We rejoice that the writers in these volumes have carried out the only correct principle, which Thirlwall, Grote, and other excellent authors, had already done their best, though with partial success, to introduce.

Many of the biographical subjects in this work are beautifully illustrated by wood-cuts of coins. This kind of illustration lends a peculiar and personal interest to the articles in which they are inserted.

To convey an idea of so extensive a work by extracts is almost a repetition of the wise procedure of the Σχολαστικός in Hierocles, who carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen of his house. Nevertheless, we will venture

upon the experiment, by giving to our readers the following paragraph, taken from the article on Pericles.

"The internal administration of Pericles is characterized chiefly by the mode in which the public treasures were expended. The funds derived from the tribute of the allies and other sources were devoted to a large extent to the erection of those magnificent temples and public buildings, which rendered Athens the wonder and admiration of Greece. A detailed description of the splendid structures which crowned the Acropolis, belongs rather to an account of Athens. The Propylaea, and the Parthenon, with its sculptured pediments and statue of Athene, exhibited a perfection of art never before seen, and never since surpassed. Besides these, the Odeum, a theatre designed for the musical entertainments which Pericles appended to the festivities of the Panathenaea, was constructed under his direction; and the temples at Eleusis and other places in Attica, which had been destroyed by the Persians, were rebuilt. The rapidity with which these works were finished excited astonishment. The Propylaea, the most expensive of them, was finished in five years. Under the stimulus afforded by these works, architecture and sculpture reached their highest perfection, and some of the greatest artists of antiquity were employed in erecting or adorning the buildings. The chief direction and oversight of the public edifices was entrusted to Pheidias, under whose superintendence were employed his two pupils Alcamenes and Agoracritus, Ictinus and Callicrates the architects of the Parthenon, Mnesicles the architect of the Propylaea, Coroebus the architect who began the temple at Eleusis, Callimachus, Metagenes, Xenocles, and others. These works calling into activity, as they did in various ways, almost every branch of industry and commerce at Athens, diffused universal prosperity while they proceeded. Such a variety of instruments and materials were now needed, that there could hardly be an artisan in the city who would not find scope for his industry and skill; and as every art required the services of a number of subordinate laborers, every class of the laboring citizens found employment and support. This, however, though a most important object, and one which Pericles had distinctly in view, was not the only one which he set before himself in this expenditure. Independently of the gratification of his personal taste, which in this respect accorded with that of the people, his internal and external policy formed parts of one whole. While he raised Athens to that supremacy which in his judgment she deserved to possess, on account both of the natural capabilities of the people and the glorious sacrifices which they had made for the safety and freedom not of themselves only but of Greece, the magnifi-

cent aspect which the city assumed under his directions was designed to keep alive among the people a present consciousness of their greatness and power. This feature of his policy is distinctly expressed in the speech delivered by him over the slain in the first winter of the Peloponnesian war, a speech equally valuable as an embodiment of his views, whether the sentiments contained in it be, as is most probable, such as he actually delivered, or such as his contemporary Thucydides knew him to entertain. He calls upon the survivors to resolve that the spirit they cherish towards their enemies shall be no less daring than that of those who had fallen; considering not alone the immediate benefit resulting from repelling their enemies, but rather the power of the city, contemplating it in reality daily, and becoming lovers (ἐραστάς) of it; and whenever it seems to them to be great, considering that men acquired this magnificence by daring, and judging what was necessary, and maintaining a sense of honor in action. The design of his policy was that Athens should be thoroughly prepared for war, while it contained within itself every thing that could render the citizens satisfied with peace; to make them conscious of their greatness, and inspire them with that self-reliance and elastic vigor, which was a surer safeguard than all the jealous measures resorted to by the Spartans. Nothing could well be further from the truth than the estimate Plato formed of the policy of Pericles, if he makes Socrates express his own views, in saying that Pericles made the Athenians idle, and cowardly, and talkative, and money-loving, by first accustoming them to receive pay. The great object of Pericles was to get the Athenians to set before themselves a great ideal of what Athens and an Athenian ought to be. His commendations of the national characteristics partook quite as much of the nature of exhortation as that of praise. This object, of leading the Athenians to value highly their station and privileges as Athenian citizens, may doubtless be traced in the law which he got passed at an early period, that the privileges of citizenship should be confined to those whose parents were both Athenians; a law which was called into exercise in B. C. 444, on the occasion of a present of corn being sent by Psammetichus from Egypt, to be distributed among the Athenian citizens. At the scrutiny which was set on foot only about 14,000 were found to be genuine Athenians, nearly 5000 being discovered to be aliens. That he had not miscalculated the effect likely to be produced on the minds of his fellow-citizens, is shown by the interest and pride which they took in the progress and beauty of the public works. When it was a matter of discussion in the assembly whether marble or ivory should be used in the construction of the great statue of Athene, the latter was selected, apparently for scarcely any other reason than that it was the

more costly. We have already seen that the bare idea of having their name disconnected with the works that adorned their city, was sufficient to induce them to sanction Pericles in his lavish application of the public treasures. Pity, that an expenditure so wise in its ends, and so magnificent in its kind, should have been founded on an act of appropriation, which a strict impartiality cannot justify, though a fair consideration of all the circumstances of the age and people will find much to palliate it. The honesty of the objections raised against it by the enemies of Pericles on the score of its injustice is very questionable. The issue of the opposition of Thucydides and his party has already been noticed.

"It was not the mere device of a demagogue anxious to secure popularity, but a part of a settled policy, which led Pericles to provide amusement for the people in the shape of religious festivals and musical and dramatic entertainments. These were at the same time intended to prepare the citizens by cheerful relaxation and intellectual stimulus for enduring the exertions necessary for the greatness and well-being of the state, and to lead them, as they became conscious of the enjoyment as well as dignity of their condition, as Athenian citizens, to be ready to put forth their most strenuous exertions in defending a position which secured to them so many advantages. The impulse that would be given to trade and commerce by the increase of requirements on the part of the Athenians was also an element in his calculations. The drama especially characterized the age of Pericles. From the comic poets Pericles had to sustain numerous attacks. Their ridicule of his personal peculiarity could excite nothing more than a passing laugh. More serious attempts were made by them to render his position suspicious in the eyes of the people. They exaggerated his power, spoke of his party as Peisistratids, and called upon him to swear that he was not about to assume the tyranny. Cratinas threw out insinuations as to the tardiness with which the building of the third long wall to Peiraeus proceeded. His connection with Aspasia was made the ground of frequent sallies. His high character and strict probity, however, rendered all these attacks harmless."

We have taken this almost by chance, and as merely a fair specimen of the average style of the articles. We might refer to those on Demosthenes and Æschines, as containing masterly discussions of the questions between the rival orators and statesmen, and of the historical transactions in which those questions were involved. The notice of Thucydides the historian, embraces an account of that author's

life and of his immortal work not surpassed in thoroughness of learning, and luminousness of style, by the admirable sketch in the new edition of K. O. Müller's History of Greek Literature. But to point out all, or one half, of the excellent articles in this work would require more space than we can possibly spare; and we have only to conclude with the remark, that the libraries of all classical scholars and schools will henceforth be considered defective unless they are furnished with these volumes. We are happy to learn that an edition has been printed for the American supply, and is now circulating in this country from the English press, at about one half the price for which the books are sold in London. We see it announced that the same editor has in preparation a Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography, which, we presume, will complete the series: — a series which will constitute by far the most important contribution to classical learning which our age can boast.

Art. VIII. — *Philo; An Evangeliad.* By the Author of "Margaret; A Tale of the Real and Ideal." Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 244.

Of the poet, one of the interlocutors in Philo says,

> "From all, he takes what each man deems his best,
> As sketchers cull the landscape."

The comparison is significant and happy. Man is a poet, a *maker*, only by courtesy; his creations, whether in art or literature, are simply selections and combinations from pre-existing materials, and the maturest fruits of his genius never transcend the modest name of *composition*, which he was wont to give to his school-boy theme. But there is art and literature too, in which there is no composition, that is, no choice or arrangement of materials. Thus, the painted interiors of kitchens and ale-rooms, the fruit and cattle-pieces of the Dutch school, are not creations even in a subordinate sense, but mere colored drawings; they bear no traces of the painter's mental or moral individuality, and might have been made by a mere draughtsman, if he had only learned to grind

and mix colors. The portraits *done* for admiring rustics by our itinerant Yankee artists, "equally adapted," it has been well said, "to transmit the features of the present generation, and to frighten the crows of the next," are often *striking likenesses*, because they are literal, unidealized copies, even to the mole on the cheek or the scar on the brow; but the poet-limner becomes so by reducing what is abnormal, enhancing the traits of grace or beauty in the countenance, and assimilating the features which he paints to those of his ideal. There are writers who can barely copy in words, mere draughtsmen of facts or ideas; and, if they can write grammatically, they are useful in compiling annals, guide-books, and some kinds of school-books. But we like not to see a born composer stoop to be a mere copyist; and least of all, do we like to see detailed copies of the grotesque and vulgar alternate in the same work with the splendid combinations of a highly creative genius.

The most glaring fault of the author of Margaret and Philo is, that he personates alternately the copyist and the poet. He vaults from the kitchen to the clouds, and leaps from the clouds into the gutter; he paints an angel's face over the tavern-bar, and thrusts a Dominie Sampson into the councils of Olympus. Would he confine himself to the literal description of the homely, gross, and low, he would be unsurpassed as a chronicler of the fast fading features of what rustic life has been in New England. Would he confine himself to the ideal, he might win a place second to none on the catalogue of American poets. But his transitions are so rapid, his proficiency in the art of sinking so thorough, and his extremes of grandeur and of earthiness so far apart with no intervening gradations, that he wearies his most admiring reader, and puts in suspense the verdict of the most friendly critic.

Mr. Judd* means no doubt to be the poet of common life. But, in order to be so, he must "cull the landscape," must select the poetical traits of rural scenes, homes, and manners, or at least, must round off deformities, soften incongruities, polish the coarse, and elevate the low. Wherever

* We probably betray nothing that was intended to be kept concealed by naming, as the author of "Margaret" and "Philo," the Rev. Sylvester Judd, of Augusta, Maine

God works, or man lives, there is beauty and grandeur; lowly objects subserve lofty uses; the endearments of home and the sympathies of kindred give dignity to the cottage, and shed grace over the rudest family meal; the boundless capacities and immortal destiny of the laborer consecrate the loom and the plough, ennoble toil, and exalt the most grovelling occupations; that which has no comeliness to the eye, has rich and deep significance for the heart. "A Tale of the Real and the Ideal" might serve as a caption to some of the most deservedly popular and the most artistically perfect forms of literature. But the real and ideal can be fitly joined not by juxtaposition, but by interfusion. Crabbe's descriptions of village and pauper life fulfil this condition. They are perfect portraitures of the actual, as it exists in God's creation and man's experience, with the lights and shadows of eternity interpenetrating its every aspect, making the comic serious, and the paltry grand, commending trivial occasions to our fervent interest, and repulsive experiences to our glowing sympathy, and beating a rhythmical pulse for the pedestrian routine of the fisherman's cabin and the almshouse. Mrs. Barbauld's exquisite little poem, entitled "Washing-day," is as faithful in its details of facts as if one of the "red-armed washers" had written it; but the incidents of that black-lettered day, on which the Muse had never smiled before, are so "culled" and grouped that, if such a season ever occurs among the Naiads, they might choose their earth-born sister for its laureate. But, both in Margaret and in Philo, Mr. Judd has kept "the real and the ideal" uncombined, and at the same time so close together as to make their contrast perpetually felt. He publishes their banns, lets them coquet and flirt with each other on every page, and then leaves them unmarried.

Our author fails signally in his comparisons. He must have constructed for himself a rule the opposite of Cicero's: "*Fugienda est omnis turpitudo earum rerum, ad quas animos qui audiunt trahet similitudo.*" His similes and metaphors are, with a most perverse frequency, drawn from a lower range of objects or region of thought than the idea to be illustrated, and thus degrade instead of exalting their theme. For instance, in an otherwise magnificently wrought death-scene, the dying person likens death to a cat, by speak-

ing of "the *purring, whiskered touch.*" Again, we are told that the poet's art is,

> "*Like that of hatters, lumps and heaps*
> *Of matted nature, to bow out in soft*
> *And downy forms.*"

On the next page, in farther exposition of the poet's mission, we have another similarly low, though by no means unexpressive comparison.

> "The riven ages *plasters* he with coats
> Of beauty, *as the mason doth his laths.*"

But of all known specimens of the inadequacy and the belittling power of mischosen figures, we are inclined to give the palm to that with which the following passage closes: —

> "God loves the Earth and its inhabitants;
> And there are eyes, bright eyes, that watch for it,
> Behold it sweeping graceful through the air,
> And *wave their kerchiefs to it* as it passes."

Mr. Judd is also often unfortunate in his choice of words, and is so in two ways. He uses a great many high-sounding, expressive but obsolete, unusual or freshly coined words, which would baffle the comprehension of all but his most scholarly readers; and he still oftener falls into the opposite error of employing, no matter how lofty the idea, terms to be found only in the lowest walks of vulgar life. Of the former class are "writhle," "peristaltic," "immarcessible," "incensive," "synergic," "irrecursive," "ineluctable," "orbitual," "circuiteer"; of the latter, "muzzy," "soggy," "munch," "mucker," "princock," "dowse," "queachy," "touze." An author has indeed a right to coin his own vocabulary; and, if he be a man of transcendent genius, he may reinstate obsolete words, and make the dialect of Billingsgate classical. Yet it is a hazardous experiment for a young writer; and he, who has his public to create and conciliate, certainly takes wise counsel for his contemporary fame by writing wholly in the vernacular, and by conforming to the best current usage of his times.

But what we have said we have not intended as unkind criticism. We have personal relations of hospitality and friendship with the author of Philo. We have read both his books with a preponderant delight and admiration. They have quickened the sentiments that we most love to cherish.

They have made us think more kindly and hopefully of humanity, and have lifted us into a region of contemplation, in which we are always glad to dwell. They indicate great, though not thoroughly disciplined, power of conception and expression, and a heart overflowing with praise to God, loyalty to Christ, and love to man. They open glimpses of yet richer depths and higher capacities in the writer, than he has fully disclosed; and we cannot but trust that he will win for himself a more extensive and enduring fame than he has earned by the first fruits of his literary toil.

Philo is strictly an original work, though it is not impossible that some of its general features may have been suggested by other books. Its form is not unlike that of "Festus," though in the tone of sentiment two poems could not be more dissimilar. "Le Diable Boiteux" may have furnished the hint for one series of incidents, but not for the style of speculation and of moral feeling which pervades it. "Paradise Regained" might, by its mere name, have helped the conception of Philo to the light; but would have done much less for it by its contents than by its title.

Philo is a dramatic poem, with interlocutors human, allegorical, angelic, and divine. It is written in blank verse, except that every scene closes with a couplet. The versification is in general well sustained, though the metrical pauses are too much disregarded, and the lines are often suffered to terminate with feeble monosyllables, or to part words too closely joined in sense to be gracefully divided. It is perfectly evident that the author took no pains with his rhythm; but equally evident that he has an ear which but seldom plays him false. Now and then, however, we find a verse, which runs so readily into anapæstic measure, that we cannot read it in iambics. Such are the following: —

> "On the Hand that begins, continues, ends."
> "My fining pot, where I cleanse them with earths."
> "Listen! in the tops of the mulberries."

To give a succinct sketch of the action of the drama, Philo, a good man, whose pure heart and simple life fit him to entertain angels, receives Gabriel as a guest, and takes him first to a rural festival, at which the children of the parish are gathered under the direction of an eminently Christian pastor, and where they sing a touchingly beautiful hymn to Christ,

and, as catechized by the seraph, give a series of answers indicative of their unstained purity and their careful nurture in divine truth. The host and guest subsequently wing invisible a rapid flight over the world, and as they pause over various scenes of suffering, bondage, and strife, over the slave-ridden Carolinas, and Mexico under the curse of the war-fiend, their mutual communings are those of profound commiseration, blended with the confident assurance that truth and love, though manacled and crippled, are rapidly approaching their era of enlargement and triumph. After a brief but rich interview with his betrothed and soul's sister, Annie, our hero is next introduced to the court of King Expediency, before whom various criminals are arraigned for their several forms of treason, receive appropriate sentences, and are consigned to the tender mercies of supple minions, both political and ecclesiastic. Faith, Hope, and Love are brought upon the stage in the next scene, and enter into the closest intimacy with the betrothed pair. Their description of their wanderings over the earth, and of their various modes of reception and rejection among men, though sometimes grotesque, is on the whole, natural and beautiful, and abounds in passages equally brilliant in poetical coloring, and redolent of keen religious sensibility. Then follows a needless episode, — the most repulsive portion of the whole poem, — a visit to the infernal regions, and a rambling chat with the Devil, (then in high glee over the victims furnished by the Mexican war,) who turns out to be simply an *alias* for the Wandering Jew.

A series of terrestrial scenes comes next in order. There are several conversations with an early friend of Philo, who has become a skeptic and a debauchee, but whose better nature is resuscitated over the grave of his first-born. Then there is a meeting in Philo's apartment, between the good pastor, a poet, a lawyer, and Philo, now deacon elect of the village church, at which each expounds his calling in its Christian significance and use. Then a circle of lovely girls, Annie's friends and associates, are introduced to the Trinity of Christian graces. One of this beautiful sisterhood dies; and for tenderness, grandeur, the highest tone of Christian sentiment, the breathings of heavenly peace and trust over "the last of earth," we might even compare this death-scene with what we had previously regarded as beyond comparison, — the death of Mary, the beloved sister of Bethany, in

Klopstock's Messiah. We next find Faith, Hope, and Love, with Philo, Annie, and the Devil, on board the Kennebec steamer, on their return from the Boston anniversaries; and, though there are in this scene some glorious passages which we would on no account miss from the poem, yet, as a whole, it is a mass of incongruities and impertinences, which will contribute largely to the wholesale condemnation of the book by undiscriminating readers and critics. Next comes a subterranean visit to the Genie of the Earth, who discourses learnedly of cosmogony, and explains the modern theory of earthquakes and volcanoes.

Meanwhile, the period of the Saviour's Second Advent, of the regeneration of the earth, and the reign of love in the great heart of humanity, is hastening on. The throne is prepared; the judge descends; the ranks of living men, kings, statesmen, priests, and the nameless, unnumbered throng, are placed in array before the august tribunal. In the truth and love that beam from his countenance, they see and own their wrong and guilt, humble themselves under his rebuke, confess his sway, and are remanded to their several spheres of duty to sin no more. The dire forms of War, Slavery, Intemperance, Bigotry, and Oppression, the whole malignant brood of Lusts and Passions, are also arraigned, condemned, and cast into the ever-burning lake. Thus is lost Eden given back, and the work of redemption made perfect in the renovated world. Yet the author is careful, as he draws to a close, to guard against the impression that impersonal sins and evils are the sole subjects of penal retribution. The reign of Christ is established only in submissive, penitent, and obedient souls.

> "If it be so that goodness hath no charm,
> The will is kerned in impenitence,
> That vice with irrecursive, Pontian flood
> Sets in, and guile and hate shall organize
> The nature; if so be that sin is soul,
> And soul is sin, without a flaw between,
> Or seam impierceable by sword of truth,
> Then are not both to the same pit consigned?"

This last act of the drama implies the loftiest daring in the poet; and few of the most highly favored of the sacred Nine, few that have drunk the deepest inspiration at "Siloa's Brook," are adequate to such a theme. But it is in this very

realm of rapt and beatific vision, that our author seems in his most congenial element. He approaches the awful presence of the Judge with profound reverence; and, afraid to trust his own unaided fancy on ground so sacred, he draws his forms and colors from the treasury of Revelation, and presents for the most part scriptural imagery arranged and combined by the unerring instinct of a devout heart.

The conclusion we give in his own words, that is, in Philo's.

> "The minor tale a marriage often rounds,
> And on the greater a new lustre sheds;
> Nor are Divine events too great for that
> Wherein Heaven is foreshadowed — nay, doth orb
> Itself about us, and within us spring.
> Annie, let this glad week our gladness crown,
> Be Bridal of the Church and Christ our own."

In our hasty sketch, we feel that we have done justice neither to the merits nor to the defects of this remarkable poem. The grotesqueness and irrelevancy of some of its scenes and dialogues are incomprehensible until read. The grandeur and beauty of many of its passages, nay, the reach, grasp, and elevation of faith-led imagination, which gives virtual unity to the seemingly disjointed whole, exceed our vocabulary of praise. We only wish that the author knew his power as he has made us feel it. Were it so, he would scorn the fantastic tricks which blot so many of his pages, and mar the development of his serious and earnest purpose in the minds of so many of his readers. He is too familiar with the best literature of all times, not to have the canons of pure taste at his easy command. He need not fear their constraint. They cannot cripple his freedom. He is too strong to be their slave. But if he will make himself their master, there are no laurels too high for his reach.

We close with a few extracts. Our first is Gabriel's account of the ministry of angels. The line about the "maple keys," we do not understand.

> "An influence we, like memory of youth,
> That combs in sea-like, on the reef of feeling,
> Charming the soul with an immortal hope.
> Anon, as midnight music, we arrest
> The ear of sin, and make the wanton pause;

We writhle from the skies, in maple keys ;
The conscience hears our voice, in sister tones,
And hatred melts into pure human love.
We brood o'er steps of helpless orphanage,
As sunbeams flicker on that slighted moss.
All souls have guardians, that follow them,
As hopes of fathers hover round their sons."

The following are the words of the Ministering Angel at the death-bed.

" The veil uplifts ; Infinity 's ajar ;
And Christ is by ; what fears the novice now ?
God's love is still our road ; yet higher climb. —
I long have gone upon her steps, and when
She slept, have kept the charm of her pure life,
Vibrations of the Universal Love
Directing to her ear ; I rung the bell
Of conscience to arouse her heed, and oft
Stirred soothing herbs into her cups of grief,
And when her thoughts grew dark, I set a lamp
Beside her. — Ceased the fluttering breath, her pulse
Is still, forth breaks the spirit from the flesh.
Fond flesh ! 'Tis yours, O sobbing company,
To bury, yours with rue and rosemary
To cover. Preciously emburthened, I
Depart. Forever burns the Beautiful
In your night-faring sorrows, as a star ;
Burns she amidst the Beautiful afar."

We next transcribe the words of the Judge to the assembled nations.

" Empires, men, brothers ! my design ye feel,
And instincts of the highest hour obey.
Occasions infinite, immediate,
Within you work, God's moment touches you.
Celestial salutations welcome you ;
My heart doth welcome sons and daughters here ;
Enter into the pleasure of your Lord.
But listen to the rendering of time,
And what report, to mine afflicted ears
Your Consciences have immemorial borne.
For ages hath this blessed light at gates
Of morning knocked, and with its dew-bent locks
Waited in silent suburbs of the world :
Admission ye refused, the sin-obscure
Preferring, and licentiousness of night.

The Prophecies, of old communicate,
My hope and promise, often uttered when
I sojourned in the flesh, still unexpressed
By you, sole medium of heavenly grace,
Have been as things that were not; often glossed,
But never lived, or in your lives fulfilled.
I would have come in mine own church, revealed
My glory in the fire of pulpit truth,
And virtuous action: how that fire ye dulled!
I should have dwelt in you, and ye in me;
From your eyes, I have all too faintly shone;
Your heart with my celestial purposes
Hath rarely moved, and when I would have walked
To visit prisoners and liberate
The captive, heal the sick, your foot disdained
Its office. Ye vouched me your Guide and Head
With sacrament and populous attest:
But when I bade you bless your enemies,
Ye cursed and killed. I bade you live in peace,—
The clash of arms, and tumult of affray
Have swept incessant discord round the earth.
You named me Wisdom, him a fool who kept
My words; Atonement, and with God and man
Fomented wasting, everlasting jars.
My simple laws and genial sway ye flung
Aside for corporate brutalities,
And false, despotic state of selfishness.
Erewhile, the brightness of my Coming had
Consumed iniquity; that mighty force,
Not mine, but God's, in you distort, corrupt,
Hath given itself to the support of sin,
Enforcing the supremacy of wrong.
On my left hand, what Monsters ye have reared,
What fed on dainty croppings of your guile,
What from your loins have ignominious sprung,
And what, in basest aspect, ye yourselves
Have been, behold! God lays no measures hard,
Or hard to be discerned. He loveth you;
Ye were dear sons and pleasant children all,
And he would dwell with you, walk in your midst.
And me, his Son, your Way, and Truth, and Life,
He gave; nor lacked there ought for your perfection.
I came to save, and still to save am come.
I will not heap reproach, nor need I add
To what your quickened apprehensions feel.
Is this your sin well charged?"

Among the vast multitude gathered before the judgment-seat, the Transcendentalists are separately arraigned. Our last extract shall be their confession. Was their creed ever so happily embodied before? We admire the passage equally for the keenness and the justice of its satire. Must not their self-idolatry soon find its "mirror broken," and in like words of contrition own its impious folly?

> "In homage, due to goodness, Lord, we bend
> To thee, who Goodness art. O Wonderful
> Of the create, O Miracle of time!
> Thou curdled breath of rare divinity,
> Thou soul of Virtue, globed in human eyes,
> Eternal Word on ruddy lips incarne!
> Too oft on self we gazed, and less on thee:
> To-day the mirror's broken; let it lie,
> Since God through thee and us is shining fair.
> We would no friend or brother; after us
> Thy mother eyes went streaming; flowers the dew,
> Harts drink the water-brooks, and we ourselves,
> More sweet to us than Jewish muscadine.
> Our fount ran dry, alas! good Lord; and now
> We bring our empty bowls to thee. We shone,
> But inward, oven-suns, none blessed our light;
> Lord, bless us; we will bless, unsought, unspent."

ART. IX. *Histoire et Doctrine de la Secte des Cathares ou Albigeois.* Par C. SCHMIDT, Professeur à la Faculté de Théologie et au Séminaire Protestant de Strasbourg. Paris et Genève. 1849. 2 vols. 8vo.

AMONG the heretical sects which menaced the safety of the Church in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, none is more celebrated than that of the Cathari or Albigenses. Its history is deserving of peculiar attention. The curious system professed by its adherents, in which many of the errors of paganism were so strangely blended with what was most pure and spiritual in Christianity, the heroism with which they struggled against their powerful foes, and the cruelties to which the latter subjected them during that melancholy

crusade which laid waste one of the richest and most flourishing countries of Europe, give to their history an uncommon interest. The origin of the Cathari has been the subject of much controversy; by some, they have been regarded as the immediate descendants of the early Manicheans; others have maintained that they derived their doctrines from some Gnostic sect, or from the Priscillianists and the Paulicians or Bogomiles. Mr. Schmidt ascribes to them a Græco-Slavonic origin. According to him, their doctrines originated in Bulgaria at the beginning of the tenth century. The Slavonic population of this country were converted to Christianity so late as the middle of the ninth century by two Greek monks, Methodius and Cyrillus. These missionaries had allowed the neophytes to preserve their national language in the celebration of the rites of the Church. At a later period, this politic conduct, to which the rapid conversion of the inhabitants was mainly to be ascribed, was abandoned, and the use of the Slavonic dialect in public worship was forbidden by the most stringent regulations. The spirit of opposition to which this persecution of the national language — that most precious jewel of a nation's inheritance — excited among the people was singularly favorable to the growth of heresy. That doctrines like those of the Cathari, in which the instructions of Christianity were so closely mingled with many pagan superstitions, should have been adopted by the people, is accounted for by the recent date of their conversion from heathenism. Their former belief in the existence of an evil spirit, known under the name of Czernebog or Diabol, to whom they rendered a worship equal to that consecrated to God, might well prepare them for the reception of the new heresy, which was founded on the belief in two supreme spirits, the one good and the other evil.

It seems plausible, then, that this system was invented, at the beginning of the tenth century, in some Græco-Slavonic monastery in Bulgaria, where the monks, exasperated by the persecution to which the national language had been subjected, were disposed to shake off the yoke of the Church which had ordered this great wrong. Abandoned, in the solitude of their monastery, to their own meditations and studies, they may have endeavored to form a religious system for themselves, and have arrived at the conclusion that the world is

governed by two principles, and that, in order to become pure (*Καθαρός*), it is necessary to free the soul from all worldly claims.* If we consider that the traditions of the Manichean heresy had been carefully preserved in the monasteries of the East, and that, consequently, the Greek monks of Bulgaria must have been acquainted with them; if we remember, too, that the belief that the life of man is a constant struggle with the devil was one of the favorite doctrines of the Middle Ages, it will not appear surprising that their speculations took this form. It was not strange that they should so exaggerate the power of Satan as to consider him at last as the equal of the Deity. But the argument which seems to have the most weight in favor of our author's opinion is, that the translation of the Testament in use among the Cathari of a later period was from the original text commonly used in the Greek Church, and which differed considerably from that adopted by the Latins.

But whatever may have been the origin of the heresy, it is certain that, about the middle of the tenth century, it began to spread rapidly throughout Europe, and at the end of the twelfth, it had attained its greatest development. When, in 1198, Innocent III. ascended the papal throne, the Cathari were numerous throughout the whole south of Europe, and even in Flanders, and parts of Germany and England; they had succeeded in establishing, in the midst of an orthodox society, an heretical church, firmly organized, and daily acquiring new strength by the zeal of proselytes willing to lay down their lives for their faith.

It was in the south of France that the heresy had the most

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* Cathari, from the Greek word *Καθαρός*, seems to have been the original name of the sect. It was afterwards known under different names, according to the different countries in which it appeared. In Italy, its partisans were commonly called *Patareni*, probably from a place of ill repute at Milan where they were in the habit of meeting. In the north of France and in England, they went under the appellation of *Publicani*. The derivation of this name is somewhat obscure, but according to Ducange and Mosheim, it was a corruption of *Pauliciani*, a name by which the crusaders called them on their return from the East. In the south of France, where they were most numerous, they were known under the names of *Textores*, from the large number of weavers who adopted their doctrines; — and of *Bonshommes* or *Albigenses*, from the territory in which they principally resided. It is by this last name that they are most commonly known. In parts of Italy, they were called *Cazari* or *Gazari*, the Greek ẑ being pronounced as a *z*. This pronunciation gave rise to the German word *Ketzer*, which afterwards became the generic name for all heretics, as the word *Cathari* had been the generic name of several of the heretical sects of the Middle Ages.

numerous adherents. There it resisted longer than in any other part of Europe the cruel war which the church waged against it; and it was not until the spirit of the people of Languedoc was broken, and their nationality merged in that of the French, that the sect was finally extirpated. Many causes combined to favor the growth of heresy in these provinces. The state of civilization, which was more advanced than in the northern parts of France, and which gave rise to a feeling of jealousy and rivalry not extinguished until the south was subjected to the sway of the French king, the civil and political liberty which the people enjoyed, and the independent tone which the Troubadours assumed in their writings, — had produced a greater toleration of religious opinions than existed in any other country of Europe. At the time of which we are writing, this toleration was so great that the heretic church was allowed to exist unmolested by the side of its formidable rival; and it was not unusual to find, in the same family, Catholics and Cathari living at peace with each other. Catholicism had lost many of its adherents by the vices of the clergy and its other professors. Ecclesiastical dignities were monopolized by members of powerful families, who passed their lives in sensual enjoyment. The clergy had become an object of such general contempt, that the saying, "I had rather be a priest than have done this thing," became as proverbial as the former one, "I had rather be a Jew." The Troubadours in sarcastic *sirventes* openly attacked the vices and crimes of the priests and monks. "There is no crime," says one of these poets, "for which absolution may not be obtained. For money, they would give to renegades or usurers that Christian burial which they would refuse to the poor, who have not the means of paying for it. They pass the whole year in luxurious living, buying good fish, very white bread, and exquisite wines." * To this deplorable condition of the clergy, who, as a chronicler of the time expresses it, "instead of feeding their flock, thought only of fleecing them, and what was worse, instead of endeavoring to instruct them, set them the example of every vice," the rapid growth of the sect may be principally ascribed, especially as the pure and virtuous lives of the heretics contrasted so favorably

* Pierre Cardinal, apud Millot, *Hist. de Troubadours.* III. p. 269.

with those of the priests. As the number of the heretics increased, the tithes in many places were no longer paid. The churches, abandoned by the people, were shut up and fell into ruin. On the eve of the great Christian holidays, at the time when these churches had been wont to be crowded with a pious multitude assembled to witness the pomp and splendor of the Catholic service, the populace collected to perform obscene dances or sing profane songs around the deserted altars. The whole Catholic system seemed to be crumbling into dust. Many of the most influential noblemen of the country lent their aid to the heretics, who, under such protection, were enabled to organize their church. It was divided into several dioceses, the principal of which was at Toulouse, where reigned Count Raymond, who had himself joined the sect.

No sooner had Innocent III. been called to the papal throne, than his attention was drawn by the Archbishop of Auch to the suffering condition of the Church in southern France. He at once resolved to devote all his energies to the extirpation of the heresy, which, unless speedily counteracted, would destroy forever the authority of the Romish Church. He regarded it as the sacred mission, which he was called upon to accomplish, to root out not only the heresy, but to exterminate the heretics. He did not look upon them as men whose judgments were erroneous, and who should consequently be converted by the mild appliances of persuasion, but rather as spirits of evil, who labored to corrupt mankind and to lead their followers to perdition. No measures seemed too violent which might accomplish his object. For this he did not hesitate to devastate that beautiful land, which had been the resort of the most learned and accomplished men of the age ; for this he was willing, on the ruins of that once prosperous country, to establish the Inquisition, and to erect the scaffold and the stake. Where peace and civilization had reigned, war, — not such as the civilization of modern times has rendered it, — but mediæval war, with all the horrors which the word implies, a war of extermination and ruin, was waged in the name of the Church. Innocent believed that his first and highest duty was to oppose the stream of heretical opinions before it had overwhelmed the Church which he was appointed to defend.

But before we speak of the crusade against the unfortunate Albigenses, it may be proper to present a brief account of their doctrines. The task is not an easy one. All the works written by members of the sect have been lost, and the historian is obliged to have recourse to the writings of their adversaries, in order to obtain any information in respect to their tenets. Hence the confusion and obscurity which prevail in regard to them, and which have even caused some writers to confound the Cathari with other sects, — the Waldenses, for example, — whose doctrines were on many points entirely different. Other writers, distrusting the accounts given of them by Catholic authors, have been led to view them far more favorably than a close examination of the authorities will warrant. Those whose religious opinions incline them to sympathize with all who, in past ages, have opposed the power of Rome, may naturally be unwilling to place confidence in such authorities; but we believe these authorities may be consulted with safety. Many of those who undertook the refutation of the doctrines of the Cathari had once themselves belonged to that sect, and must consequently have been acquainted with its doctrines.* There are books on the subject so voluminous, and giving evidence of such erudition and research, that it seems hardly probable that they could have been written to refute doctrines wholly imaginary. A strong argument in favor of the authority of these works is the fact that, whilst they agree with each other in all essential points, their testimony is corroborated by the depositions of the witnesses and the accused before the Inquisitorial tribunals of France and Italy. It would, indeed, be desirable to have some work written by a Catharist, but none such exist, or have come to light; and from the writings of the adversaries of the heresy we collect the following summary of the doctrines professed by its adherents.

The fundamental principle of the whole system is one which must form the basis of every spiritual religion; namely, that God must contain within himself every perfection. In him there can be nothing evil, nor can any thing bad emanate

* Of these, Reinerius Sacchoni, a native of Piacenza, is the one to whom writers on this subject most frequently refer. His work entitled, *Summa de Catharis et Leonistis* has been published in the fifth volume of the *Thesaurus Novus Anecdot.* by Martène and Durand.

from him. From this, the Cathari infer that every thing created by this God must be perfect as he himself is perfect, and that, consequently, as nothing in the visible world is perfect, this world cannot be his work. All created beings are limited in their attributes and full of imperfections. The perfect God cannot, then, have given them life, since, if they proceeded from him, it would be impossible to account for their not being perfect as himself. If he was not able to make them perfect, he is not all-powerful. If he was able, and did not, he must have been actuated by the fear that perfect creatures might become as powerful as himself, and such a feeling cannot be reconciled with the idea of a perfect God. But if the perfect Deity did not create the world, how came it into being? The answer is, an evil spirit must have created it. On the subject of the existence of two principles, a schism took place in the sect at an early period. The original Cathari maintained, that the evil spirit is as absolute and eternal as the good; the new party held, that the evil spirit was a created being, who became evil by his own free-will, and that he will ultimately be overcome and destroyed. We shall examine only the first of these systems, as the one more commonly received. The other never made many proselytes, partly because the absolute ditheism of the primitive Cathari was firmly established when the new system was first proposed, and partly because the moral principles, the mode of worship, and the clerical organization were precisely the same for both parties.

The primitive Cathari founded, as we have said, their belief in two supreme spirits on the supposed impossibility of an imperfect world being the work of a perfect God. They did not fail to back their assertion by scriptural quotations. All the passages alluding to the opposition between the flesh and the spirit, between God and the world, were brought to bear on their theory. The evil spirit, then, in their system, is the creator of all things visible. He presides over them and maintains them. The invisible world, the world of spirits, is the work of the perfect God. It is inhabited by celestial beings composed of a soul and a spiritual body. The opposition between these two divinities and these two creations is eternal. Each of these Gods has his revelation. The Old Testament is the revelation of the evil spirit; that

of the good is to be found in the New Testament. The examples drawn from the two books of the Bible to illustrate their system are too numerous to be cited. The following, however, may give an idea of the value of their reasoning on this point. The God of the Old Testament, say they, created a man and a woman; and in the New Testament it is said, "there is neither male nor female, but ye are all one in Christ Jesus." Jehovah says: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman;" the God of the New Testament wishes, on the contrary, to reconcile all things unto himself. The God of the Old Testament curses; the God of the New blesses. The first repents of what he has done; consequently, what he has done is bad; the second "is the Author of every good and perfect gift."

Such were the reasons on which they founded their belief that the Old and New Testaments are two distinct revelations. Moses, in their opinion, received his instructions from the spirit of evil, and was himself a juggler and an impostor. He is condemned to eternal suffering for having obeyed the orders of his master, and for having commanded his people to wage war against their enemies. All the other writers of the Old Covenant are also reproved, as it is written, "for as many as are of the work of the law are under the curse." The consequence to be derived from this absolute distinction between the two revelations was inevitable. As the Old Testament was the work of the Devil, its laws were not to be obeyed. St. Paul himself has said, "A new covenant has made the first old. Now that which decayeth and waxes old is ready to vanish away."

If it is admitted that the universe is administered by two distinct divinities, the one of whom creates what is material, and the other what is spiritual, the question naturally arises, how does it happen that human souls have fallen under the dominion of evil? To this the answer is, that the heavenly souls, which, as we have seen, were created by the perfect God, were induced to descend upon earth by the machinations of the Evil One. At the same time, the Cathari absolutely deny freewill; for, say they, if the perfect God had created souls endowed with the liberty of doing good or evil, he would himself be the author of evil, which is impossible. How then are these two doctrines to be reconciled? By the

following myth. The spirit of evil, weary of seeing the perfect God reigning over a holy and happy people, and envying them their felicity, penetrated into heaven under the form of an angel of light, and persuaded the heavenly souls to follow him upon earth. Deceived by the form which he had assumed, they consented to follow him and to abandon their God. When the evil spirit had thus acquired dominion over these souls, he confined them in earthly bodies. In thus uniting them to matter, he thought to prevent forever their return to heaven.

This myth, on which the Cathari depended for solving the difficulty which arose from their negation of freewill and their belief in the fall of these heavenly souls, in fact explains nothing. If the inhabitants of heaven did not possess the liberty of choosing between good and evil, how can it be said that they *consented* to follow the Demon to the earth? To say that they were deceived by this spirit of darkness, does not solve the difficulty, for their consent to leave their celestial abode implies the power of refusing to do so, and consequently the liberty of choice. The weakness of the whole system is strongly exemplified here. If it were true that, originally, all souls were perfect, because created by a perfect God; and if, on the other hand, all evil was derived from an evil cause, — if the principle of Aristotle, on which the Cathari founded their belief in the existence of two supreme creators, *contrariorum contraria sunt principia*, — were admissible to such an extent, the inevitable consequence would be that, between the two creations, there could never be any contact. Unable to deny that such a contact really exists, the Cathari were obliged to maintain that the souls of men were those of fallen angels; and as they denied their freewill, they were led to imagine the absurd fable which we have mentioned, the absurdity of which is not a little increased by the fact that it does not at all answer the purpose for which it was intended.

This view of the origin of the human race naturally led the Cathari to believe in the doctrine of metempsychosis. As God takes no part in the creation of evil spirits, all the souls in the world are the same which followed Lucifer from heaven. They have consequently passed through many bodies. Some of the adherents of the sect went so far as to

state through how many bodies each soul must pass. As these souls, however, were created perfect, it is impossible that they should remain forever on earth, which the Cathari regarded as the domain of the Devil and the only hell which exists. All will be ultimately rescued from the power of the Evil One; all will be saved, and enjoy the immortal life for which they were created. This belief in the redemption of all mankind was so firmly adopted by the sect, that they regarded the doctrine of predestination, as laid down by Augustine, as a monstrous error, contrary to all our notions of the goodness and justice of God.*

In a system which taught the necessity of the salvation of all men, the presence of a Saviour would seem to be wholly unnecessary. But the sect attributed a great work to Jesus Christ. After having permitted the souls, which he had created perfect, to remain many thousand years under the power of the demon in order to expiate their guilt, the perfect God resolved to put a limit to the triumphs of his adversary by sending Jesus Christ upon earth. The Cathari rejected the Catholic view of the nature of Christ. They regarded him as a being created by the Father, but superior to all other created beings. The object of his mission on earth was to remind the captive souls which dwelt there of their celestial origin, to teach them their error with regard to the God in whom they had until then believed, to show them the means by which they could return to the true and perfect Deity, and, finally, to found a Church, in which should be received all those who accept his revelations and obey his laws. As the bodies of men are the work of the evil spirit, and as the perfect spirit of Christ could not dwell in such a body, the sect believed that the Saviour had come into the world with the celestial body with which souls are invested in heaven. It was in this spiritual body alone that he became incarnate, and he appeared in the world without having acquired a single material principle. Hence his language to his supposed mother: — "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" The

* An adherent of the sect is said to have made use of the following language with regard to this doctrine of Augustine: — "*Quod si teneret illum Deum, qui de mille hominibus ab eo factis, unum salvaret et omnes alios damnaret, ipsum derumperet et dilaceraret unguibus et dentibus tanquam perfidum, et reputabat ipsum esse falsum et perfidum, et spueret in faciem ejus.*" Acts of the Inquisition of Carcassonne, 1247.

body in which Christ appeared on earth had the appearance of humanity, but it had no wants. If he ate, or drank, or slept, it was in order not to reveal his true nature to the Adversary, from whom he had come to rescue the souls of men.

With regard to the miracles wrought by Jesus, they applied to them the words of St. Paul, "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life," and interpreted them all spiritually. The blind, to whom Christ restored their sight, are those blinded by sin; the tomb, from which he called forth Lazarus, is the darkness in which the sinning soul is buried. The bread which he distributed to the multitude is the word of life; the storm which he subdued is the storm of earthly passions. They reproached the Catholics bitterly for believing that Christ could work visible miracles.

We have said that, in this system, one of the principal objects of the mission of Christ was to found a Church, by admission into which men are saved. As it might have been objected, that there was a contradiction between maintaining that all men are saved, and at the same time that, in order to be saved, it is necessary to enter the Church, they obviated the difficulty by saying that, by the necessity of becoming members of the Catharist Church, they merely implied that the adoption of this faith hastened the moment when the souls of men should once more return to their celestial abode. It might also have been objected, that thousands of men had died before the Catharist doctrines were known. Were they to be eternally miserable? This objection they answered by referring to their doctrine of the transmigration of souls. The souls of those who had died before the coming of Christ passed through different bodies, until, at last, by being received into the Catharist Church, they were reconciled to God. In taking such a view of the salvation of mankind, it will be seen that death could not have the same meaning for all men. To those who have accomplished their expiation by being admitted to the Church, it is the termination of their sufferings in this world; freed from the shackles of matter, their souls again participate in the glory and happiness for which they were created. For those, on the contrary, who have not accomplished their period of penance, death is but the passage from one body to another. The heavenly souls, which had been seduced by the evil spirit, had abandoned

their celestial bodies before descending upon earth. When they are again relieved from their bondage, they will take possession of these bodies. This was what the Cathari understood by the resurrection of the body.

If we look only to the peculiar tenets of the Cathari, considered as matter of mere speculation, it seems difficult to understand how so many Protestant writers should have claimed them as brethren, and almost asserted their orthodoxy. Their system, however, was practically established, and as often happens, the practice was much better than what might be legitimately inferred from the doctrine. We cannot but admire the purity and holiness of the lives of these heretics, and we wonder at the simple and spiritual form of worship which they established at a time when the Catholic church was displaying the full magnificence of its ritual, and cumbering the simplicity of Christianity with the invocation of saints and the exposition of relics and images.

The whole practical tendency of the system which we have sketched must have been to free man from all attachment to the things of this earth. The world was the work of the spirit of evil. The only way of resisting sin, and effecting a total change of life, was to enter the church. Those who were admitted to the church received the sacrament called the *consolamentum,* and were then considered as freed from all impurity, and they received the name of *perfect.* After they had attained this desirable condition, they did not pass their lives, as might have been expected, in idle meditation, awaiting the moment when their souls should be permitted to cast off the bodies in which they had been confined. They went from place to place, preaching and giving instruction, and also administering the *consolamentum* to those whom they deemed worthy. "We lead," said one of them, when summoned before the tribunal of the Inquisition at Carcassonne, "a hard and wandering life; we flee from place to place, like sheep in the midst of wolves; we suffer persecution like the apostles and martyrs, and yet our life is holy and austere. It is passed in abstinence, in prayer, and in labors which nothing can interrupt; but to us every thing is easy, for we no longer belong to the world." Their life might well be called austere. The *perfect* were to take vows of poverty and chastity, and never to resort to arms, even in self-defence.

They were to avoid taking the life of an animal, for they held that the souls of men sometimes passed into the bodies of animals. They were to abstain from meat, milk, eggs, and cheese, because all animal food is the work of the Devil. Vegetables, fruits, bread, the oil of olives, and wine, furnished their repasts. They believed that no sin was greater than marriage, which they would not distinguish from adultery or concubinage. They founded this doctrine on the words of our Saviour, "The children of this world marry and are given in marriage; but they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage." The *perfect* Cathari were generally clothed in black, and carried under their cloak a leathern pouch containing a copy of the New Testament, which they never laid aside. They had peculiar signs by which they recognized each other; and even the houses in which they lived were marked in such a manner as to be easily discovered by the initiated. When they travelled, they were received everywhere with the greatest kindness. If they stopped in a village or a castle, they were waited upon by the inhabitants. Even the most powerful noblemen deemed it an honor to serve them at table.

These honors compensated but poorly, however, for the hardships and privations which they were obliged to undergo, and the number of the *perfect* was never very large. But the number of believers was very considerable. These, who were called *credentes*, were not subjected to the same rigorous discipline as the *perfect*. They might marry, make war, and eat of whatever food nature afforded, provided they confessed these sins to the *perfect*. But unless they received the *consolamentum* before they died, they could not be immediately saved. The *consolamentum* was therefore frequently administered to the *credentes* on their death-bed. This holy rite was not, however, indiscriminately administered to all those who demanded it. An attempt was made first to ascertain whether the dying person demanded it from conviction, or only to make sure of heaven by this means. Thus, we read that it was refused to a woman on the ground that it would be difficult for her to adopt the strict life of the *perfect*, in case she recovered. In some instances, for fear that those who had received the rite might again fall into sin if they re-

covered, the *perfect* ordered them to allow themselves to die of hunger. Horrible as this may seem, it was but a natural consequence of the whole Catharist system. It is singular, indeed, that suicide should not have become a common occurrence amongst its adherents. It could certainly not be regarded as a crime to destroy that body, which was the work of the spirit of darkness, and only impeded the progress of the soul.

From what has already been said, it is evident that, like many reformers of a later day, the Cathari were no less intolerant than their persecutors. Their church was the only true church, out of which there was no salvation; they were the descendants of the early apostles, the people of God upon earth, for their church alone was composed of none but perfect members. How, indeed, demanded they, could the Catholic church, which counted among its members so many men abandoned to every vice, how could it be the "glorious church" of which St. Paul speaks, "having neither spot, nor wrinkle, nor any such thing, but being holy and without blemish?" But their church represented the Christian church in its primitive simplicity. They believed, also, and in this respect they seem to have erred less, that their worship was of the same character with that of the early Christians. The more spiritual the mode of worship, the more they believed it to be in harmony with the instructions of the Saviour. To adore God no particular place seemed to them necessary, no vain and useless ceremonies need be observed. In those places where they enjoyed the most liberty, however, they had erected edifices for the purposes of worship. In them there were no ornaments. A bench or table, covered with a white cloth, took the place of an altar. On this the New Testament was always open at the first chapter of the Gospel according to John. No bells admonished the faithful of the hour of worship, for they regarded the bells which had so long summoned men to what they deemed an idolatrous worship, as an invention of the Devil. The forms of worship were as simple as the buildings in which it was celebrated. The service was performed either by a minister of the sect, or by one of the *perfect*. It commenced by the reading of passages from the New Testament, which were afterwards explained according to the doctrines of the sect; and this was

followed by a benediction. Afterwards, the whole assembly joined in the Lord's prayer, the only prayer which they ever used.

The Cathari only recognized two sacraments, the *consolamentum* and the benediction of bread, or communion. The first of these, which, as we have seen, was of such vast importance, consisted merely in a minister, or one of the *perfect*, laying his hands on the disciple, who wished to be admitted to a full communion with the church, and invoking the blessing of God upon him. It held the place of the Catholic baptism. It was necessary to prepare by abstinence and prayer for this solemn rite. For three days previous to the ceremony, the candidate was not to partake of any food. When he was thus prepared, he was introduced in silence into the sanctuary, where the worship was performed. There, the minister, holding in his hands the Testament, instructed the neophyte in the tenets of the sect, informing him of the austere life which he would have to lead when once admitted into the true Church, warning him at the same time to beware of the Church of Rome, and to persevere unto death in the new faith, by which alone he could attain to immortal life. The neophyte then demanded and received the benediction in the usual form, and the minister handed him the Testament to kiss, and finally placed it on his head, whilst the other *perfect* who were present advanced and touched him, thus signifying that he was now their brother. The ceremony closed with the usual church service.

As to the other sacrament of the Albigenses, the benediction or breaking of bread, it took place at first at every meal at which one of the *perfect* was present. Before sitting down to the table, one of them took some bread, and breaking it, handed it to those who were present, saying, "May the grace of our Lord be with you." But when the persecutions against the sect commenced, this practice was limited to the great religious festivals at Easter and Christmas. This ceremony, as may be conjectured from the whole Catharist system, was viewed only as a symbol of the union of the members of the early Christian church. To these reformers, as to many of those of a later day, the bread with which they communed underwent no mysterious change by the words of the minister. They did not interpret literally the words of the Saviour,

"This is my body;" but considered the doctrine of transubstantiation as highly blasphemous. "The priests," said they, "make gods of paste, and afterwards eat them! How can the body of Christ, that spiritual body, which had only been manifested in the world as a real body, be contained in a piece of bread, which, like all things material, is the work of the Demon?"

In spite of the virtues practised by the Cathari, they did not, any more than the early Christians, escape the calumnies of their enemies. The power they ascribed to the spirit of evil, and the mystery with which they assembled to worship, led the ignorant people to believe that they adored the Devil, and to imagine that their nocturnal meetings were consecrated to every species of wickedness. They were accused of holding the most absurd and licentious doctrines. There does not seem to have been any foundation for such accusations, and, indeed, many of the Catholic writers of their day cannot refrain from rendering a homage to their virtues, and even cite their zeal for the propagation of their faith as an example to be followed by all Christians. They were, unquestionably, most ardently attached to their church, and willingly encountered every danger to extend its dominion. They compassed Europe for the purpose of making proselytes. Sometimes, they went about openly preaching their doctrines; at other periods, they would visit, as merchants, the great towns, in which annual fairs were held, in the hope of gaining over many souls from the large concourse of men from every country which assembled at these periods. Nor were their efforts unsuccessful. While their preaching was listened to with delight, their simple and austere life deeply impressed those whom they encountered in their travels; and many were induced to imitate their example, that they might share with them the glories of eternal life.

We have said that Innocent III. was no sooner raised to the pontificate than he determined to arrest the progress of this sect, and, if possible, to erase its name from the memory of man. His first step was to direct a letter to the archbishops and bishops of southern France, in which he said that, owing to the rapid growth of the heresy, he had determined to send Reinerius and Guido, two men of much learning, as his legates to Languedoc, to endeavor to bring back

the erring to the true church. To these two legates he gave full powers. Their first duty would be to excommunicate the heretics, and to confiscate their possessions. If they did not then yield, the legates were to call upon the noblemen of the country to take up arms against them. Reinerius and Guido effected nothing; and in 1203, the Pope appointed two Cistercian monks, Raoul and Pierre de Castelnau, to be his legates. The unlimited authority with which he clothed these emissaries rather retarded than favored his plans; for the clergy, irritated by the arrogant bearing which they assumed, refused to act in concert with them. Arnauld Amalric, Abbot of Citeaux, was joined with them; but fearing that even this powerful auxiliary would not enable them to carry out his views, Innocent ordered them to preach a crusade against the heretics, and he wrote a letter to Philip Augustus, in which he represented to that monarch, that the time had now come for the spiritual and temporal powers to unite for the defence of the church. He declared it to be Philip's duty, as one of the most powerful princes of Christendom, to use his authority against the heretics, and that if he was unable himself to command an army, he should send his son in his place. Philip was not moved by this language; he was far too prudent to embark in an undertaking the issue of which seemed then so uncertain.

Meanwhile, Foulques of Marseilles had been appointed bishop of Toulouse. The youth of this prelate had been passed amidst the licentious pleasures of the Troubadours. He was himself a proficient in the gay science, and by his songs had charmed many a fair lady. He abandoned all this and entered a convent, where in appearance he renounced the world; but in truth, he was still pursuing self-gratification, he had only changed the object of his passion. "He had devoted," says a French writer, "one half of his life to gallantry, he gave up the other without hesitation to the cause of tyranny, murder, and plunder." He proved a powerful auxiliary to the legates in their work of persecution. The legates were also joined by twelve Cistercian monks. Thus prepared, they set out, clad in sumptuous attire, and attended by a splendid retinue, to preach the gospel of the Roman Catholic Church throughout the country. The people murmured. One day, these luxurious apostles chanced to meet

Diego d' Azebès, Bishop of Osma, and Dominic, one of his canons, who were just returning from Rome. The Bishop was astonished at such indecent display on the part of Christian missionaries, and seriously remonstrated with them. "It is not thus," he said, "but on foot, that you should march against the heretics." The Cistercians followed his advice, and he and his companion became their active coadjutors.

Thus the Bishop of Osma, and Dominic, whose name was afterwards to acquire a great celebrity, began to preach against the Albigenses. They went together from place to place, everywhere entering into theological discussions with the heretics, and endeavoring to convince them of their errors. However easy it might be for the Catholics to overcome the Cathari in argument, they made no progress in converting them, and still less in expelling them from the country. In those places where the heretics were most numerous, when the Catholic inhabitants were asked why they did not drive them out, they replied, "we cannot; we have grown up with them, and we know the purity, the sanctity, of their lives." The people heaped insults on the missionaries; they threw dirt at the Bishop and at Dominic, and spat upon them. The bishop was so irritated that he called loudly upon the Lord "to let His hand fall heavily upon the heretics, as chastisement alone could open their eyes." Shortly afterwards he returned to Spain. The monks who had come from Citeaux, and who now began to despair of success, went back to their convent, and Pierre de Castelnau and Dominic were left alone to conduct the work of persecution.

We have already said that Raymond, Count of Toulouse, one of the most powerful noblemen in the south of France, favored the heretics. From an early age he had associated with them, and when he succeeded his father, in 1194, he openly protected them, and always retained a number of the perfect at his court to administer the *consolamentum* to him in case he should be suddenly taken ill. The Pope endeavored to induce him to banish the Cathari from his dominions; and when he steadfastly refused, he was solemnly excommunicated. At the same time, the legate excited the neighboring barons to make war on Raymond, who, fearing an invasion of his territory, now promised submission to the Pope. But this reconciliation with Rome did not last long. Pierre de

Castelnau publicly upbraided him for his want of faith in not expelling the heretics, and again excommunicated him. The Count lost his temper, replied angrily, and threatened Pierre with death. This imprudent speech was eagerly caught at by one of the Count's attendants, who pursued the legate, and killed him as he was about to embark in a boat on the Rhone.

The murder of the papal legate was the signal for the crusade which had been so long meditated. The Pope, exasperated at so daring a violation of his pontifical authority, called upon the princes of Christendom to avenge the desecrated majesty of the Church. He immediately ordered the bishops of Provence to preach a crusade against the unhappy Count and his heretic subjects, who were worse than the infidel Saracens. "And as," added he in his circular to the bishops, "according to the holy Fathers, it is not necessary for one to keep his faith with those who do not keep theirs towards God, or who have separated from the communion of the faithful, we, in virtue of our apostolic authority, release from their allegiance all those who think they owe obedience to the Count, and we permit any Catholic to pursue him, and to occupy and take possession of his dominions."

The king of France and his barons were also entreated to enter without delay upon this holy war against the excommunicated Count. The abbot Arnauld, and Navarre d'Aix, the new papal legate, went preaching the crusade throughout the country. To those who should enlist in the sacred cause, Innocent promised the same indulgences as to those who visited the Holy Land. Many were even allowed to change their vow of an expedition against the Saracens for one against the Albigenses. It may readily be conceived how many were glad to avail themselves of so favorable an opportunity of fulfilling a religious duty without making a dangerous voyage across the sea, and thus to expiate a life of guilt and crime. Instead of those distant expeditions, in which so many Christians perished by the arm of the infidel, or by famine and sickness, an enterprise now offered itself, in which, to use the words of the priests who exhorted the barons to take up arms, "the labor was but small, the distance short, and yet the recompense eternal." It must not be supposed,

however, that all those who enlisted were actuated by such pious motives. Many joined the army from the hope of rich plunder; others, from the north of France, were actuated by a jealousy towards the south, a jealousy so strong that Innocent did not fail to discover it and to avail himself of it. Thus a large army was formed.

Raymond, to whose wavering and cowardly bearing on this occasion may perhaps be ascribed the success of the crusade, was so alarmed at the approach of this powerful body, that he asked to be reconciled to the Church, and even consented to assume the cross himself. Innocent, acting according to his favorite maxim, that dissimulation is allowable towards heretics, consented to receive the Count once more into the bosom of the Church, rightly thinking that it would be easier for him to crush the heretics with their most powerful protector enlisted on his side. He reflected, too, that when the other barons who favored the heresy were reduced, it would be far less difficult to break with Raymond and plunge him in irretrievable ruin.

It was in the church of St. Gilles, where the remains of Pierre de Castelnau had been interred, that Raymond was admitted to the sacraments of the church. There, in presence of some twenty bishops, he was obliged to take a solemn oath upon the Eucharist and certain holy relics to persecute, by every means in his power, the heretic Albigenses. He was then stripped of his clothes, and a priest having fastened a stole round his neck, led him nine times round the church, scourging him all the while with a whip. After this ceremony, he was admitted to receive absolution.

Influenced by the example of the Count de Toulouse, his nephew, Raymond Roger, Viscount of Béziers, who was well known as one of the partisans of the sect, offered to make his peace with the Church. The Pope refused this, as he thought he might subdue him by other means. The Viscount, finding that no other course was left him, immediately prepared for war. Leaving a large garrison in the town of Béziers, he himself retired to Carcassonne, where he made every effort to impede the progress of the invading army. Meanwhile the crusaders, clad in their heavy armor, but wearing on their breast the holy sign of the cross, and carrying in their hands the pilgrim staff, to show in what a sacred cause they had

engaged, were advancing under the command of Arnauld, the Abbot of Citeaux, through the valley of the Rhone, by Lyons, Valence, Montelimart, and Avignon. At Valence, they were met by the Count de Toulouse, who now completed his disgrace by actually taking up arms against his persecuted countrymen, whom he unquestionably favored at heart.

On the twenty-second of July, 1209, the army laid siege to the town of Béziers. Reginald de Montpeyroux, bishop of the city, who joined the crusaders, having been admitted within the walls, assembled the inhabitants in the church of St. Nicaise, and exhorted them to yield before the vengeance of God and the Church should fall upon them. "Go and tell the legate who sent you," was their reply, "that our city is strong and good, that our Lord will not fail to assist us in our present misfortunes, and that, before we would be guilty of the cowardly act which you demand of us, we would eat our own children." The bishop then returned to the army, full of grief at the ill success of his endeavors to save the unhappy inhabitants from their fate. When their bold reply was repeated to Arnauld, he solemnly declared that not one stone in the city should remain on another, and not one life should be spared. This promise was but too strictly adhered to. The town was taken, and when the leaders of the army asked of the bloodthirsty abbot what they should do, as they could not distinguish the heretics and the catholics; "Kill them all," was the reply; "God will know His own!" Thus was perpetrated one of the most horrible massacres recorded in history. Although there exists considerable discrepancy among writers as to the exact number of persons who perished, it is certain that not less than twenty thousand were sacrificed to the blind fury of fanaticism. The town was set on fire and entirely destroyed.

From Béziers the army proceeded to Carcassonne, where they arrived on the first of August, having laid waste the whole intermediate country. The city was attacked amidst the holy chants of the church. Peter of Arragon, who was the liege lord of Béziers and Carcassonne, had come to endeavor to make peace between his vassal and the crusaders. All he was able to obtain, however, was that the Viscount should be allowed to leave the city with twelve of his followers, pro-

vided all the other inhabitants were abandoned to the invaders. When Roger heard this proposition, he exclaimed that he had rather be flayed alive than consent to it. "The legate," said he, "shall not lay hand on the least of my followers, for it is I who have brought them into danger." This noble reply availed him nothing. The city fell into the hands of the merciless enemy; some of the inhabitants succeeded in escaping through a secret passage, and the others were put to the sword. As for the Viscount, he was arrested in spite of a safe conduct which he had obtained, and was held prisoner in the fortress, where he soon afterwards died, as many supposed, from the effects of poison.

After the taking of Carcassonne, the Abbot of Citeaux assembled the principal noblemen in the army, in order to select one to take charge of the administration of the conquered country, or, as M. Michelet expresses it, in his spirited history of France, "to keep watch in arms over the bodies of the dead, and over the ashes of ruined cities." The Duke of Burgundy and the Counts of Nevers and St. Pol generously refused the offer which was made them, saying that they had come to fight against the heretics, and not to deprive the Viscount of Béziers of his dominions. Simon, Count of Montfort, was less scrupulous, and after an affected hesitation, he accepted the office. This man, whose name is connected with the most bloody scenes of the war, had but recently returned from the Holy Land, where he had been distinguished not less for his valor than for his blind submission to the Church, and his rigorous observance of its rites. Without compassion, when his fanaticism was excited, he was yet kind to his followers, and ever considerate of their wants. Many anecdotes are related of the strictness of his morals, and his humanity towards the female prisoners who fell into his hands. These virtues, uncommon as they were in those times, cannot efface the recollection of the misfortunes which he brought upon the flourishing provinces that he was appointed to govern. Unable even to read, he felt no regard for learning and civilization. He seemed to have but one thought, that of crushing the heresy. The Church could not have found a man better suited to carry out her views, and in her gratitude she called him the champion of the cause of God.

It seemed as if nothing now remained to be done but to con-

vert the remaining heretics. The possessions of the Viscount of Béziers, the most powerful protector of the Cathari since Raymond of Toulouse had abandoned their cause, had been wrested from him, and the crusade appeared to be at an end. But success had inflamed the ambition of Simon de Montfort, and he resolved to continue the war until all the provinces which the heresy had penetrated should be subjected to his sway. His first act, on taking possession of his new dominions, was to order that the tithes should be immediately paid. He also established new taxes in favor of the Church, and carried measures generally with so high a hand, that the barons, who had come to take part in the war, and were already disgusted with the many scenes of cruelty and bad faith they had witnessed, hastened to return to their own dominions. Simon thus found himself almost entirely abandoned. He was not discouraged, however, and even ventured to demand of the Count of Toulouse certain of his subjects who were suspected of heresy, threatening him with an invasion of his territory if he did not comply. So insolent a message roused Raymond from his apathy. He boldly replied that he did not recognize the authority of Simon, and that he would only obey the mandates of the Pope. Thereupon the legate excommunicated him, and the Count resolved to go to Rome in order to complain to the Pope himself of the manner in which he had been treated. He arrived at Rome at the beginning of the year 1210, and was graciously received by the Holy Father, who refused, however, to permit him to justify himself in his presence, as the Count had demanded, but referred him to a council to be held at St. Gilles in three months from that time. Raymond, disheartened, hastened to leave Rome, "where," says a chronicler, "he was greatly afraid of falling ill," and returned to Toulouse. At the appointed time, he appeared before the council of St. Gilles, where he was examined by Arnauld and his associate, the canon Theodosius. He declared that all the conditions of his reconciliation with Rome had been faithfully fulfilled. His inquisitors denied this, and reproached him with not having exterminated all the heretics in his dominions. The Count could not restrain his tears, and the sentence of excommunication was solemnly confirmed against him.

Meanwhile, Simon de Montfort had succeeded in levying a

new army, and had commenced attacking the castles in the neighborhood of his dominions, which still served as places of refuge for the heretics, who had been compelled to abandon the cities. One of their principal strongholds was the castle of Minerve, in the vicinity of Narbonne, to which Montfort laid siege. It held out for a long time, but was at last obliged to yield to the superior force of the assailants. One of the articles of the capitulation was, that those who would abjure their heretical opinions should be allowed to leave the fortress unmolested. As some of the crusaders murmured against this stipulation, by which they thought they might be deprived of some of their victims, Arnauld reproved them, saying, "Be not alarmed; I know these heretics. Not one will recant." Arnauld judged rightly. A priest, Guy de Vaux Cernay, was entrusted with the task of conversion; but his endeavors were vain. After they had listened for some time to his eloquent exhortations, they replied, "We do not wish for your faith. We have renounced the Church of Rome. You labor in vain, for neither in life nor in death will we renounce the opinions which we have formed." Thereupon Count Simon ordered that one hundred and forty of them should be publicly burnt. This horrible death did not damp the ardor of their enthusiasm, and they hastened to throw themselves into the flames. After this, the gates of many other castles were opened to the crusaders by their tenants, who feared a similar fate to that which had befallen the unhappy inhabitants of Minerve. It was now evident that the only course which remained for Raymond was to endeavor to resist by force the invasion with which he was threatened by Simon.

As yet there had been no open hostilities between these two men. The ambitious leader of the crusaders was only waiting, however, for a pretext to attack the Count, and this was easily found. In the spring of 1211, Montfort had taken the castle of Lavaur, one of the strongholds of the heretics. During the siege, Raymond had neglected to furnish the army with provisions. This was considered as a sufficient cause of complaint against one who had incurred the displeasure of the Church, and hostilities commenced. After two years of alternate success, the Count of Toulouse was reduced, in 1213, to the possession of the city of Toulouse and

a few of the neighboring towns. He then called upon the king of Arragon to come to his assistance. Don Pedro generously responded to this appeal, and his first step was to send deputies to Rome to remonstrate with the Pope against the conduct of Simon of Montfort. They represented to the Pope that, not content with occupying all the places inhabited by heretics, the leaders of the crusade had stretched out their greedy hands towards lands whose inhabitants were not even suspected of heresy; that they had obstinately refused to hear the justification of the Count, although the latter was ready to submit to every thing, even to exile, provided his dominions might pass into the hands of his son. The Pope listened with seeming interest to their complaints, and ordered his legates to convene a council, in which it should be decided whether the Count might be admitted to justify himself. As might easily have been foreseen, this favor was denied to the unfortunate Raymond. The king of Arragon was greatly irritated, and solemnly took the excommunicated prince under his protection. On the 12th of September, 1213, he laid siege to the little town of Muret, situated a few miles only from Toulouse. When Montfort heard of this, he hastened with the few troops he could muster to the rescue of the inhabitants. Such was the ardent confidence in the justice of his cause which upheld him in all his perils, that he did not hesitate with his few followers to attack the large force which Pedro had collected under the walls of Muret. During this battle, which decided the fate of the Albigenses, two French cavaliers had agreed to attack the king himself, and not to assail any less noble opponent. Pedro had doubtless been warned of this plan, for he had exchanged armor with one of his followers. The knights attacked the person who wore the king's armor, but seeing how readily he yielded under their blows, one of them exclaimed, "It is not the king; he is a better knight!" "True," cried Don Pedro, who was standing near; "it is not he; I am the king!" This bold declaration cost him his life; and the army was so disconcerted by the death of its leader, that Montfort soon succeeded in making himself master of the field.

Flushed with this important victory, he hastened on to Toulouse, which did not even attempt resistance. Raymond, despairing of his cause, and counting no longer either

on the Pope or the king of France, retired with his son to England, where he did homage to the English monarch for the county of Toulouse. He was not wrong in renouncing all hope in Philip Augustus; for no sooner did that prince see that there was not any chance of success for the Count, than he allowed his son Louis to lead an army into the South. It was in company with that prince that Simon de Montfort entered Toulouse, and added the city and county to his former possessions.

About this time, November, 1215, the celebrated council of Lateran was opened at Rome. It was one of the most imposing the Church had ever witnessed. It had been assembled for the purpose of legislating about the heretics, and of settling definitely the quarrel between Count Raymond and the Church. It was in vain that the Count himself went to Rome to plead his cause. His enemies were too powerful for him, and the council pronounced against him. Such was the power of the Church, that not a voice was raised against this iniquitous sentence. Not even the king of France, whose interest it certainly was to protect a vassal, opposed it. On the contrary, he shortly afterwards allowed Simon to do homage for those provinces, "which had been possessed by Raymond, *formerly* Count of Toulouse."

The council did not separate without sanctioning a project which, when matured and carried into execution, was to have the most important results for the Romish Church. The Spaniard Dominic, renowned alike for his piety, eloquence, and charity, who, as we have seen, took an active part in the events which occurred during the first years of the persecution of the Cathari, had formed the plan of founding a new religious order. It was while engaged in the conversion of the heretics, that he had been deeply impressed by the influence which the Catharist preachers exercised over the people, and had thought that the best means of counteracting this effect was to imitate their example, and to oppose to the poor and apostolic life of the Cathari, the life no less austere of monks devoted to poverty. He thus conceived the plan of establishing a religious order, whose members should go from place to place, preaching the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Before putting this scheme into execution, he proceeded to Rome to communicate it to the Pope. Innocent at first listened with dis-

trust, and refused to favor the plan. "But night, that divine counsellor of men," says a Catholic writer, "brought him better thoughts. Whilst he was sleeping profoundly, it seemed to him that he saw the church of St. John of Lateran, and Dominic leaning against it, and supporting on his shoulders its tottering walls. On the morrow, he sent for the holy man, and ordered him to return to France to his companions, to agree with them upon the establishment of the order." * It was not until 1216, however, after the death of Pope Innocent, that the order of Dominican or Preaching Friars was fully organized and sanctioned by papal authority. At the death of Dominic, in 1221, no less than sixty monasteries of this order existed, and the friars had commenced a zealous and successful warfare against the heretics.

The severity of the sentence pronounced against Count Raymond had excited the indignation of his former subjects. He resolved to take advantage of this disposition in his favor, and to attempt to regain those dominions of which he had been so unjustly deprived. He landed at Marseilles with his son, where they were both received with acclamations. Many noblemen, who had formerly opposed them, now hastened to take up arms in their cause, and they proceeded in triumph to Toulouse, their capital, which they succeeded in rescuing from their enemies. Simon de Montfort hastened with his troops to lay siege to this place; but the city was so well defended, that he was compelled to apply to Philip Augustus for aid. The king sent him some troops, but they had scarcely arrived, when, on the 25th of June, 1218, Montfort was killed by a stone thrown from the ramparts. His death was bewailed by his followers as if he had been a martyr; and the consternation produced by it was so great, that his son Amaury was obliged to raise the siege, and to retire to Carcassonne, where his father's remains were solemnly interred. A contemporary poet cites the epitaph placed on his tomb, and eloquently exclaims, "To him, who can read it aright, this epitaph says that he is a saint and martyr, and that he will rise to eternal life, there to wear a crown and be seated on a throne. And surely it must be so, if, as I have heard, by killing men and shedding blood, ruin-

* *Mémoires pour servir au Rétablissement de l' Ordre des Frères Prêcheurs en France*, by the eloquent Dominican preacher, Lacordaire.

ing souls and consenting to murders, listening to false counsel and lighting horrible fires, destroying the barons and degrading the nobility, depriving men of their lands and encouraging violence, strangling women and innocent children, — if by such means, a man can in this world gain the kingdom of Christ, then the Count must indeed wear a crown, and shine resplendent in Heaven." *

Neither the death of Montfort, nor that of Raymond, which occurred in 1223, put an end to the war. It was continued by their successors. A new crusade was preached against Raymond VII., who had succeeded his father, and Louis VIII. of France headed the army. In 1229, both parties, exhausted by the war, and ardently desiring to put an end to it, agreed to sign a treaty of peace at Meaux. On the 12th of April of that year, the Count of Toulouse solemnly swore, in the great church of Notre Dame, in Paris, to observe this treaty, humiliating to him as its stipulations were. By this act, he promised allegiance to the king of France, and thus prepared the way for the final destruction of the independence of the South.

"Thus terminated," says Mr. Schmidt, "the war against the Albigenses. It was productive of the most important consequences, as well for Languedoc as for the rest of France. At first, the destruction of the heresy had been not only the pretext, but the real cause, of the war; soon, however, this ceased to be any thing more than a pretext to obtain objects, in which the interests of the Catholic faith were but little concerned. Political and national interests were soon blended with those of the Church, and it was not long before they formed the principal motives for continuing the war, although they were still veiled under the name of religion. This war was one between the citizens and knights of the south and the northern barons, who were allied with a fanatic and ambitious clergy. It was a war of violence against right, and, as a poet expresses it, — 'of fraud against honesty.' It prepared the way for the extinction of the nationality peculiar to the south of France, and the amalgamation of this generous and illustrious population with the rest of the nation. If this result is one in which we should rejoice, the honor of it does not belong to those who effected it from motives of ven-

* See "*Histoire en Vers de la Croisade contre les Herétiques Albigeois*," published by the late M. Fauriel, in the valuable Collection of Documents relating to the History of France, and which contains one of the most complete accounts of the Crusade.

geance or hatred, but to that Divine Providence, which is able to make the evil actions of men work for good. As far as the primitive object of the crusade, the extirpation of heresy, is concerned, it is certain that the crusade did not accomplish it. The heresy continued to reign with as much power in Languedoc after the crusade, as when Innocent III. first undertook to destroy it by the force of arms. The indignation to which the horrors committed during the war, the ruin of the prosperity of the country, the destruction of its nationality and religious independence, and of the joyous and poetic mode of life in the south, gave rise, lent new strength to the heresy. For the nobility, as well as the other classes of society, attributed the misfortunes which befell their country, not merely to the cruelty of the northern French, but still more to the perfidiousness and fanaticism of the clergy. To the *cours d'amour* had succeeded the tribunals of the Inquisition; the gay science had made way for an ardent theological controversy, the principal argument of which was the stake. Instead of the poets and story-tellers who had travelled through the country, only the gloomy figures of monks could be seen; and in that land where formerly the glorious exploits of past ages had been sung, nothing was heard but sermons urging the population to religious persecution. Many castles were occupied by the foreign conquerors, whilst the former inmates, excommunicated by the Church, lived either in exile or hidden in the thick forest. It is easy to imagine the effect which such a change must have produced on the ardent imagination of the inhabitants of these southern climes. Far from becoming more attached to the Church, they conceived against it an implacable hatred. This feeling bursts forth with energy in the lays of the last Provençal poets, who complain bitterly that all their pleasures have faded away. They no longer sing either love or chivalry. They only write to lament the decline of their native country, and to accuse the French, the clergy, and above all, the Pope. These lays, which breathe only sadness or revenge, were eagerly listened to by a people so easily moved by the power of poetry; they kept up that feeling of enmity which made them regard the French of the north as oppressors, and by fortifying them in their resistance to a Church, which, in order to gain them over to her faith, had had recourse to such barbarous means, confirmed them in their attachment to the Catharist sect."

Owing to these circumstances, it was not till the middle of the fourteenth century that the heresy entirely disappeared. The persecutions of the Inquisition were at last successful. The temporal and spiritual power were closely associated in the work of destruction. The archives of the tribunals of the

Inquisition established in Languedoc bear witness to the zeal with which this odious persecution was carried on. Abandoned by the powerful barons, who had so long protected them, and weakened in numbers, the Cathari ceased to resist, and gradually renounced their faith. But the spirit which had so long sustained them in opposition was not crushed. Other heretics arose in their place; and when, after several centuries, owing to the progress of civilization, and, above all, to the invention of printing, an irretrievable schism took place in the Church, it was in those cities, in those parts of the country where the Cathari had been the most numerous, that Protestant communities were most firmly established. It is, indeed, a spiritual affinity between the faith of the Cathari and that of Protestants which makes us sympathize with the former, rather than any positive resemblance between their doctrines and those of the modern Reformers. Viewed as a theological or a philosophical system, the Catharist heresy would be entitled to little respect; but the spirit of those who, in adopting it, opposed the power of Rome and endeavored to reform its abuses, must strongly excite our admiration. The system itself is so defective, it gives such erroneous views of man and of his relations to his Creator, it is so strongly imbued with errors derived from paganism, that it could only have been so widely spread as it was in a rude age and among an illiterate people. And it is doubtful whether it would have found so many believers even in such an age, had it not been for the many circumstances which combined to favor its growth. The contrast which the pure lives of the Cathari offered to those of the Catholic clergy, the comparative simplicity of their worship, and above all, the violent measures to which the Church resorted in order to extirpate the heresy, could not have failed to gain many over to their cause. Religious liberty, the liberty of the human mind to speculate on the highest subjects offered to its meditation, and to conclude according to the degree of light which has been imparted to it, cannot be destroyed by such means as the Catholic Church adopted against the Cathari. The more it is persecuted, the more powerful it becomes. Those who proclaim its sacred principles before the time marked by Providence for their reception may perish, but from their ashes will arise others, who in their turn will strive for this

noble cause, and ultimately triumph. Thus it was with the Cathari. They, like many other of the heretical sects of the Middle Ages, were but the predecessors of more fortunate reformers, who, coming at a more enlightened period of the world's history, were enabled to establish on an imperishable basis the religious freedom of mankind.

ART. X. — 1. *Les Guerres d'Idiome et de Nationalité : Tableaux, Esquisses, et Souvenirs d'Histoire Contemporaine.* Par M. PAUL DE BOURGOING, Ancien Ministre de France en Russie et en Allemagne. Paris. 1849.

2. *Austria.* By EDWARD P. THOMPSON, ESQ., Author of "Life in Russia, or the Discipline of Despotism." London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 419.

3. *The Annual Register, or a View of the History and Politics of the Year* 1848. London: F. & J. Rivington. 1849. 8vo. pp. 456 & 483.

4. *A Brief Explanatory Report as to the Termination of the Hungarian Struggle, the Capitulation of the Fortress of Comorn, and the Objects, Probable Extent, and Other Circumstances of the Hungarian Emigration.* New York: J. M. Elliott, Printer. 1850. 8vo. pp. 22.

GOLDSMITH tells us, in one of his delightful essays, that "an alehouse-keeper near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French king, upon the commencement of the last war with France, pulled down his old sign, and put up the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale till she was no longer the favorite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed in turn for the next great man who shall be set up for vulgar admiration."

The republican sympathies of the people of this country, so far as they are indicated in the newspapers and the speeches of ambitious politicians, appear to have shifted from

one object to another about as often as the honest publican of Islington changed his sign. Hardly two years ago, we were called upon to admire that strange phenomenon, a liberal and reforming Pope, — almost a republican, we were told, — who had given a free constitution to his people, and pardoned all political offenders. Portraits of the excellent *Pio Nono* were exposed for sale in all our printshops, and for ornament in most Protestant drawing-rooms. Now, the same Pope is the object of the fiercest invective and obloquy; he has recovered his old titles; he is once more a despot and a tyrant, Antichrist and the Man of Sin. His portrait was ignominiously taken down, and engravings of Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, and Lamartine occupied its place. Public meetings were convoked to send addresses of congratulation to the new French republic, and the members of the Provisional Government were our idols for almost four months. But the insurrection of June gave a rude shock to their popularity, and a few persons among us were allowed timidly to express their doubts of the discretion, the disinterestedness, and the immaculate patriotism of these February heroes. They have now sunk wholly out of sight, and their names are seldom mentioned but with some expression of pity or contempt. Charles Albert, a king with democratic tendencies, next ruled in our republican hearts for a fortnight, till his glory was eclipsed by that of Mazzini and Garibaldi, the one a veteran conspirator, and the other a brigand and the leader of brigands. Cavaignac, who had become almost a hero in our esteem after he had so gallantly put down with sharp shot the insurgents of Paris, was execrated for fitting out an expedition to do precisely the same thing to the insurgents of Rome. Yet some doubted whether the assassins of Count Rossi and the venerable Palma did not as richly deserve condign punishment as the murderers of General Brea and the Archbishop of Paris.

It is humiliating to look back upon changes of opinion so frequent and violent as these; to be obliged to confess that we have wasted our honest enthusiasm, mistaken our men, and lavished upon demagogues, savage fanatics, or disguised supporters of despotism, the admiration which was intended for the brave, enlightened, and disinterested champions of human freedom and defenders of their country's rights. Our

errors and disappointments ought at least to teach us caution; having so often been deceived, it becomes us to scrutinize pretty sharply the credentials of all who may hereafter claim to be considered as martyrs of liberty or regenerators of free institutions in Europe. It is worth while, also, to review those cases in reference to which we have been led into error, and see what principles and motives were really active in them, and how it was that they simulated the character of contests for freedom.

The pamphlet first named at the head of this article is very instructive for this purpose, as it is written by a former diplomatic representative of France both in Russia and Germany, who has had ample opportunity to study the internal and foreign politics of those countries; while his present position, as minister of the French republic to the court of Madrid, is a sufficient guaranty that his sentiments, on the whole, are not anti-republican. It is temperately written, apparently without prejudice or secret bias, with the avowed purpose of lessening the fears entertained by his countrymen, at an anxious and gloomy period of their affairs, of a general war in Europe. It was published in the spring or summer of 1849; and events have thus far justified the writer's prediction, that, notwithstanding what was then the agitated state of the Continent, the apparent wreck of so many governments, and the number of local contests which were raging fiercely in the centre and south of Europe, there would be no general conflagration like that which was kindled by the first Revolution in France. "Therefore," he says, in conclusion, "let confidence be restored on all sides; let commerce resume its former habits, and hasten to take up again its relations with foreign countries; for a maritime war is as improbable, as impossible, as a continental one. Let a sense of security animate our manufactures, and the works which have been interrupted may be undertaken anew. France has both the will and the power, in the face of agitated and revolutionized Europe, to preserve peace, which will be more honorable and profitable to her than a long war; for without striking a blow, she will see the whole work of the Allies in 1815 disappear. Freed from all apprehensions as to our foreign relations, let us think only of the struggle against perverse doctrines which is going on at home, and seek to bring back to us all our countrymen, who have only been misled and deceived, and

whose ears are still open to the language of reason added to that of fraternal conciliation."

These words being a sufficient indication of the honesty of the writer's purpose, his statements can be received without distrust. The pamphlet itself affords proof enough of the extent and thoroughness of his information; with the affairs of Germany, including Hungary, he seems particularly conversant, his knowledge being evidently derived from a long residence in the countries of which he speaks, and from familiarity with the languages of the several tribes that inhabit them. "I have the advantage," he says, "of having lived many years among those Germans and Slavonians who are now so lamentably hostile to each other, and of having quitted them hardly five months ago; of having travelled through the various countries which the war has recently desolated; of having become personally acquainted, in the course of a rather long military and diplomatic career in this part of Europe, with all the men who govern, with many of those who command or negotiate, and even with some of those who speak and write, and thus calm or agitate, the credulous people in all these distant lands; and of thus being able, from all these causes united, to speak from certain knowledge."

With these grounds of assurance that he is a safe guide, we shall make free use of the information he gives as to the present state of Europe, the character of the political changes which have recently taken place in it, and the motives of the combatants in the several contests which have lately disturbed its tranquillity.

The leading idea or fact, which is developed and supported in this publication, is, that the wars which broke out in Europe during the year 1848 were not founded on political or religious principle, but were all *wars of races*, in which different nationalities, speaking different languages, came in contact with each other by seeking to vindicate or preserve a superior relative position; hence it is concluded, that they are necessarily local in character and limited in their results to the parties which are actually engaged in them, affording no cause of offence to any third nation, and incapable of endangering the general peace of Europe. Every other nation, it is argued, — France, for instance, — may remain a peaceable spectator of such wars, neither her prosperity, her dig-

nity, nor her political influence being in any manner compromised by them.

"During the year which has just elapsed, (1848,) there have broken out in Europe no less than nine very distinct wars or local collisions between twenty-three states or nations, speaking seventeen different languages. One strange fact explains and influences all these events: — The several families of dialects, or stem-languages, become hostile to each other, and tend to constitute independent nationalities. So novel a movement certainly deserves to be studied, and the moment when we begin to understand its causes, is favorable for attempting an enumeration of them.

"In the numerous wars and contests of 1848, the Germans appear in the first rank. Thus, we have had, 1. The war of the Germans against the Danes, for whom the Swedes, the Norwegians, and even the Russians, have been on the point of entering into the lists; then of the Germans against the Poles, 2. of Posen, 3. of Cracovia, and 4. of Galicia, the capital of which has been bombarded, — three successive wars between the Poles and the Germans; — 5. of these same Germans against the Bohemians, two nations which have been allied together for eight centuries, but which, in the month of June, entered into furious conflicts with each other at Prague; — 6. of the Neapolitans against the Sicilians; — 7. of the Austrians against the Piedmontese, with whom the people of Lombardy, Tuscany, and Rome have taken sides; — 8. of the Hungarians against the Croatians and the Servians, who were helped, in 1848, by the regular armies of Austria, as well as by the insurrections and the volunteer and partisan corps of the Slowacks, the Russniaks of Galicia, and the Wallachians and the Saxons of Transylvania, the last of whom, in 1849, drew the Russians into a contest which caused blood to be shed by all the Slavonic tribes without exception; — and lastly, 9. the national movement of the Moldavians and Wallachians, which produced, at Bucharest, a sanguinary conflict with the Turks.

"In addition to nine wars, more or less prolonged, this rivalry of a wholly novel character, the rivalry of languages and nationalities, with its more or less direct consequences, has been on the very point of exciting three other armed collisions between five different nations, to wit, between the Irish and the English; between the Germans and the Dutch, on account of Luxemburg; and even between the Germans and the Swiss, to whom a menacing manifesto has been addressed. I might add, that the Greeks of Cephalonia and the other Ionian islands have also made a demonstration in favor of their nationality; and that the Montenegrins,

coming from the borders of the Adriatic to fight in the provinces on the Danube, have shown that the Slavonic mind is in agitation even in the southern region of Dalmatia.

"This principle of the division of nationalities by their languages thus appears to be in truth the ruling political idea of our times; I will even say, that the excessive and fanatical extension of a rule so difficult to be applied is one of the political manias of the day; for whoever takes the feeling of humanity for a guide, has a right to stigmatize as insanity every unreasonable exaggeration which causes a great effusion of blood. It is evident, however, that other powerful causes have been united with these questions of race and language. In Ireland, for instance, the difference of religion, and the comparison which is daily made of the wealth of the conquering race with the misery of the conquered people, keep up this animosity of the two nations, to which the difference of language contributes comparatively little. In other countries, the radical party in politics have taken up this means of speedy and far-reaching agitation as an instrument for the furtherance of their own designs. Community of language subjects a whole nationality to the exciting influence of a journal, a popular harangue, or a patriotic hymn; as soon as it is admitted that a common language forms an indissoluble bond among those who use it, or that it ought to serve as such a bond, it becomes the principal vehicle of the schemes of disorder and rebellion which may be inculcated from a distance.

"If the history of the world in all ages is a uniform record of dissension and conflict, we may remark that the determining causes of war have become more and more complicated in proportion to the progress of the human mind. In the ages of barbarism, the tribes of the north rushed upon the nations of the south simply in order to dispute with them a place nearer to the sun. Soon afterwards came the wars of territorial convenience, which must be studied from a different point of view. As soon as the governments became civilized enough to have a political system, they began to fight for an alliance, for a river, for a chain of mountains, which would furnish a good strategical frontier. Later still, after the invention of writing, it was the interpretation of treaties, acts of royal succession, testamentary injunctions, pragmatic sanctions, and the like, which set armies in motion. Religious wars have belonged to all ages and all countries. Finally, at the close of the last century, all Europe rose in arms and formed coalitions either for or against political freedom. The war brought on by the first French revolution gave rise to many others, and eight different coalitions were successively formed to oppose a dyke to our principles of innovation coming

from the west. Now, this dyke is forever broken, and the torrent has stopped only at the Niemen.

The year 1848 first saw a wholly strange and unexpected cause of disaster, conflagration, and bloodshed suddenly start up among the nations of Europe; it beheld the rise of a subject of contention which was more subtle than the religious dogmas that produced the thirty years' war, more abstract than the political notions which kept up for twenty-three years the conflict between the armies of liberty and those of the counter-revolution. In truth, it is only about ten years since the nations who are now waging war upon each other in Denmark or in Lombardy, on the banks of the Danube or at the foot of Etna, first thought of regarding a difference of language, or even, as we see in Sicily, a faint difference between two dialects, as a legitimate cause of implacable hostility. It is also proper to say, that Germany, after having effectually contributed, by its philological labors, to awaken the instinct of race and arm the different nationalities against each other, has not been able in every case to reconcile the projects of its ambition with the consequences of its theories. The same principle which it defends in Sleswick, it combats in Poland and in Italy. Hence arise lamentable dissensions and inconsistencies; hence, also, the reign of violence coming after a movement which would have merited our sympathies, if it had not too often strayed from the paths of moderation and equity."

The bond of a common language is weakened in many cases by great differences of dialects; and the tie of a common though very remote origin would not be strongly felt, — its influence, in fact, would be hardly perceptible, — if it did not flatter the national pride, and often come in aid of that desire of national aggrandizement which is a common sentiment among all nations, and exists as strongly in the body of the people as in the hearts of their rulers. It is a feeling which simulates true patriotism, though only remotely allied to it; it assumes a brave garb, uses high-sounding words, and publishes valiant and virtuous manifestoes, though its root is in ambition and selfishness. A native of one of the smaller States of Italy or Germany, aware of the political insignificance of his government, and conscious, perhaps, of the social degradation of his countrymen, may be pardoned for dreaming of a union with all who are of the same lineage and speak the same tongue, as the only practicable means of elevating his nation in the eyes of Europe, and acquiring for them substantial dignity and influence. His sense of present humiliation will

more readily seek relief in the idea of a grand alliance with others, than in the difficult enterprise of reforming the political institutions of his own State, and improving the social condition of its inhabitants. It was because this latter enterprise seemed hopeless, or at best, remote and difficult of accomplishment, that the cry for a United Italy, and a United Germany, has become so popular. The enthusiasm of the Germans in this cause was fostered by, and perhaps derived its origin from, their united and successful efforts in the glorious War of Liberation, as it was termed, when they broke the chains of Napoleon. Arndt's famous song,

Where is the German fatherland?

and other patriotic odes, contributed not a little to fan the flame.

In Italy, the desire for political union, far more than for the downfall of monarchy, has always been the leading idea of its patriots. The regeneration of the country in their eyes depended on breaking down the barriers between its several States, and acquiring for it a political *status* as one of the great powers of the continent. It was a natural wish on their part, but not one which presents any peculiar claim for sympathy from other nations. Either as Americans or republicans, we do not feel called upon to admire or respect a movement which looks first to national aggrandizement, without any direct reference to the improvement of the social or political condition of the people. Tuscany has been a highly favored state, enjoying a mild and beneficent government; it is by no means sure that the welfare of its people would be increased by its junction with Lombardy, Piedmont, and the other States of the peninsula, under the rule of such a sovereign as Charles Albert. This, it must be confessed, is taking a very practical view of the matter; but we have no patience with that sort of sentimental enthusiasm, of patriotism run mad, which, without any reference to immediate utility, can be gratified only at the expense of a revolution and a bloody civil war. Italy never has been united since the days of the Roman empire; and the most glorious period of its subsequent history is that when it was divided into a multitude of flourishing commercial republics. That Genoa, Pisa, Florence, and Venice were almost constantly at war

with each other in the days of their prosperity and renown, was a misfortune of the times — an effect of the imperfect civilization of the Middle Ages — not a necessary result of their separate existence as independent states. If thus divided and constituted at the present day, there would be no difficulty in maintaining peaceful relations between them. Florence under the Medici achieved the mingled glories of literature, wealth, arts, and arms, not only without political union with other portions of the peninsula, but in spite of frequent wars with them; if her present state is less glorious and prosperous, it is not from the want of such union, but from the character of its inhabitants and the altered circumstances of the times.

Germany could not hope to effect any other object through the union of her several states, which may not be acquired under the present arrangement, except that of having a more potential voice in the settlement of the affairs of Europe. The Customs-Union is a league just as effective for all commercial purposes as a complete political fusion under one government would be; and the present condition of the country has the advantage of preserving for each independent state those habits and peculiarities of legislation and administration which from long use are best adapted to it and most popular. The great evil of the existing system in Austria and Prussia, even the smaller states not being exempt from it, is excessive centralization, the paternal care of the government being evinced by treating the whole body of the people as little children, who are incapable of thinking or acting for themselves. There are very few local authorities appointed by their immediate constituents, and responsible to them alone; all appointments originate at the capital, and the affairs of every little village are directed by power emanating immediately from the head of the state. The government is not so much tyrannical, as bureaucratical. The systematic and pedantic turn of the German mind enhances the evil; their civil polity is nothing but pædagogy. A fusion of all their governments into one would produce a monstrous system, whether of a monarchical or a republican class; individual action would be stifled under it, and no executive power could be so skilfully constituted as to be able to meet all the demands upon its care and attention. Germany is less pre-

pared than any country in the world to try such an experiment as was made by France in 1789; — to abrogate all its existing institutions, and begin the work of constituting society and government entirely anew. The lack of practical talent, and of ingenuity in meeting or providing for new emergencies, is an imperative reason for travelling, as far as possible, in the old beaten paths.

In former days, the great object was to make the political divisions of the continent correspond, as far as possible, with its natural divisions by great rivers and chains of mountains. Every country claimed what it called its *natural boundaries*, but always with a secret reference to the enlargement of its own territory. Thus France demanded the Rhine as its natural frontier; while Russia put forward her pretensions against Sweden to the whole eastern coast of the Baltic. The war of the Spanish Succession took place to prevent Louis XIV. from fulfilling his boast, that there were no longer any Pyrenees. While one country alleged its natural right to those limits which seemed to have been established for it by the conformation of the earth, others opposed its claim on the ground that to allow it would be to destroy the balance of power in Europe. The principle itself, it was argued, was an inconvenient one, and if pressed to its full extent, wholly impracticable. Applied in every case, it would be necessary to parcel out the continent anew, and to establish new states inconvenient in form and heterogeneous in their population. If the rule be urged in all its strictness, there are no natural boundaries except where a peninsula is cut off from the main land by a chain of mountains, — a description which applies only to Italy, Spain, and the Scandinavian peninsula; and its application in these cases would deprive Portugal, the smaller states of Italy, and Norway of their independence. The last, indeed, has lost hers, having vainly protested against her union with Sweden.

But whatever inconveniences could be alleged against the principle of division by the natural features of the earth, still graver objections can be urged against the rule founded on the consanguinity of the people and the affinities of language. The races which have peopled Europe have not kept together, and have not always preserved their purity of blood. In many countries, their descendants are so mingled together that any

separation of them at the present time is impossible. Hungary, Switzerland, the shores of the Rhine, the Netherlands, are peopled by a conglomerate of races, speaking a multitude of languages. Offshoots of the great German family are established in Denmark, Russia, and even among the mountains of remote Transylvania. The population of France is, perhaps, as homogeneous as that of any country of Europe; yet Balbi has divided them, according to the dialects which they use, into four great families, — the Gallic, the Germanic, the Celtic, and the Basque. When the cards have thus been shuffled, how idle it is to dream that they can be dealt off in such a manner as to bring together all which are of the same suit! The question also arises, what shall be considered as constituting diversity of race and language. The original banian stock sends off branches at widely distant epochs, each one of which subsequently takes independent root in the soil, and beholds its own progeny multiply around it. If we go back to the origin of the great Indo-European stock, the population of more than half the countries of Europe may claim to be of the same blood, and ask to be constituted into one great nation. If we seek a common ancestry at a less remote period, a doubt arises whether the Portuguese are to be classed with the Spaniards, or the Sicilians with the Tuscans. If *panslavism* is made to include Russians, Servians, Poles, and Wends, *pangermanism* may claim the Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, and Dutch, as well as the inhabitants of Germany proper. And it is quite as difficult to tell what constitutes a distinct language as to designate those who belong to the same race. If all the dialects and various forms of *patois* are taken into the account, Europe has nearly as many languages as it has cities; if dialectic varieties are disregarded, there are but about half a dozen different tongues spoken on the Continent. Hence, when wars break out in which these questions of language and race are concerned, it is difficult to get at the merits of the case, or to ascertain which party is in the right.

"In ordinary cases, the contests of one nation with another, the complication of events, the principles and the passions which are involved, may be easily understood and followed out into their developments and consequences. A common knowledge of geography and history is enough to enable one to understand the

origin and progress of the dispute, the point in question, and the movements of the belligerent parties. The will of Charles II., the pragmatic sanction of Charles VI., and the declaration of Pilnitz show clearly what caused the war of the Spanish Succession, the Seven Year's war, and that of the French Revolution. But in order to have a clear conception of what is passing at this moment from one end of Europe to another, one must be well versed not only in geography and history, but also in the study of some living languages which very few persons know any thing about. It is a contest of languages, which, after it had been confined for a long time to the academies and universities, is now breaking the general peace of Europe.

"To cite only a few examples among so many, how can we understand the connection of events which have just taken place in the Austrian empire, unless we bravely undertake to seek the origin of them in a Hungarian dictionary, or a Croatian grammar? How, without having an intimate knowledge of Germany, can we explain why the Germans of the liberal or republican party in the assembly at Frankfort sympathized with the splendid and warlike Magyars, while the (German) Saxons of the colonies which have been established, some for four, and others for seven, centuries, in the heart of Transylvania, united with their neighbors, the Wallachians, in order to make common cause with the Croatians? Finally, without a special course of study for the purpose, can we fairly appreciate the unjust quarrel which has arisen between powerful Germany and the inoffensive monarchy of Denmark? There is something wholly unprecedented in the situation of this little country, which, though reckoning hardly 2,200,000 inhabitants, a third part of whom have made common cause with its enemies, has been able to defend its cause very logically in its diplomatic notes, and afterwards very heroically, both by land and sea, against a nation of 40,000,000 souls. The war of Sleswick, also, for more than one reason, ought to be interesting to France; for the only state that remained faithful to us at the epoch of our reverses was that Denmark, whose brave soldiers, during the year 1848, defended the entrance of their Cimbric Chersonesus against the armies and the partisan corps which came towards Sleswick Holstein from every part of Germany. This strange war gives us mournful proof of what may be effected by erudition towards perplexing the simplest questions. The Danes and the Germans, these descendants of the Cimbri and the Teutones, before coming into a bloody conflict about it, had long disputed whether the population of Sleswick contained more Germans than Danes. It was a question of figures, which it would seem that statistics might easily answer; and yet, up to this day, they have not been able to agree about it. It is certain, however,

that the Danish population is the more numerous, though the Germans have brought into the computation, on their own side, the 27,000 Frisians established on the western coast of Sleswick. But let them submit this particular point of dispute to German and Danish arbitrators, and it will be demonstrated to them, that a Frisian peasant or sailor understands neither the Danish of Copenhagen, nor the German of Hanover and Berlin."

Here in America, it is some consolation for us to know, that if we have not rightly understood the progress of events in the Old World during the last two years, and have often had the mortification of finding out that we had bestowed our sympathies on the wrong side, the diplomatists of Europe, who were not acquainted with as many languages as Cardinal Mezzofanti, or had not the philological skill of a Scaliger or an Adelung, have been equally at fault, and have committed quite as gross blunders. Our mistakes arose from jumping too hastily to the conclusion, that a revolution in a monarchy necessarily tended to the establishment of a republic; and that, of two parties in a war, the one which had the misfortune to obtain the assistance either of Austria or Russia was unquestionably in the wrong. And truly, in this grand *imbroglio* of races and languages, this Babel of war-cries for Panslavism, Magyarism, United Germany, and Italy "one and indivisible," one might be pardoned for adopting any rule, however rashly formed, which would lead to some decision upon the merits of the case, without obliging us to investigate thoroughly all the details and complications of the affair. An attempt made by a detached portion of one of the great races of Europe, which had long been established in the midst of those who were alien to it in blood and language, to vindicate its nationality and resume a connection with its parent stock, appears both natural and just, and may command our unthinking sympathy and respect. But it becomes evident on a little consideration, in view of the wide and long continued dispersion of these races, that a general reunion of them could not be effected without universal confusion and bloodshed. The plan is impracticable, and it is difficult to see what practical good would result from it, even if it could be carried out. We may be pardoned, therefore, for viewing with some suspicion and dislike the conduct of agitators who have recently kindled the flames of war in many parts of the

continent under the pretence of uniting those who had been long and unjustly separated, though they also claim to be fighting the battles of political freedom and national independence. The truth is, they have used this cry for a union of races merely as a convenient means of popular agitation, with a view to the establishment of a republic, which the body of the people either dreaded or cared little about, or in order simply to overthrow the existing government and to profit by the confusion and anarchy which would then ensue.

A great change has taken place in Europe since the commencement of the present century, as to the dominant principle of popular movements and political crises. The material interests of a people, their means of acquiring wealth and comfort, the more or less equal distribution of that wealth, and their general well-being have become objects of so great importance in their eyes, that all proposed changes in society and government are judged solely by their probable effects in this one direction. Men now coolly count the cost, the comparative value in dollars and cents, of a monarchy and a republic. Statesmen have been obliged to make the study of politics second to that of political economy. Monarchs strive to guard their thrones, not so much by the number and efficiency of their standing armies, as by the prudent management of their finances, and by their successful development of the agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing resources of their people. They build railroads, form Customs-Unions to relieve trade of its fetters, establish colonies to get rid of surplus population, and thus aim to acquire or regain a firm basis for that authority which formerly rested only on prescription and military force. The idea of political freedom, of choosing their own governors and managing their own affairs, is no longer attractive enough to lead the people, if it be not united with some project for a new organization of society and a more equal enjoyment of the goods of this life. Hence the rise of so many schemes of socialism and communism to cheer on the multitude whose enthusiasm could no longer be excited by the mere name of a republic, and whom no acts of insult or oppression on the part of their rulers had goaded into rebellion. The idea of political crusades for the establishment of one form of government or another, of the

propagandism of free or despotic institutions, was stretched to the utmost, and exhausted, in the wars of the first French Revolution and the Holy Alliance. The revolution of 1830 was the triumph of the *bourgeoisie*, the establishment in power of the middle classes, of bankers, manufacturers, tradesmen, and master mechanics. The outbreak of February, 1848, was a revolt of the indigent classes, the proletaries, against the *bourgeoisie;* and the result showed, in France at least, the great numerical inferiority of the former, who owed their temporary success solely to their superior recklessness, to the fact that they had nothing to lose. But they abused their victory till they had goaded their opponents into the display of equal bravery and decision, and were crushed by them in the insurrection of June, when the National Guard fought with the energy of despair, or as men always will fight, when they know that their property and their homes are at stake.

We need not stop to inquire what the result of the revolutions of 1848 in Europe might have been, had not the commencement of them in France been so immediately ruinous to the material prosperity of the country. As it was, the experiment in Paris was decisive for the whole continent. There, republicanism was associated with commercial distress and bankruptcy, with the disorder of the national finances, the suffering of the laboring classes, and a general feeling of insecurity among the holders of property. The Belgians, the Germans, and the Italians were scared from the repetition of an undertaking so disastrous. Those who had hitherto been foremost in inculcating revolutionary doctrines now strove to quench the enthusiasm they had excited. The Germans at Heidelberg, on the 26th of March, under the guidance of the most popular leaders of the liberal party, solemnly adopted the example of England and a monarchical polity. "Do not," said Welcker, one of their ablest orators and statesmen, "do not mistake license for liberty, nor suppose that, because much must be remodelled, all must be overturned. Let us advance, but steadily and thoughtfully; let us lay the foundation of our freedom, a national parliament; let us be citizens of one united country; *but do not think such an object can be attained by proclaiming a republic.*" He was heard with applause, and his advice was adopted by acclamation. The king of the Belgians wisely

and magnanimously offered to leave the throne and the kingdom, if his people were tired of royalty; but they refused his proffered abdication, and drove back with spirit the insane band of French propagandists whom Ledru Rollin had sent across the frontier. Milan and Venice elected Charles Albert to be their king, after they had expelled the Austrians. The Sicilians offered the throne of their island to a son of the same monarch before their former sovereign again reduced them to subjection. The Magyars did not repudiate their emperor till their own subjects, who had been their patient vassals for eight centuries, repudiated them; and then they declared the throne vacant only because Ferdinand had taken part with the *rebels*.

To keep up the revolutionary movement, then, it was necessary to find some object of desire, some principle of excitement, to take the place of a hatred of royalty; and this was supplied by the project of a union of all the branches of each nationality, and the consequent establishment of greater national power made up of more homogeneous materials. No matter if the separation had been so long continued, and the changes of dialect had become so great, that the people themselves were hardly conscious of their relationship. It was easy to teach them that they had a common ancestry, and that they spoke what was formerly one language. How long the instinct or prejudice of race may continue, when fostered by an unequal distribution of political influence and by an obstinate adherence of each tribe to its ancestral language, is shown by the mutual jealousy and hostility of the French and English in Canada down to the present day. That these hostile feelings, however, may be made to disappear under the soothing influence of a government which all are equally interested in maintaining, is proved by our own rapid success in assimilating with our own stock the Spaniards and French who first peopled Florida and Louisiana. But if either race is led to assume an antagonistic position towards the other, through an inequality of political or social advantages, the alienation in blood and language constantly aggravates the evil, as it perpetually reminds one party of its subjection and the other of its superiority. The marks of race become irritating badges of distinctions that are assumed to be unjust because they are ineffaceable, no degree

of personal merit or ability being competent to get rid of them. If these distinctions have existed for a long period of time without contest, habit may have so inured the people to them, that they may not disturb the public tranquillity. Still they exist as latent causes of dissension, which an expert agitator at any time may call into dangerous activity. And if other events should throw the country into commotion, or light up in it the flames of civil war, these hereditary motives of hostility will soon be awakened to aggravate the feud, and render it perpetual. A few years ago, the suffering poor of Ireland were probably ignorant, for the most part, of the fact, that the English were aliens to them in blood; O'Connell reminded them of it, and now the natural enmity of the Saxon and the Celt tends more strongly, perhaps, than all other causes united to keep up the chronic diseases of that unhappy population. The case of the Slavonians and Wallachians in Hungary against the Magyars is a still more striking instance of the bitter hostility that may be suddenly excited in this manner, the consequences of which will affect the politics of eastern Europe for centuries to come.

Before looking more particularly at this case, however, let us glance at the results of the movement in Germany, the object of which was to unite the severed branches and determine the extent of the German nationality. The provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, whose annexation to France is of comparatively recent date, still have the German element predominant in their population; and some of the orators and publicists at Frankfort did not hesitate, on this account, to express a wish that they might be again united to their fatherland. But France was a power not to be lightly provoked, and the people of these provinces, whether French or German, manifested no desire for a change; therefore, no steps were taken towards the fulfilment of this project. The remarks of M. de Bourgoing upon this subject are very sensible; and as the advice which he gives is not wholly inapplicable to the opinions entertained by many on this side of the Atlantic, we will translate a portion of them for the benefit of our readers.

"Those who now ask for a cession of Alsace and Lorraine to Germany no longer express the feelings of hatred and vengeance which animated the allies of 1815, when they proposed to take

away from us this part of our territory, and to restrict our frontier to the line of the Vosges mountains. They now simply declare, that the several nationalities throughout Europe ought to be reconstituted, and that every people ought to obey a sovereign of their own race, and laws written in their own language. One of the most distinguished diplomatists of Germany, Baron d'Arnim, lately said to me, 'If it is true, as one of your writers has maintained, that the style is the man, the language ought to constitute the nation.' According to the same system, it is added, that the unity of Italy ought to be established, and that it must finally triumph over all the obstacles which now prevent it.

"But in our sincere and benevolent impartiality, we think every nation ought to be allowed to judge for itself, so far as its own interests are concerned, this great question of our day, the question of national unity. It is for the Italians themselves to decide, whether their wishes for the establishment of a common country are very unanimous and very strong. Thus far, the unitarian principle, a powerful auxiliary of anarchical radicalism, has produced in this country only the disasters of the Piedmontese army, so worthy of a better fate, the misfortunes of Tuscany, the ruin, the despair, of the capital of the Christian world, and finally, in place of *union*, the danger of a *separation* of Sicily; hitherto, these have been, in Italy, the only consequences of the foolish doctrine of nationalities classified by their languages.

"'The Slavonian unity' continue these political philologists, 'for which we have already found a word, *panslavism*, is making rapid advances towards its accomplishment. German unity is establishing itself at this moment, with some difficulty it is true, but time is needed for all things; sooner or later, it will crush the obstacles that now hinder its progress. Scandinavian unity also gives signs of life. The principle of this reconstruction of states according to the races which people them exists in the nature of things; it is inevitable.'

"We acknowledge that, in certain cases, this principle admits of a just application. We shall applaud what in it is reasonable and possible, we shall blame what is unjust, and we must be permitted to doubt what is exaggerated and chimerical. That the various nations should endeavor to enfranchise themselves, and to form groups and alliances, according to their convenience and their affinities of race, is an attempt in which our country may well feel some interest, provided that this sympathy does not lead us to lavish on other lands its finances and the blood of its children, in order to help the cause of foreigners, without having any thing to gain by it, not even gratitude. It is not fitting that a government which professes, above all others, to be the defender and the representative of the interests and rights of the people,

should send off an army to take sides in a quarrel which is purely Hungarian, German, or Italian. The error of the partisans of this new system, of the classification of races, evidently consists in transforming into an absolute principle a rule, which, as good sense and experience clearly show, can be applied only with numerous limitations. Undoubtedly, a people enslaved and trodden under foot by a foreign race have a right to endeavor to regain their independence; but when the fraction of a nationality finds on the territory of another people its equal rights firmly guarantied, and is treated with sentiments of real fraternity, it would be a criminal and insane act to seek to entice it into a separation. A certain number of these attempts at separation are entitled at least to our sympathy and sincere good wishes; others ought to be boldly censured, either as premature designs, or as romantic extravagances."

If judged by the standard that is here laid down, we cannot avoid censuring almost the first act of the German *Unitarian* party. To make the limits of their united country as wide as possible, and to secure an important maritime position on the Elbe, and near the mouth of the Baltic, they committed a flagrant aggression on the rights of Denmark. The preliminary parliament assembled at Frankfort, at the end of March, voted unanimously, that Sleswick and Holstein should be invited to send deputies to the grand parliament which was to follow, as if both these duchies incontestably belonged to the German confederation. One of them, Holstein, unquestionably did belong to it, though subject to the king of Denmark as Duke of Sleswick Holstein; the other, Sleswick, is as unquestionably a fief of the crown of Denmark, and its only connection with Germany rests on its alleged inseparable union with Holstein. The population of the duchy in dispute being composed in about equal proportion of Germans and Danes, the principle of division by races affords no solution of the problem; nay, it was the encroaching spirit of the liberal *Unitarian* Germans, or the ambition of Prussia, which was the sole cause of the difficulty. The Danes supported the claims of their government with much spirit. A public meeting, held at Copenhagen on the twentieth of March, passed resolutions declaring that the proposed union of the Duchies with Germany would be "a dereliction of the rights of the Danish crown over Sleswick, to which the king has no right to submit, nor can the

Danish nation ever assent to it;" and that the people would assist the king with all the means in their power to enable him to fulfil his duties as a sovereign, and to maintain the integrity of his territory. It was evident that the people, and not merely the governments, on both sides were arrayed against each other, and that the mutual jealousy of the two races was the primary cause of the quarrel. Both parties disclaimed republicanism, both offered free and liberal constitutions to the countries in dispute. The war was commenced by a Prussian army, which, on the sixth of April, invaded the territory with the avowed object of driving the Danes out of it and annexing it to Germany. The Danes defended themselves with great gallantry and various success for several months, when it appeared that they were overmatched, and both Sweden and Russia actively interfered in their behalf. An armistice was then concluded, August 26th, which in fact determined nothing, but caused the temporary withdrawal both of the Danish and the German federal troops, and allowed the war-wasted country time for repose. Within a few months, the war has broken out anew; but as Germany has now lost her high-raised hopes of a fusion of all her states into one, it is not likely to be of long duration.

The next outbreak caused by the new principle of a division of races took place in that part of unhappy, dismembered Poland, which had been annexed to Prussia. The Grand Duchy of Posen, as this part is called, has a population of about 1,200,000, of whom about two thirds are Poles, and the remainder are Germans. The low social condition of the former, the great bulk of whom, at the time of their annexation, were in a state of prædial slavery, and were "as ignorant and brutalized as can well be imagined," caused them to be treated as a depressed and inferior race by the Germans, and a smothered feeling of irritation and hostility had, consequently, long existed between the two races. After the revolution of March had taken place at Berlin, a deputation of Poles came thither and obtained a promise from the king, that the Duchy should be divided into two portions, the one Polish and the other German, each of which should have a separate local administration. Their countrymen, also, who had been imprisoned for political offences, were liberated; and one of these, Mieroslawski, a noted agitator, was carried

about the streets by them in a sort of triumphal procession. Some delay occurred in the fulfilment of the king's promise, which afforded a sufficient pretence for a revolt, that broke out in April. All the Poles rose in arms, and turned with savage fury upon their German neighbors, who had so long oppressed and insulted them. This conduct provoked retaliation, and atrocities were committed on both sides that would have disgraced our North American Indians. Mieroslawski led the army of his insurgent countrymen, and fought several indecisive battles with the Prussians. The latter at length poured an overwhelming force into the province; and after a desperate struggle, the Poles were compelled to surrender, and their leaders were imprisoned or sent out of the country. The promised division of the territory between the two races then took place, care being taken, of course, to draw the boundary line in such a manner as to bring all the strong and important places, the city of Posen itself included, into the German district, and to leave very few Germans under the jurisdiction of the Poles, though many of the latter remained under their old masters. And the division itself was made only for the purposes of the local administration; the whole province continued to form part of the Prussian dominions. Favorably as the line had been drawn for the dominant race, and by the Prussian government too, who were most interested in preserving the ascendency of the bulk of their subjects in this quarter, the parliament of *united* Germany was still jealous lest the interests of the Father-land had not been sufficiently cared for. They would only provisionally acknowledge the boundary line, and they passed a resolution, "That the National Assembly express to the Prussian Government a confident expectation, that the nationality of the Germans in the Polish part of Posen will be protected under every circumstance."

These two instances, the war in Sleswick and that in Posen, show that the newly awakened spirit of German unity and nationality is no more regardful of the rights of other races, no less ambitious and encroaching in its policy, and no more favorable to the establishment of free institutions throughout Europe, than the several despotic sovereigns of Germany were during the flourishing days of the Holy Alliance. There was a party of republicans among the German Union-

ists ; but these were so factious and turbulent, that the Central Government repressed them, once and again, with a strong hand. The democrat leaders, Hecker and Struve, collected a large body of insurgents, who were defeated by the troops of the General Diet on the 20th of April, Struve being made prisoner, while his associate fled to Basle. A still more formidable insurrection of the radicals took place in Frankfort, on the 20th of September in the same year, when the Prince Lichnowski, one of the most eloquent members of the Diet, and Major Auerswald, were murdered. Barricades were erected in the streets, a deputation who went to parley with the insurgents were fired at, and the revolt was not subdued till artillery was brought into action, and many lives were lost. These disturbances, of course, increased the general dislike and fear of republicanism, as they showed that the people were not prepared for it, and that it was necessary to increase rather than to diminish the restrictive power of government. German patriotism was consequently limited to the single object of uniting the several states of Germany into one, or at least, of binding them together into a closer confederacy than had yet been established. Subsequent events have proved that even this project cannot be accomplished ; and the only effect of the prolonged agitation for this purpose has been to excite the national feeling of rival races, and to cause a great effusion of blood in local and profitless contests.

The most lamentable consequences of stirring up this rivalry of different nationalities have been displayed in Hungary. Having recently reviewed at some length the causes and nature of the late war in that ill-fated country, we should not now return to it, if the reception of our article had not proved that the prejudices of some persons upon this subject are inveterate, so that the most extraordinary attempts have been made to conceal the facts in the case, and to keep up the popular illusion. The good sense of the United States Senate, it is true, seems to have quietly consigned to sleep the ill-judged and mischievous resolution relating to Hungary, which was introduced into that body by a popularity-hunting politician, who hoped to turn this illusion to his own profit ; so gross an infraction of the ordinary rules of diplomatic intercourse as he proposed, careless of the injury it might inflict upon the interests of our own citizens who were residing or

trading abroad, could not escape the notice and censure of the experienced statesmen in the highest branch of our national legislature. Indeed, as the speech of the mover of this resolution makes no mention of any other parties to the Hungarian war than the Magyars and the empires of Austria and Russia, it is charitable to him to suppose, that he was entirely ignorant of the existence of the other races, who make up two thirds of the population of Hungary,* and of the causes which brought all these races into a *rebellion* which the Magyars vainly attempted to crush. The English House of Commons, also, within a few weeks, have given an equally cold and contemptuous reception to a motion made by Lord Dudley Stuart, for the purpose of indicating the extent of the noble mover's sympathy with the Hungarian patriots. This rebuff was the more significant, inasmuch as the Magyar cause *in England* has been steadily represented as an aristocratic and monarchical one, and the ancient Hungarian constitution as resembling in all its important features that of Great Britain.

The eccentric Walter Savage Landor, in a letter to Lord

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* For convenient reference, we subjoin the following enumeration of the races that constitute the population of Hungary, taken from the latest and most authoritative publication of Austrian statistics, — that of Haeufler. The statements of the Bohemian philologist, Safarik, and a Hungarian authority, Fenyes, though not of so recent date, do not alter the proportions.

Hungary, including Croatia and Slavonia.

Magyars,		4,281,500
Slowacks,	2,200,000	
Russniaks,	350,000	
Servians,	740,000	
Croatians,	660,000	
Slovanians (Styrians),	50,000	
Bulgarians and others,	12,800	
Slavonians, total,		4,012,800
Germans,		986,000
Wallachians,		930,000
Jews,		250,000
Greeks and others,		62,500
		10,522,800

Transylvania.

Magyars,	260,170
Szeklers,	260,000
Germans,	250,000
Wallachians,	1,287,340
Others,	60,400
	2,117,910

Military Frontiers.

Magyars,		54,000
Croatians,	692,960	
Servians,	203,000	
Slavonians, total,		895,960
Germans,		185,500
Wallachians,		100,000
		1,235,460

Totals for all Hungary.

Magyars,	4,605,670
Slavonians,	4,908,760
Germans,	1,421,500
Wallachians,	2,317,340
Szeklers,	250,000
Jews and others,	372,900
Grand total,	13,876,170

Dudley Stuart, dated the 18th of October last, and published in the *Examiner* newspaper, says, speaking of Kossuth, "we plead *for the Hungarian defender of venerable institutions, cognate with our own, and bearing a strong family resemblance.*" In a memorial addressed to Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston in October last, said to have been written by Lord Fitzwilliam, and signed by him and several other peers and members of Parliament, the following language is used, the object of the memorial being to ask the mediation of England in favor of Hungary.

"While so many of the nations of Europe have engaged in revolutionary movements, and have embarked in schemes of doubtful policy and still more doubtful success, it is gratifying to the undersigned to be able to assure your Lordships, that the Hungarians demand nothing but the recognition of ancient rights and the stability and integrity of their ancient constitution. To your Lordships it cannot be unknown that that constitution bears a striking family resemblance to that of our own country. King, Lords, and Commons are as vital parts of the Hungarian as of the British constitution."

From the *Examiner* newspaper, which has been the chief organ of the Hungarian cause in London, some of the most active Magyars there being in correspondence with it, we take the two following extracts.

"The most current misrepresentation of the Hungarians is, that they are republicans, and that they have proclaimed the republic in such of the Hungarian counties as are in their power, which now comprise almost all the Hungarian territory. This assertion is often unwarily reëchoed by friends of the Hungarians, who, considering that the Queen of England maintains amicable relations with the republic of the United States, with the republic of France, and the republic of Switzerland, are not altogether horrified at the republican appellation. But the real state of the matter is, that the Hungarians are *not* republicans, and that the republic has *not* been proclaimed anywhere in Hungary.* The misstatement, it is charitable to suppose, may have its origin simply in a mistranslation of a Hungarian word." *Examiner*, June 9, 1849.

"They (the Magyars) fight to maintain a constitution which numbers more than eight centuries of duration, and to support

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*The italics are the Examiner's own.

the sanctity of a royal word. They have taken their position upon the inviolability of ancient liberties. Although Austrian intrigues have caused a breach of these liberties, and striven to render of no avail the royal oath sworn solemnly to maintain them, *the Hungarians have not hitherto dreamed of proclaiming a republic.* In spite of all their victories, it is their wish to retain both the monarchy and the dynasty. They do not desire to change the nature of their institutions, or to rid themselves of the ruling family." *Examiner*, May 5th, 1849.

These extracts are enough to show what coloring was put upon the Hungarian cause in England, in order to secure the sympathies of a people strongly attached to monarchical and aristocratic institutions. Here in America, and even in the Senate of the United States, with a like purpose of obtaining sympathy, the Hungarians have been audaciously held up as true and devoted republicans. And as if to carry out the principle of gaining the support of every foreign nation by conforming to their prejudices, a large number of Kossuth's fellow fugitives in Turkey, including that formidable Free Companion of the revolutionary cause throughout Europe, General Bem himself, have turned Mohammedans. That the English view of the matter is the only correct one is sufficiently evident from the fact which we before alluded to, that republicanism is not even mentioned in the Hungarian Declaration of Independence; and even the assertion which we have just borrowed from the *Examiner*, that the Magyars wished "to retain both the monarchy and the dynasty," is fully supported by the following passage from that Declaration. The abdication of Ferdinand, which is referred to in it, took place, be it remembered, early in December, 1848, two months after the war had broken out; and the Declaration itself was not made till the April following.

"A family revolution in the tyrannical reigning house was perpetrated at Olmütz. Ferdinand V. was forced to resign a throne which had been polluted with so much blood and perjury; and the son of Francis Charles, (who also abdicated his claim to the inheritance,) the youthful archduke, Francis Joseph, caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. But according to the family compact, no one can dispose of the constitutional throne but the Hungarian nation. At this critical moment, the Hungarian nation demanded nothing more

than the maintenance of its laws and institutions, and peace guaranteed by their integrity. Had the assent of the nation to this change in the occupant of the throne been asked in a legal manner, and the young Prince offered to take the customary oath that he would preserve the constitution, *the Hungarian nation would not have refused to elect him king in accordance with the treaties extant, and to crown him with St. Stephen's crown*, before he had dipped his hands in the blood of the people."

In the "Brief Explanatory Report," recently published at New York, under the name of Governor Ujhazy, it is admitted (p. 5) that, up to the time when the Hungarians regained possession of their capital, Buda-Pesth, in the spring of 1849, "the dispositions of the Diet were made purely in the spirit of a constitutional resistance, and the struggle was, so to speak, carried on in the name of the dethroned Ferdinand, against the young usurper, Franz Joseph." It is asserted, however, that there was a party formed among the members of the Diet, in March, 1849, which had for its object "a separation from Austria, and the founding of a Republic," — two things which the writer seems to consider as one; for his language in the paragraphs immediately following clearly shows, — probably, as the *Examiner* suggests in a similar case, from the mistranslation of a Hungarian word, as Governor Ujhazy is ignorant of our language, — that he thought the Declaration of *Independence* was the same thing as the establishment of a *Republic*. He says, for instance, "from this decisive epoch onward, the main care of the Hungarian government was to place the administration of the country in the hands of men of purely republican sentiments, *who fully approved the Declaration of Independence*," in which the name of republic is not once mentioned! We hope the *English* writer of this pamphlet made no deliberate attempt to obtain an *apparent* sanction of a statement which the Governor's regard for veracity would not allow him to make. But there is a seeming tergiversation in this passage which we were sorry to notice.

The position of parties in the Hungarian Diet is best explained by Mr. Arthur Frey, in his work published in London, in August, 1849, entitled, "Louis Kossuth, and the Recent History of Hungary." We have not seen this book,

but borrow some extracts from it from the *London Athenæum*, which says, "the spirit of the work is more than republican; it breathes the hottest aspirations of a party that worship revolution as something like a divine process." Its authority, therefore, will not be disputed by the sympathizers with Kossuth and his party, especially as we are told that the book was drawn up "from reports of the Pesth National Assembly," or Hungarian Diet, with the assistance of Hungarian writers. Mr. Frey says: —

"The National Assembly consisted of three parties; — 1. A section of the aristocracy, (Magnates,) liberal on the whole, but firmly attached to the Austrian connection; — 2. A middle party, *including the new ministry*, whose watchword was the entire independence of a free Hungary, if possible under an Austrian king, if not, under some other sovereign, or form of sovereignty; — 3. An extreme radical or revolutionary party, represented by some thirty members," [the whole number of members being about five hundred.]

The second and third of these parties, we are told, soon came into collision on the question of the Hungarian troops serving in Italy under Radetzky, and, as the *radicals* maintained, against popular freedom. The Magyar ministers and Diet, the nation being then virtually independent of Austria, were not prepared to refuse their assistance to the emperor in putting down his rebellious subjects in Italy; and so late as May, 1848, we find Kossuth earnestly pleading in the Diet against the recall of these troops, and even promising, on certain conditions, to urge an increase of their number. The only excuse for this act that has ever been offered is, that the troops sent consisted mainly of Croatians and other Slavonians, who, if obliged to fight against liberty in Italy, would be prevented from fighting for their own freedom against the Magyars at home.

From the evidence now cited, it appears very clearly that the war was waged on the part of the Magyars without even a pretence that they were fighting for the establishment of a republic, a form of government which they have constantly disclaimed. We regret that it was thought necessary, in order to create greater sympathy for the unfortunate Hungarian exiles now in this country, to put forth this unfounded and even ridiculous assertion for them, that they were martyrs in

the cause of free institutions and a popular government. Nothing of the sort was needed to ensure them a kind and hospitable reception in a country which is the common refuge of political exiles of any class and from all lands, of all those who have bravely but vainly striven for any cause, be it that of a monarchy, an aristocracy, or a republic. The Magyars are now a vanquished nation, after having fought with matchless gallantry and perseverance, for a whole year, against immense odds; and the rights of the conqueror have been exercised over them with so much baseness and inhumanity as to call forth a cry of indignation from all parts of the civilized world. We welcome any number of them to our shores with our whole hearts, and would gladly do all that is in our power to provide generously for their necessities, and to alleviate the bitterness of their exile. If, instead of attempting to offer a petty insult to the Austrian government by withdrawing from all diplomatic intercourse with it, a measure wholly unprecedented and undignified, which would have excited only the scorn of the power that it was aimed at, and the ridicule of other nations, and would have wantonly sacrificed the interests of our own citizens, and all chance of benefiting Hungary herself, a resolution had been offered in Congress for making a liberal grant of the public lands to these unhappy refugees, we believe and hope that it would have passed almost by acclamation. Now, there is room to fear, that the sympathy first excited in their favor has had time to cool, and that something of a reaction has commenced, owing to the foolish conduct of their clamorous and vaporing friends, who have endeavored to suppress or pervert the voice of history, and, by the *terrorism* of the newspaper press, the only despotic power which exists in this country, to prevent a full publication of the truth. These persons pay a sorry compliment to the American people, by supposing that we cannot welcome to our homes the vanquished and the unfortunate till we are first satisfied of the orthodoxy of their religious and political opinions, and that they have been fighting for a thoroughly democratic cause. Dethroned kings and banished nobles have been received here with all kindness and respect; Bonapartes and Bourbons have profited, and may profit again, by our equal-handed hospitality. Here they can meet in peace some of the very men whom, in the

days of their prosperity, they persecuted and banished as conspirators for freedom. The Magyar nobles may be sure of as kind a welcome here in America, as our fathers gave to the emigrant French *noblesse*, who fled from the Reign of Terror at Paris; and they ask for nothing more. They do not ask that their claims may be advocated on false pretences.

We have said nothing to justify or palliate the policy of Austria in her relations with Hungary. Her conduct has been as selfish, her pretences as hollow, her concessions as unwillingly made, during the last two years, as in any former period of her history. Even for the very liberal character of the constitution granted to all her subjects in March, 1849, we granted her "no credit but for submitting frankly and without reserve to what had become a political *necessity*." We should have heartily rejoiced if the civil war in Hungary, or the Slavonic insurrection which preceded and caused that war, had caused the final dismemberment of her ill-jointed empire, which has had no principle of political cohesion, — but forces together, by a sort of Mezentian union, races and countries that are implacably hostile to each other, — together with the dethronement of that House of Hapsburg, whose very name is a byword in history for perfidy, cruelty, and oppression. Nor let any one suspect us of favoring the policy, or desiring the advancement of the colossal empire of Russia, which has indeed fused all its parts together into a fearful unity of despotism, and the tide of whose resistless power seems to be slowly rolling over the whole southeastern part of Europe. Her troops were first called into Hungary, it is true, by the earnest supplication of the republican German burghers and poor Wallachian peasants, to save their cities and villages, their wives and children, from the ruthless war waged against them by the Szeklers and the Polish refugees. But this was only a pretence which the Czar dextrously improved for subsequently introducing an overwhelming force into that distracted land, and by crushing their common foe, to render Austria his vassal, and the Slavonic tribes south of the Danube his grateful adherents, for all future time.

But the key to the whole question as to the merits of the war in Hungary is found in the unquestionable fact, that *neither Russia nor Austria was an original party in the strife, which was not caused by them, but would inevitably*

have occurred, and have raged with equal bitterness, though probably with a different result, if these powers had never interfered in it. The principals in the war were the Magyars against the three other races which inhabit Hungary with them, — against the Slavonians, Wallachians, and Germans, who had risen in rebellion, and were striving to shake off the yoke which this proud, gallant, and victorious race had imposed and kept upon them for centuries. We see not what right the Magyars have to appropriate exclusively to themselves the name of *Hungarians*, though they are less than five millions in number, and first came into the country as intruders and conquerors in the tenth century, while they refuse to give this common appellation to the Slavonians and Wallachians, numbering over seven millions, who were the aboriginal and rightful possessors of the soil. Austria was not even the original ally of these *rebels;* but she joined with the Magyars, at the request, or rather at the demand, of the Magyar Diet, in the attempt to crush them. The Imperialists and the Magyars acted as firm and independent allies during the spring and summer of 1848, the latter having achieved a virtual independence — all that they wished — by compelling the terrified emperor, after the revolution of March, to grant them a distinct administration, and a separate ministry, composed exclusively of Magyars, who, with the Diet, also consisting of members of their own race, controlled all the affairs of the country, even to the management of its foreign relations. Austria and the Magyars acted as allies in a reciprocity of services. Kossuth and his party sent 40,000 troops to assist the emperor in crushing his revolted subjects in Lombardy; Ferdinand, in return, denounced Jellachich and Raiachich, the Croatians and the Servians, as rebels when they attempted to shake off the Magyar yoke, and sent one of his Field Marshals, Hrabowski, to command the Imperialist-Magyar force which attacked Carlowitz. This step was the real commencement of the war in Hungary; we borrow an account of it from a very impartial authority, M. de Bourgoing.

"Active hostilities began on the 12th of June, 1848. The bombardment of Carlowitz by the Magyars opened this long series of calamities in the kingdom of Hungary. Carlowitz is considered as the metropolis, the holy city, of the Servians

(or Serbs); they have in it their principal church, their patriarch, their *voyvode*, or commander-in-chief, their public treasury, their archives, and their national memorials, — among others, their ancient banners, with which they marched into Austria in 1689. These old standards, like the modern Servian banners, are *tricolor*, red, white, and blue. The object of this first expedition, commanded by the Austrian general Hrabowski, which came from the neighboring fortress of Peterwardein, was to obtain possession of all the stores in the principal fortification, the palladium of the Servian nation, and to disperse the gathering which had been made in the city. Hrabowski, who commanded this expedition under the orders of the Magyar ministry, is a Slavonian by birth; but his alliance with one of the noblest houses in Hungary, the Zichy family, united him with the party of the Magyars. This is the general who was imprisoned and led back to Vienna to undergo his trial. This first Hungarian expedition against Carlowitz was not successful. The Hungarians penetrated, it is true, into the suburbs of the city, where they burned fourteen houses, and were then driven back. This result was due, in a great degree, to the bravery shown by the volunteers from the (independent) principality of Servia, who hastened up to the succor of their brethren in the Austrian province of the same name.* A battalion of volunteers hastily collected at Carlowitz was commanded by a Frenchman, M. Tavernier, interpreter to the French consulate. The Servians began at this time to erect entrenchments for themselves, among other places at St. Thomas, Perlaz, and Futak. In this district, the fighting was almost incessant; the Slavonians maintained their principal positions, one of which, St. Thomas, had been fortified by a Polish engineer.

"At the beginning of the war, after the Magyars had been driven back into the fortress of Peterwardein, the whole Servian race in the Banat and the provinces bordering on this part of the Danube rose in rebellion. This region was the scene of a furious contest; the Theiss was frequently crossed and recrossed by the two parties; the triangular peninsula, situated at the confluence of this river with the Danube, was constantly occupied by the Czaïkistes, and served as a centre of operations, facilitating the passage of the two rivers; the flotilla that was maintained there was of great use to the Servians. The most sanguinary conflict which took place at this point was that of St. Thomas, on the 19th of August. Nearly twenty thousand men, reckoning both sides, were engaged. The Magyars confidently expected the

* This Austrian or Hungarian province is usually designated on English maps by the name of *Slavonia*.

capture of this important position; and Kossuth, after the dispositions he had made, thought himself so sure of success, that illuminations had been prepared beforehand at Pesth. The Servians were victorious; their triumph was mainly due to the Peterwardein regiment from the Military Frontiers.

"The Servian army, at the opening of the campaign, was commanded by George Stratimirovitch, a young man of but twenty-six years, educated at the Vienna school of military engineers, who was appointed to the command by the Servian directing committee, presided over by the Patriarch of Carlowitz, the celebrated and popular Raiachich. This nomination to command was only provisional; the Servians were awaiting the arrival of the proper commander-in-chief of their nation, the *Voyvode* Suplikatz, who was still serving, as a brigadier general, in the army of Radetzky in Lombardy. This elective office of *Voyvode* among the Austrian Servians corresponds to that of *Ban* among the Croatians."

The military operations here spoken of took place months before there was any rupture between the Austrians and the Magyars, as Jellachich did not cross the Drave till the ninth of September, and the Archduke Stephen, the Palatine of Hungary, did not quit his post till the twenty-third. But ever since the middle of May, all the tribes of Slavonic descent throughout the Austrian empire had been in open rebellion, battling manfully for the emancipation of their race, and for the common rights of humanity, of which they had so long been deprived that their very name had become the general expression of servitude. The emperor and the Magyars, their old conquerors and taskmasters, had been acting in concert against them, as well as against the Italian insurgents for freedom. The Wallachians, their companions in bondage, were already trying the strength of their chains. Even the isolated German colonists of Transylvania, republicans of seven hundred years' standing, were standing at bay against the aristocratic race which had hitherto monopolized all political privileges, and were stretching out their hands to the Fatherland for aid. What were the feelings of the Magyars towards the imperial throne at this crisis, we will show by an extract from their own Declaration of Independence, published eight months afterwards.

"It was necessary to provide a new armed force. The King, still pretending to yield to the undeniably lawful demands of the

nation, had summoned a new Diet for the 2d of July, 1848, and had called upon the representatives of the nation to provide soldiers and money for the suppression of the Servian and Croatian rebellion, and the reëstablishment of public peace. He at the same time issued a solemn proclamation in his own name, and in that of his family, condemning and denouncing the Croatian and Servian rebellion. The necessary steps were taken by the Diet. A levy of two hundred thousand men, and a subsidy of forty millions of florins were voted, as the necessary force, and the bills were laid before the King for the royal sanction. At the same moment, the *Hungarians gave an unexampled proof of their loyalty, by inviting the King, who had fled to Innspruck, to go to Pesth, and by his presence tranquillize the people, trusting to the loyalty of the Hungarians, who had shown themselves at all times the best supports of the throne.*"

But in August, the Austrian ministry began to see that they had committed a great mistake in allying the imperial cause with the Magyars rather than with the Slavonians, who were vastly more numerous, forming in fact half of the population of the empire, and who had been so long inured to bondage, and were moreover so patient in disposition, that their demands were very moderate. The Magyars, on the contrary, were an isolated race, comparatively few in numbers, having no adherents but those of their own blood, and so far from bringing any accession of strength to the empire, were now making loud demands upon it for aid in crushing their own numerous enemies. They were also fiery, imperious, and exacting; and having already assumed to themselves a position by the side of the throne rather than at its foot, were aiming in fact to merge Austria in Hungary, to oblige the emperor to change his residence from Vienna to Pesth, where he would be the Magyar king, and under his name and sanction, they might rule not only the Slavonians and Wallachians, but the Lombards and the Germans. This was a magnificent scheme for the aggrandizement of Magyardom, and the people were gallant and enterprising enough to make a trial of it; but unluckily they were too few to carry it into execution. It is not surprising that the Austrian ministers should at last open their eyes to this state of things, and resolve upon a sudden change of measures; but with their usual tortuous policy, they kept this resolution secret as long as they could, in order to take the Magyars unawares. Arms and encouragement were se-

cretly furnished to the Croatians and Servians, and a plan of conduct was probably arranged by the Ban Jellachich on his visit to the emperor at Innpsruck in August. With mingled rage and alarm, the Magyars beheld the rebels whom they had so long despised suddenly transformed into loyal soldiers of Austria, and backed up by the whole weight of imperial authority and power. They had always regarded the Slavonians and Wallachians with contempt, and Kossuth with his peculiar magniloquence was wont to say, that "Croatia was only a breakfast for Hungary." In their fury, they brutally murdered Count Lamberg, the imperial commissioner who had gone to Pesth to try the last chance at an accommodation; and they resolved to punish the emperor by making common cause with the radicals at Vienna, so as to wage war against him in his own capital. It was even a more violent shift of policy than Austria had just been guilty of, for the aristocratic and domineering Magyars to strike hands with the Red Republicans and Socialists, the Janissaries of the revolutionary cause throughout Europe. But in truth, there was no other class or race remaining with whom an alliance was open to them. No people on the continent had shown themselves so strongly affected by the pride of race, or had put forward the claims of its own nationality in so haughty and offensive a manner. The consequence was, that they had made bitter enemies of all the other races around them, of those who should have been their associates and firmest friends.

It is not necessary to review again the incidents of the war, nor even to look closely into the grounds of the hostility of the other Hungarian races to the Magyars. It is enough for our purpose to show, — what is evident, indeed, on the very face of the affair, — that *not a single reason can be alleged to justify the insurrection of the Magyars against Austria, which does not, in a far greater degree, justify the revolt of all the Slavonian and Wallachian tribes against the Magyars.* In Croatia and Slavonia, there was no Magyar population; and what right had these half Europeanized Asiatics to hold these provinces any longer in chains, when they invoke in their own favor, against Austria, the revolutionary right of each distinct nationality to self-government? What pretence had they for laying waste Transylvania with fire and sword, for hunting the poor Wallachian peasants like wolves, and driving the

German colonists into exile in Turkey, which would not also justify whatever excesses the Austrians have committed in their own fair land, down to the compelling of Kossuth, Bem, and their associates to take refuge among the very Moslems who had formerly sheltered their victims? It may be said, indeed, that the Transylvanian Diet, at the beginning of the war, voted to make common cause with the Magyars. It did so; and the explanation of the fact is to be found in the composition of that Diet, which affords a fair sample of the way in which this dominant race distributed political influence among their subjects. The Magyar inhabitants of this duchy number about a quarter of a million, and they send *forty-six* members to the Diet; both the Szeklers and the Saxons are as numerous as the Magyars, and they were allowed to send *eighteen* members each; the Wallachians number nearly twice as many as the three other races taken together, and they were *not represented at all.** It is not very surprising that a Diet thus constituted should take up the Magyar quarrel.

As the course of events in Transylvania did much to determine the character and issue of the whole conflict, we translate a portion of M. de Bourgoing's account of the causes which led the Wallachians to rebel against their old masters, and of the manner in which the war was here conducted.

"The Wallachians, who are more properly called *Roumani*, were the last to take up arms; they did not determine upon this step till about the end of October; the Hungarians, they say, have only to thank Kossuth and his party for this hostility which has been fatal to them, especially in Transylvania.† Indeed, the *Roumani* of this region for a long time refused to take up the cause of the Slavonians, who, they thought, were united by the tie of a common origin with the Russians, those oppressors of the Danubian principalities. They would have preferred to be on good terms with the Hungarians; and for this end they asked only the recognition of their nationality, and the freedom that had been promised without distinction in the Hungarian constitution‡ to all the races inhabiting the kingdom. The moderate party

* Paget's *Hungary and Transylvania*, II. *p.* 274.

† It should be remembered that there are nearly one million of Wallachians in Hungary proper, inhabiting that portion of it which is contiguous to Transylvania.

‡ M. de Bourgoing here probably refers to the resolutions passed by the Magyar Diet in April, 1848, in which there were bountiful *professions* of liberality towards the other races. Whether these were sincere or not, it is certain that the Slavonians, Germans, and Wallachians refused to trust them.

among the Magyars were quite willing to assent to the just demands of a people who were the natural allies of their race. It was thus that Count Weszelenyi, a blind old man who sat in the Diet at Pesth, remarked in the session of the 29th of May: — 'The horizon of my country is darker than the night of my eyes; our only means of safety consist in holding out a fraternal hand to the Roumani, and proposing an intimate alliance with them; for, like them, we too are isolated in the vast ocean of nations; our interests, as well as theirs, require a close alliance between us; I ask you, therefore, to pass a law that the nationality of the Roumani shall be respected.' Kossuth rejected the motion, declaring that he knew nothing either of a Roumanic or a Croatian people, and that he recognized only Hungarian citizens. All the nationalities were thus trodden under foot; and the most odious acts soon followed, and completed the exasperation of these races. It was thus that the union of Transylvania with Hungary was decreed without asking the consent of the Roumani, who form a great majority of the population of the former province; it was thus that ultra-Magyar commissioners were sent to different localities with orders to exterminate the men of capacity and education, (meaning thereby the schoolmasters and the priests, without whose direction the rude Wallachian peasants could do no harm);* it was thus, that in the neighborhood of the cities and villages, and even on the highways, gibbets were erected, and on the public edifices in every part of Transylvania these words were inscribed, in the Hungarian and Roumani language, *union or death.* †

"The Roumani, driven to extremities, assembled, in the month of May, 1848, at Balasfalva, to the number of sixty thousand, presided over by their bishops of the Greek church. Images of Trajan and Aurelian, and standards bearing the letters S. P. Q. R., reminded this multitude of their ancestors. The assembly discussed the question with great order and decorum; the result of their deliberations was a solemn protest against any union of Transylvania with Hungary without the consent of the Roumanic nation. The Hungarian ministry kept on, and had recourse to rigorous measures. Everywhere they forbade the formation of the Roumanic national guard, everywhere the *men of intelligence* were imprisoned, and some, who had been thus named in

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* "C'est ainsi que des commissaries ultra-magyars furent expédiés dans les différentes localités avec ordre d'exterminer les *intelligences roumaines* (on donne ce nom dans toute la Transylvania aux capacités influentes du pays, c'est-à-dire aux maîtres d'école et aux prêtres.)"

† In Hungarian, *egység vagy halal;* in Roumanic, *uniunea sau mòrtea.* These last words give the reader an idea of the great resemblance of the Roumanic language of Transylvania and the Danubian principalities to the Latin.

derision, were hanged. Then a second meeting, after the fashion of the former Moldo-Wallachian convocation, was held at Balasfalva. In May, they had only protested against the union with Hungary; but in this second popular assembly, the Roumanic nation declared itself separated from this country, recognized the Austrian constitution, took up arms, and made common cause with the Imperial troops against the Hungarians. Whatever may be the result, the Magyars would do wrong to accuse the Roumani of rebelling against them; if they had pursued a different policy, they would probably have had all this numerous population on their side. . . .

"Never was there a more furious war than that which ensued as soon as the Roumani took up arms. The whole nation rose, men, women, and children. The levy *en masse* was organized under the national chieftains by all the promoters of this formal insurrection, who assumed the old Latin titles of *Prefects*, *Centurions*, and *Decurions*. Many of these officers displayed the greatest intrepidity, and inspired the men under their command with the liveliest enthusiasm. The whole people, led by the desire of reconstituting their nationality, as the other races have done, are reviving the historical traditions, epic or fabulous, of the nations whose languages they have preserved. Lieutenant-Colonel Urban, who is simply a very brave Austrian officer, is represented in the popular ballads and the engravings which are distributed among the Wallachian peasants, as clothed in the costume of Trajan, with the addition of a bearskin thrown over his shoulders. In the rude prints, also, which the Roumani hang up on the interior walls of their huts, he appears, like the heroes of antiquity, giving a feast of a hundred sheep to his soldiers. The name of the *Prefect* Franco is not less popular in Transylvania. He is a simple Wallachian peasant, who has distinguished himself by his courage, and now commands an armed multitude."

We shall offer one other extract from this well-informed French writer, to corroborate a statement made in our former article, which has been faintly denied, that the Slowacks, a tribe numbering over two millions, who inhabit the north of Hungary, had, like all the Slavonic Hungarian tribes, risen in rebellion against the Magyars. The passage shows that the Slowack *nobility*, as might have been expected, had espoused the cause of the Magyar aristocracy with whom they are allied; while the common people almost unanimously revolted against this haughty race. Kossuth himself is one of these recreant Slowack nobles; he is, says M. de Bourgoing, "not

a Magyar by birth ; he is of a noble Slowack family, and his name in Slavonian signifies *the stag*."

" As to the Slowacks, they have shown a great devotion to the cause Their insurgents were directed by a national committee, consisting of the three most popular men in the country, among whom a Slowack Lutheran clergyman, named Hurban, held the first rank.*

" It was in this district that the dominion of the Magyars had been the most heavily felt. The Slowack people were reduced to a state of bondage, from which they freed themselves as soon as this occasion was offered to them. As soon as the Imperial troops protected and encouraged the insurrection, it made rapid progress. The first act of independence of the Slowack population was to overturn and burn the gibbets which the government had set up near each village as a means of intimidation. The insurrection of the Slowacks was of a wholly different character from that which took place on the banks of the Danube. The Servians, a fierce and warlike nation, mostly armed as soldiers of the frontiers, organized from the beginning their means of attack and defence. The Slowacks, on the contrary, enervated by a long endurance of servitude, presented at first only a tumultuous body of insurgents, easy to be dispersed. It was only by degrees that the rebels of this tribe were hardened to the war.

" In this branch of the Slavonic family, generally speaking, as well as among the Czechs, the Slavonians of Turkey, the Servians, and the Bosnians, the aristocracy quitted the national cause centuries ago, in order to adopt the ideas and sentiments of the dominant race. In Bohemia, with the exception of the Kolowrath family, the two brothers Deym, the Czernins, and a single member of the family of Thun, the nobility have almost altogether Germanized themselves. In Bosnia, the families of the ancient chiefs of the nation have become Mohammedans, and occupy the posts of governors, of pachas of the fortified town, and of commanders of the numerous strong places, where the chiefs of this aristocracy, called *Spahis*, rule the country and oppress their Christian subjects. In the country of the Slowacks, the nobility, seduced of late years by the *prestige* and splendor of the rich Magyar aristocracy, and by the marked favor shown to it by the imperial family, who studied the Magyar language, and permitted

* We do not know whether this Hurban, or Janecek, who is subsequently described in this extract, is the person to whom allusion is made in the Magyar Declaration of Independence : — " a Slowack clergyman with the commission of Colonel, who had fraternized at Vienna with the revolted Czechs, broke into Hungary."

it quite recently to become exclusively the parliamentary and administrative language of the apostolical kingdom, — the Slowack nobility, I say, seduced by all these causes, resigned themselves to a complete Magyarization. This is the reason why, in the late insurrection in favor of the Slavonic nationality, the men who animated and directed the insurgent population were two Slowack Lutheran clergymen and a lawyer from the city of Presburg, in which two thirds of the inhabitants are Slowacks. These tribes of Slowack mountaineers, multitudes of whom hastened down the southern declivity of the Carpathian mountains at the call of these eloquent interpreters of the new Slavonic feeling, were afterwards organized by two Moravians and a Bohemian, all of whom had served in the Austrian army. One of these Moravians, named Zach, resided a long time at Paris, where he was favorably known by many of our countrymen. The third organizer of the Slowack militia, named Janecek, who, at the beginning of the movement, in September, 1848, had enrolled at Vienna six hundred volunteers, marched with them towards Neutra in the Slowack country ; he displayed so much intelligent activity in the organization of the levies, and so much courage in the combats which immediately followed, that all the Slavonians of Hungary surnamed him *the second Ziska*, thus giving to this intrepid defender of their cause the name of one of the most illustrious personages in Bohemian history, — of that Ziska, the Hussite chief, who, in order to prolong even beyond his death the confidence with which he inspired his soldiers, and the terror that he caused to the enemy, ordered, as the Czeck and German chronicles say, that they should make out of his skin a covering for the drum of the first and bravest battalion of his army."

The bitter and implacable hostility to the Magyars of all the other Hungarian races is a fact which admits of easy explanation. Besides the extraordinary development which has been given to the instinct or prejudice of race all over Europe by the events of the last two years, — or rather by the inflammatory writings and speeches, and the exaggerated national feeling of the Italian, German, Slavonian, and Magyar liberals, which have caused these events, — the long and undisputed domination of the Magyar race in Hungary, the monstrous accumulation of social and political advantages in their hands, their complete isolation from the others in blood and language, and their national pride and spirit of exclusiveness, which have been nursed and pampered to an unnatural and absurd extent by all these circumstances, have irritated the

other tribes almost to madness, and produced the shocking barbarities in Transylvania and the south of Hungary which have rendered this war a disgrace to the age. The article in this number on Magyar Literature, though not written for this purpose, illustrates so strikingly the almost incredible development of this pride of race, both in the tone of Kisfaludy's plays and in the enthusiastic reception that was given to them, that it is hardly necessary to say any thing more upon the subject. But Mr. Paget's excellent and impartial work furnishes some amusing illustrations of this trait, two of which we will borrow in acknowledgment of the justice of his remark, that "knowledge of national character may be obtained from common international jokes and stories."

"Once upon a time, the manager of an Hungarian theatre, produced what he considered a very fine piece of scenery, in which was represented a full moon, in the form of a round, fat, clean-shaved face, which might have suited a Dutch cherub. Instead of the anticipated applause, the luckless manager found his scene received with damning hisses; and it appeared that the popular indignation was more particularly directed against the 'pale-faced moon,' 'the German moon,' as they called it. Now as the Hungarians like their moon, as well as every thing else, to be quite national, the manager determined to please them, and next night up rose the poor moon with as glorious a pair of mustaches as the fiercest Magyar amongst them could exhibit. Hurrahs burst from every mouth at sight of this reform, and all cried, 'Long live our own true Magyar moon, and confusion to all German moons for ever!'—The moon had evidently been brought up at court, and had learnt the value of popular prejudices to those who know how to use them against those who hold them.

"Another tale against the poor Hungarians had its origin in the hatred they bear to the knee-breeches of the Germans. One of the Hungarian regiments, quartered during summer in the burning plains of Lombardy, was ordered by the colonel to parade in white trousers, which had just been given out, instead of the thick blue tights they had previously worn. The officers, however, found it no easy matter to induce compliance, and one excuse or another was always found for delay, till at last the colonel issued a second order, peremptorily fixing a day for the change, and threatening severe punishment for disobedience. It could no longer be put off, and the men accordingly paraded in whites; but determined not to be made comfortable in anybody's way but their own, they all wore their thick blues underneath." Vol. II., pp. 553, 554.

That these jokes may not be rejected as gross and unmeaning caricatures, we will copy some of Mr. Paget's more serious remarks.

"The pride of the Magyar, which is one of his strongest traits, leads him to look down on every other nation by which he is surrounded with sovereign contempt. All foreigners are either *Schwab* (German,) or *Talyán* (Italian); and it is difficult to imagine the supercilious air with which the Magyar peasant pronounces these two words. As for his more immediate neighbors, it is worse still: for the most miserable *Parazst-ember* (poor-man, peasant) of Debreczen would scorn alliance or intercourse with the richest Wallack in the country. I remember the Baroness W—— telling me, that, as she was going to Debreczen some years ago with vorspann, she was accompanied by her footman, who happened to be a Wallack; and, in speaking to her, he was overheard by the Magyar coachman using that language. The peasant made no observation at the time, but, as they approached the town, he pulled up, and desired the footman to get down; assuring the lady at the same time that he meant no disrespect to her, but that it was quite impossible that he, a Magyar, should endure the disgrace of driving a Wallack into Debreczen. Entreaties and threats were alike vain; the peasant declared he would take out his horses if the footman did not get down,—which accordingly he did. The Germans are scarcely better treated: it was only the other day, when Count M——, an Austrian officer of high rank, was calling on Madame R——, that her little son happening to let fall some plaything he had in his hand, the Count applied his glass to his eye, and politely offered to find it for him. The child, however, though it could hardly speak, had already learned to hate; and in its sparing vocabulary it found the words '*blinder Schwab!*' which it launched forth with all the bitterness it could muster, in answer to the polite offer of the astonished Count." Vol. II., pp. 20, 21.

"The Magyar peasant holds the Wallacks in the most sovereign contempt. He calls them 'a people who let their shirts hang out,' from the manner in which they wear that article of clothing over the lower part of their dress; and classes them with Jews and Gipsies. Even when living in the same village, the Magyar never intermarries with the Wallack." Vol. II., p. 215.

This national feeling, when duly restrained and limited, is so natural and honorable, and so nearly akin to true patriotism or love of country, that we cannot blame it harshly. But for a tribe situated as the Magyars are in Hungary, isolated among other races more numerous than they, and

over whom they have long domineered as conquerors, its indulgence is unreasonable and hazardous. Their excitable temperament, and their fondness, which betrays their Asiatic origin, for imaginative and hyperbolical forms of speech — of which Kossuth's eloquence affords such extraordinary specimens — have betrayed them into exaggerated and tumultuous manifestations of this really selfish sentiment, which, coupled with their fierce denunciations of every power that claimed to be above them, have goaded their subjects into furious rebellion, and spread far and wide, among distant nations who were ignorant of the true circumstances of the case, this general illusion that they were fighting in the cause of freedom rather than in that of oppression. On republican principles, they were right in claiming exclusive sovereignty in that region — the fairer half of Hungary proper — where they were not only the dominant, but far the most numerous, class of the population. But their thirst for national aggrandizement led them to the endeavor to extend their rule over the districts peopled almost exclusively by the Slowacks and the Servians, where they had but little right; over Croatia and Slavonia, where they had no right at all; over Transylvania, where they formed less than one eighth of the population; and even over the Military Frontiers, where they numbered hardly one in twenty-four, where they were universally detested, and which, up to 1848, had never been subject to the Magyar Diet. The same exaggerated and encroaching sentiment induced them, after they had vindicated the respect due to their own vernacular by substituting it for the Latin and German in their own deliberative assemblies, to attempt to force it upon their subject races, in whose ears it was a hateful Babylonish jargon. It is a poor rule which will not work both ways; either they were wholly wrong in resisting Joseph II. when he resolved to make all his subjects talk German, or they were tyrannical and unjust in seeking to force the Croatians and other Slavonians to speak Magyar. Their inconsistency in this respect is the more glaring, inasmuch as their attempt to practise this oppression took place many years after their successful resistance to it; and they ought meanwhile to have profited by their own enlarged ideas of freedom and the advanced spirit of the age.

We take from Mr. Frey's book, which we have already

cited, the testimony of an unwilling witness as to the fact, that the Magyars, after they had obtained all that they asked from Austria in April, 1848, still showed a disposition rather to encroach than to concede in their relations with the Slavonians, who were then surely entitled to demand from them concessions quite as ample as those which they had just obtained for themselves from the emperor.

"Since the time when Hungary had extorted its independent ministry, [March, 1848,] the bonds that tied the Austrian monarchy together had become so fragile that the slightest touch, the least breath, threatened to dissolve them. Hungary by that act had torn herself loose from the combination formed by the other (Austrian) states; and thereby had made enemies not only of the many champions of the integrity of the Austrian dynasty, but also of the major part of the non-Magyar population of Hungary, and of the Slavonic people of her appurtenant provinces. No wonder, then, that the Slavonic population should have been filled with anxiety and apprehension, while Hungary *by degrees proceeded to transform itself into a specific Magyar State*, — since, by this change, they must have seen their own nationality menaced. *It is true, that the Hungarian Ministry at first did take steps which made these apprehensions seem not unfounded.* The notion of the Ministry was, that it could make all the Hungarians one united people by *Magyarizing* them. To this end, the Latin language, hitherto employed in all official business, was abolished, and the Hungarian introduced, not only in the courts of justice, but in the schools and Diet. This proceeding excited hate and bitterness in nearly all the Slavonic inhabitants of Hungary — who seized on this as a pretext to conceal their plans inimical to liberty under the show of alarm for their nationality." *

The most extraordinary statement which has been made for Kossuth and his party, as an evidence of their liberal principles, is that they abolished feudalism, and emancipated the serfs, who constituted four fifths of the population of Hungary. We are sorry to see this claim put forth in the

* We make the same use of Mr. Frey's testimony which we did of M. Degerando's in our former article. Both are strongly prejudiced in favor of the Magyars, — Degerando having married a lady of that race, and resided a long time in the country, — and both are therefore very unwilling to state facts which make against this people. Consequently, any statements they may make which actually have this tendency deserve full credit. We accept their facts, and take the liberty to question their conclusions. Degerando's books are verbose and feeble; but luckily they contain information enough to enable a careful reader to form a very correct opinion as to the merits of the case.

"Brief Explanatory Report," published under the name of Governor Ujhazy, though, for reasons already intimated, we do not consider him as the responsible author of it. One would suppose, from reading the last paragraph of that Report, that nothing was done towards the emancipation of the serfs till after March, 1848, when Kossuth and his party came into power. The truth is, as we have once before fully shown, that this work of social reform in Hungary was begun by the noble Széchény, the Washington of his country, as far back as 1836, and was carried on by him, — under the direct countenance and aid of the Austrian government, and in spite of a furious opposition from the lesser Magyar nobility, (who afterwards formed the revolutionary party,) in the lower House, — almost to completion before the outbreak of March took place. It was carried so far, and the feeling excited in favor was so great, that the Bathyany-Kossuth ministry, on its accession to power, was compelled, though very reluctantly, to finish the work. For proof, we need only to refer to the quotation from Degerando (*ante*, p. 329) in the article on Magyar Literature in this number. Writing in 1845, Degerando represents the destruction of feudalism as even then complete; and at that period, be it remembered, and even for three years afterwards, the Magyar Diet could pass no law whatever, which had not first been submitted and recommended to them, in the form of a Royal Proposition. This fact proves, that the Austrian government decidedly favored the measure long before the whole Magyar nobility could be induced to consent to it. But Degerando is wrong; for Széchény's work was not completed in 1845. He took the first step, as we have stated, in 1836, by inducing the nobles, after a hard contest, to give up their much prized immunity from taxation so far as to consent to pay toll on the suspension bridge about to be constructed at Pesth. Four years afterwards, he succeeded in carrying through the Diet several other bills tending to the removal of feudalism; and in 1843, at his instigation, the law was passed which Degerando refers to, making the peasants *capable* of owning land and holding office. Nothing now remained for the final adjustment of the affair but the embarrassing question between the landlords and the peasants as to the ownership of the lands occupied by the latter. For an explanation of the

difficulties of this question, we must refer to our former article; (*ante*, p. 95.) A hasty and unjust settlement of it is the only step tending to the abolition of feudalism, the credit of which can be claimed by the Magyar revolutionary party.

The recent existence of these feudal rights of the nobles over the peasants, and the harsh manner in which they were exercised, was one of the causes which infused into the minds of the other Hungarian races a spirit of implacable hostility to the Magyars. Mr. Paget's able and impartial work abounds with evidence upon this point. We subjoin a few extracts from his testimony, which may be taken without distrust, as he resided in the country in 1835, and published his book four years afterwards, long before the revolutionary disturbance began.

"I knew an old Countess in Transylvania who used to lament that 'times were sadly changed, — peasants were no longer so respectful as they used to be;' — she could remember walking to church on the backs of the peasants, who knelt down in the mud to allow her to pass over them without soiling her shoes. She could also remember, though less partial to the recollection, a rising of the peasantry, when nothing but the kindness with which her mother had generally treated them, saved her from the cruel death which many of her neighbors met with." Vol. II., p. 215.

"The peasant-land has never been classed here [in Transylvania] as in Hungary, according to its powers of production, nor has the size of the peasant's portion, or fief, been ever accurately determined. The amount of labor, therefore, cannot be fairly and legally proportioned to the quantity and value of the land. Nor is the amount of labor itself better regulated. In some parts of the country it is common to require two days a week; in others, and more generally, three are demanded; and some the landlord takes as much as he can possibly extract out of the half-starved creatures who live under him. Here, too, the flogging-block is in full vigor; every landlord can order any of his tenants or servants, who may displease him, twenty-five lashes on the spot, and it is generally the first resource which occurs to him in any disputes about labor or dues. But it is in the hands of the underlings, the stewards, bailiffs, inspectors, — a flock of hawks which infest every Hungarian estate, — that this power becomes a real scourge to the poor peasant." Vol. II., p. 314.

"Considerable talent is required to flog well, the object being to inflict the smartest pain with the least bodily injury; and,

therefore, no one is allowed to perform who has not perfected himself in the art by practising on a stuffed sack. All this is very disgusting and very savage, brutalizing to the lord even more than the peasant; for the reader will scarcely believe that some of these hardy fellows laugh at such a punishment, and it is a point of honor among them to bear it without flinching. Nothing renders the young peasant so irresistible to his mistress as his heroic support of the five-and-twenty." Vol. I. pp. 384, 385.

"The frightful scenes which took place under the leadership of Hora and Kloska, two Wallacks, who, in 1784, raised the peasants of Transylvania in revolt, are still fresh in the memory of the Transylvanians, and may serve as a warning of what an injured people are capable, when expectations of redress are held out to them, and then disappointed." Vol. II., p. 312.

"A few years ago, when Austria was supposed to be a little opposed to the aggressive strides of Russia, a Wallack almanac, printed at Bucharest, and extensively circulated in Transylvania, openly called upon the Wallacks of that country to wrest the power from the Hungarian usurpers, and boldly assert their own right to the land of their fathers." Vol. II., p. 205.

"The Cassa Domestica, instead of being voted by the Diet, is voted by the county meetings, and is entirely devoted to the expenses of the individual county. The amount must of course vary in each county, according to the circumstances of the time, and the necessities of different localities. From this source are derived the salaries of the municipal officers, the sums necessary for the maintenance and repair of bridges and roads, the erection of public buildings, and, till the present Diet, even the payment of the members of the Diet. The administration of the Cassa Domestica is entirely in the hands of the nobles, independent of the general government: it is entirely paid by the peasants. Here I know every English reader will be ready to join with me in execrating the selfishness — the flagrant and injurious selfishness — of the Hungarian nobles, which this fact discloses. That they should refuse to contribute to the support of a government which refuses them the right of regulating the expenditure of such contributions, every constitutionalist can understand; and that those who are themselves bound to defend their country should decline to pay others to do it, is also comprehensible — of course supposing that they were capable of performing their duty; — but on what plea they refuse to take a part in paying the officers chosen by themselves from their own body, whose duties in many cases regard exclusively the nobility, — by what right they can pretend to force others to build houses for them to meet in, bridges for them to pass over, or roads for them to travel on,

is beyond the power of any honest man to imagine. Thank Heaven! the first step towards a great change has been already made. When Count Széchény obtained from the Diet an act for building a new bridge at Pesth, and a power to make every one, noble or ignoble, pay as he passed over it, he gained as great a victory over prejudice and injustice as has been accomplished by any statesman of our day.

"Some of the most enlightened Hungarians would gladly see this principle carried out to a much greater extent; and it is not improbable that government would second them: but among many of the nobles, especially the lowest and highest, there is so great an ignorance and so strong a prejudice, — on the one hand against losing what they consider their rights, and on the other against raising the peasantry to think and feel like men, — that much must be done before this act of justice can be accomplished." Vol. II. pp. 75–77.

Evidence enough has now been cited, though we have not given a tithe of what had been collected for the purpose. Our only object has been to substantiate the statements made in the former article, and to explain the origin and character of the extraordinary hallucination as to the nature of the Hungarian war, which has prevailed in this country, and to some extent, also, in England. It is an ungrateful task to open the eyes of people against their will, after they have fully committed themselves to a mistaken view of the subject. We were afraid they would be somewhat vexed to learn that they had thrown away their virtuous indignation, and expended their republican sympathies upon the wrong cause. But instead of aiming to relieve themselves by publishing personal abuse of the foulest and most rancorous sort in the newspapers,* of which we are ashamed to take even thus much notice, we would advise them to make at least an

* We can smile at some of the more extravagant manifestations of sympathy with a supposed republican cause, when circumstances indicate pretty clearly a private source for the enthusiasm of the writer or speaker. We might, perhaps, go as high as the Senate of the United States for an illustration of this remark; but the instance which we have particularly in view is of a far more humble character. The Boston *Transcript*, a pleasant and gossiping little newspaper, has somewhat astonished its patrons for the last few months by a series of very truculent articles denouncing in unmeasured terms the calumniators of Hungary, among whom, of course, the North American Review was chief. Just three years ago, a neat little volume having then recently appeared, called "*Songs of the Sea with other Poems*, by Epes Sargent," we placed the title of it, with eight others of a similar character, at the head of a laughing article upon "Nine New Poets;" and the present editor of the Transcript has not been able to bear the sight of a number of the Review ever since.

endeavor to controvert or disprove the conclusions which are so unpleasing to them. Though a confutation of our article has been repeatedly announced, it has not yet appeared; and a very faint denial of one or two of the statements made in it is the nearest approach to a fulfilment of this pledge. The testimony now given shows what even these denials are worth; and if it answers no other purpose, it may prevent the repetition of any such mountebank show as that of the late "Hungarian reception," as it was called, at New York. Ardent republican feeling is a sentiment which with great difficulty brooks restraint; but some care ought to be taken that the future manifestations if it should, at least, be consistent with the reputation of our countrymen for dignity and common sense.

Art. XI. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *Representative Men; Seven Lectures.* By R. W. Emerson. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 285.

No American, perhaps we may add no English, reader needs to be told who and what Mr. Emerson is. In poetry and in prose, by spoken discourse and by written books, he has stamped his personality too deeply to be effaced upon the literature and speculations of the age. Some things he has published will live as long as the language itself; but much of his verse, constructed upon whims rather than under the influence of the spirit of poetry, will die out among the short-lived oddities of the day. Much of his prose, too, the product of imitation, unconscious perhaps, of vicious foreign models, can scarcely be expected to survive the charm which hangs about his person and lingers in the magic tones of his voice.

Mr. Emerson is a great writer, and an honest and independent thinker, on the whole. He is not, however, what one of the idolaters has lately called him, a Phœbus Apollo, descended from Olympus with hurtling arrows and the silver twanging bow. He is neither the god of the lyre, nor will his shafts deal death among the host of those who fail to reverence *his priest*, though Emerson, too, Phœbus-like, has often "walked in darkness like the Night." This conversion of a modern Yankee into a Pagan god is a dangerous attempt to apply the *rationalistic* principle to persons and things of the present day. Some disciple of the

school of historical skepticism has been trying his hand at turning Mr. Emerson into a *myth*. We object to the proceeding altogether, not knowing where it will end, and whose turn will come next. Homer, Lycurgus, Solon, and other nebulous spots in the sky of antiquity, have already been resolved, and now Mr. Emerson is undergoing the same process. That great *realist*, Mr. Weller, Senior, hit the nail on the head and struck out the true principle for such cases. "Wot I like in that 'ere style of writing," said he, after listening to his son Sam's *valentine*, "is that there 'aint no callin' names in it, — no Wenusses, nor nothin' o' that kind; wot 's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Wenus or a angel, Sammy?"

The present volume is marked strongly both by the excellences and defects of Mr. Emerson's other writings. His style is often musical, clear, and brilliant; words are selected with so rare a felicity that they have the shine of diamonds, and they cut their meaning on the reader's mind as the diamond's edge leaves its trace deep and sharp on the surface of glass. But by and by, we fall upon a passage which either conveys no distinct sense, or in which some very common-place thought is made to sound with the clangor of a braying trumpet. Quaintness of thought and expression is his easily besetting sin; and here lies the secret of his sympathy with Carlyle, that highly gifted master of oddity and affectation. As a writer, Mr. Emerson is every way Carlyle's superior, would he but let the Carlylese dialect alone. He has more imagination, more refinement and subtlety of thought, more taste in style, more exquisite sense of rhythm. Perhaps his range of intellectual vision is not so broad. He has not the learning of Carlyle, nor the abundant humor, which sometimes reconciles us even to absurdity. But Mr. Emerson has a more delicate wit, a wit often quite irresistible by its unexpected turns, and the sudden introduction of effective contrasts. Carlyle has an extraordinary abundance of words, a store of epithets, good, bad, and indifferent, by which the reader is often flooded; Emerson is more temperate and artistic. And yet we catch him, every now and then, mimicking the Scotchman, as if Carlyle were the master, and Emerson the pupil. He imitates Carlyle's affectation of odd and quaint expressions; he imitates him in the structure of his sentences; he imitates him in borrowing from the Germans a transcendental coloring, and in putting on an air of indifference to all positive opinions, an assumption of even-handed impartiality towards all religious systems. The trick of grotesque illustration by common or vulgar objects, he has caught from the Platonic Socrates. But setting aside these imitations and affectations, there hovers over much of his writing a peculiar and original charm, drawn from no source but the delicate and beautiful mind of the author himself.

The six men, who are here brought forward as representative characters, are Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakspeare, Napoleon, and Goethe. At first sight, the choice appears a little whimsical, as to some, at least, of the members of this representative body. The number is certainly small, and the names are select enough — an oligarchy which we suspect the republic of letters would be slow to submit to. We see, with regard to two or three of them, the personal sympathies of the author, as in Montaigne and Swedenborg. In the delineation of the characters of these six representatives, we find much knowledge, frequent brilliancy of expression, followed by intense darkness, and flashes of thought that shoot up like streams of fire from volcanoes in the night. But on the whole, they are rather attempts to set forth qualities of character than to represent characters. The effect is, in every case, fragmentary. They are like the studies of an artist, who has painted portions of his picture on separate bits of canvas, and then, instead of combining them into a great and harmonious whole by working them together under the inspiration of a general idea, stitches the sundered members as chance may arrange them. We do not, therefore, rise from the study of any one of them with an idea of it as an organic whole. There is no method, no unity of effect, though there are separate and inimitable felicities of execution. To borrow another figure, the ingredients are not poured together and moulded at a single casting.

There is also a tone of exaggeration in the exhibition of each man's peculiar qualities. The true position of these individual representatives in the intellectual history of the world is not correctly given; at least, so it seems to us. For instance, though one can hardly overstate the *genius* of Plato, understanding by that word the sum total of his natural and acquired gifts, yet the first sentence of the lecture on Plato is a monstrous piece of overdone assertion. "Among books," says Emerson, "Plato only is entitled to Omar's fanatical compliment to the Koran, when he said, 'Burn the libraries, for their value is in this book.' And again, "Out of Plato come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought."

Part of this vivid rhetoric is perhaps due to the exigencies of the lecture form. One is always tempted, while addressing a popular audience, to heighten the truth for the sake of deepening the effect. But making all proper deductions from the statements on this ground, is the residue correct and sound? To say nothing of great modern thinkers, who have mastered regions of thought which Plato never dreamed of, — did Plato include his immediate successor, Aristotle? Surely not. With a genius more profound than Plato's, with a bright imagination though not so vivid, with a comprehensiveness of positive knowledge, com-

pared with which Plato's was that of a school-boy, with a keenness of analysis never yet surpassed, with a vigorous common sense which understood itself amidst the circumstances of the actual world, — Aristotle divided the empire over the human mind with Plato, to say the least; he founded an influence, which controlled the schools through the Middle Ages, and has not yet been overthrown. Let us not undervalue Plato's calm and lofty spirit, the magic of his style, the dramatic and exquisite skill of his dialogues, the impressive grandeur of his moral views upon justice and injustice, sin, future retribution, and the Divine character. But when he endeavored to carry out these conceptions of the academic groves, conceptions so nobly uttered in the Phædo, the Crito, and the Gorgias, when he undertook to construct a theoretic republic, wherein the faculties of men should be most freely unfolded, and the destiny of man rise to the highest exaltation which his nature is capable of attaining when freed from the weights that the imperfections of existing institutions hang about him, — what was the result? We confess that we never read the Polity of Plato without a profound sadness. It has noble and magnificent passages, which are inspired "with an earnestness," as Mr. Emerson truly says, "which amounts to piety." But his justice sanctioned perpetual bondage, and his piety was not outraged by community of women, both of which were among the fundamental ordainments of his ideal state; while Homer, on account of the unbecoming stories he tells concerning the gods, is to be civilly turned out of doors.

In the course of this lecture, we are entertained with a portrait of Socrates. This also is an exaggeration; that is, the whole effect is wide of the true impression which that great martyr-philosopher ought to leave upon the mind. Socrates had the whimsical peculiarities which Mr. Emerson delineates; but they were far from being such prominent and essential parts of him, as they appear in this sketch. Plato used the name of Socrates, and the witty, arguing, questioning characteristics of his daily life, because precisely these were the most dramatic — precisely these answered the end of Plato's art. But a justly proportioned figure of Socrates can only be made by combining the three representations of Plato, Xenophon, and Aristophanes; — the first for the peculiarities of his talk, for his lofty and inflexible morality, for his religious earnestness; the second for a historical account of the man; and the third for a parody upon his personal peculiarities and his modes of dealing with the minds of others. The first must be employed with caution, and with considerable deductions on account of Plato's artistic mode of representing the persons of his dialogue; the third must be looked on with great distrust, as the work of an unscrupulous wit, who really

knew but little of Socrates, but was tempted by the salient points of his ludicrous exterior, to bring him, with all the ingenuity of the richest comic genius the world has ever seen, upon the Athenian stage for the entertainment of an audience, who, so that they were amused, cared for little else. With these preliminary "monitions to the reader," we commend the passage to which we refer, as a pleasant piece of whimsical exaggeration.

Compare either of the Gospels with the Life of Mahomet, as it is candidly set forth by Washington Irving, and good taste, if not religious sensibility, should prevent a writer from putting the two names together. There are some, however, who are foolish enough to think that such outrages are proof of independence, and who see nothing in the alliteration of "Jesus or Judas" but a fine illustration of superiority to the prejudices of the world around them.

We have merely touched upon a striking peculiarity of Mr. Emerson, in a religious point of view — his apparent indifference to positive religious belief, as shown by his manner of classing all beliefs together. When Christ and Socrates are spoken of in the same breath, we wonder that the military exploits, the exclusive love of Athens, the neglect of domestic duties, the humor, the drollery, and the drinking bouts of the latter do not rise in strange contrast with the universality that embraced Jew and Gentile alike in the arms of divine love, the sad and gentle earnestness to which a jest would be a profanation, and the awful authority that went with our Lord as from on high, compelling the hearers of his word to cry out that "never man spake like this man." And more still do we wonder, when Mahomet and the Saviour are classed together as religious geniuses and reformers, that those who so contemplate them do not feel the shocking incongruity of placing the serene, self-denying, and spotless life of the one — even if we regard him as but a man — his pure and peaceful teachings, which stopped not at outward acts, but pierced to the root of wickedness in the heart, side by side with the worldly ambition, the violence, the imposture, the shedding of blood, the fierce and exclusive bigotry, and the insatiable licentiousness of the other.

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2. *Old Portraits and Modern Sketches.* By John G. Whittier. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1850. 12mo. pp. 304.

We have read this little volume of Mr. Whittier's with great pleasure and instruction. It consists of a series of biographical sketches, several of which were originally published in the

National Era at Washington. There are ten in all, and each of the characters here commemorated was distinguished either by commanding services rendered to the public, or by the possession of high qualities of character, which entitled him to be held in honor among men. The literary execution of the sketches is excellent. Mr. Whittier is well known as a vigorous poet, a philanthropist, somewhat belligerent for a Quaker, — one who thinks boldly, and dares to say what he thinks.

In all these biographies, except the last, we can discern the link of sympathy which binds them to Mr. Whittier's heart. Honest John Bunyan, the persecuted tinker, who wrote the book most read in English next the Bible; Thomas Ellwood, the Quaker friend and reader to Milton, and the suggester of the Paradise Regained; James Nayler, the innocent fanatic who stood in the pillory, was branded, whipped, imprisoned, had his tongue bored with hot iron, and died at last, meek, forgiving, and repentant; Andrew Marvell, also a friend of Milton, a republican, a member of Parliament, poor, but deaf to the siren blandishments of power, a witty controversialist and a beautiful poet; John Roberts, whose sturdy sense and homely wit beat down the pride of priests and bishops; Richard Baxter, who argued for toleration to himself, but refused it to others, who vehemently defended the celibacy of the clergy, and wedded a beautiful woman, having protested he would die a bachelor because he did not think he should live to be married; — these are the old portraits, which Mr. Whittier's pencil has so skilfully and vigorously drawn. The other names here celebrated are Samuel Hopkins, the well-known theologian; William Leggett, a political writer of uncommon powers, who died a few years since; N. P. Rogers, an anti-slavery editor, scarcely heard of beyond his peculiar circle of readers and friends, but whose writings, judging from the specimens Mr. Whittier has offered us, give proof of a gentle character, a poetic eye for the beauties of nature, and a pleasant humor — qualities which should have sent his name and influence far beyond the narrow boundaries of a sect or party; — and the last is Robert Dinsmore, the least interesting of them all, though not without strong characteristic traits, — a sturdy son of one of the Irish Presbyterians of Scotch descent, who emigrated to the New World, and settled in the neighborhood of the Merrimack at the beginning of the last century. Dinsmore seems to have combined the racy flavors of the three nationalities to which he belonged; and he is indeed an odd figure in the gallery of portraits that Mr. Whittier has here arranged before us.

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The History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Abdication of James II. By David Hume Esq. Vol. VI. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 554.

The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon, Esq. With Notes, by the Rev. H. H. Milman. A new Edition, to which is added a Complete Index. In six Volumes. Vol. I. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 590.

Poems by James Russell Lowell. Boston: W. D. Ticknor, & Co. 1849. 2 Vols. 12mo.

Elements of Natural Philosophy, designed as a Text-Book for Academies, High Schools, and Colleges. By Alonzo Gray, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850. 12mo. pp. 405.

The Annual of Scientific Discovery, or Year Book of Facts in Science and Art, exhibiting the most Important Discoveries and Improvements in Mechanics, Chemistry, Botany, &c. Edited by David A. Wells, of the Lawrence Scientific School, and George Bliss, Jr. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1850. 12mo. pp. 392.

A Modern History, from the Time of Luther to the Fall of Napoleon. By John Lord, A. M., Lecturer on History. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co. 1849. 8vo. pp. 544.

The East: Sketches of Travel in Egypt and the Holy Land. By the Rev. J. A. Spencer, M. A. Elegantly illustrated from Original Drawings. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1850. 8vo. pp. 503.

The Literary Remains of the late William B. O. Peabody, D. D. Edited by Everett Peabody. Boston: B. H. Green. 1850. 12mo. pp. 448.

Visions and Voices. By James Staunton Babcock. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author. Hartford: Edwin Hunt. 1849. 12mo. pp. 240.

Sketches of Character, and Other Pieces in Verse. By Anna H. Potts. London: John W. Parker. 1849. 18mo. pp. 215.

The Oration of Æschines against Ctesiphon; with Notes. By J. T. Champlin, Professor of Greek and Latin in Waterville College. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1850. 12mo. pp. 182.

An Introduction to the Study of the Mind, designed especially for the Senior Classes in Schools. By Daniel Bishop. London: Longmans & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 148.

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A Few Thoughts for a Young Man: a Lecture delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, on its 29th Anniversary. By Horace Mann. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1850. 16mo. pp. 84.

Ruins of Many Lands: a Descriptive Poem. By Nicholas Mitchell. London: W. Tegg & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 394.

The Second Advent; or, What do the Scriptures teach respecting the Second Coming of Christ, the End of the World, the Resurrection of the Dead, and the General Judgment? By Alpheus Crosby. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 173.

Circassia, or a Tour to the Caucasus. By George Leighton Ditson, Esq. New York: Stringer & Townsend. 1850. 8vo. pp. 453.

History of a Zoölogical Temperance Convention, held in Central Africa in 1847. By Edward Hitchcock, D. D. LL. D. Northampton: Butler & Bridgman. 1850. 16mo. pp. 160.

The Works of Horace, with English Notes, a Life of Horace, and an Explanation of the Metres. By Edward Moore, M. A. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1850. 12mo. pp. 459.

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American Unitarian Biography. Memoirs of Individuals who have been distinguished by their Writings, Characters, and Efforts in the Cause of Liberal Christianity. Edited by William Ware. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 396.

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